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BOOK-LORE:

A Magazine devoted to Old Time Literature.



VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1886—MAY, 1887.

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1887.

~~VIII, 466~~

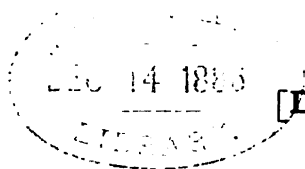
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1886, Dec. 14 - 1887, May 10.

Sever fund.



No. 25.]



[December, 1886.]

BOOK-LORE:

A Monthly Magazine of Bibliography.

(With which is incorporated THE BIBLIOGRAPHER.)



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ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 17, ASTOR PLACE.
PARIS: VVE. J. BOYVEAU.

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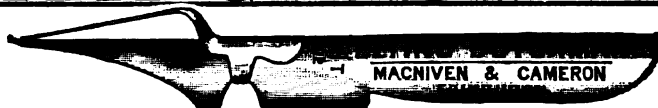
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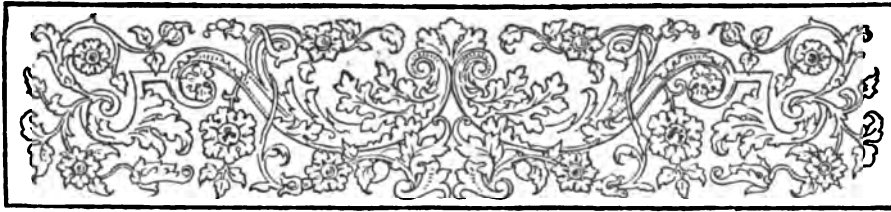


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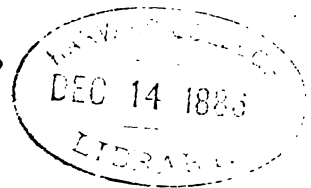
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THE BOOK TRADE IN THE DARK AGES.



IN the article on "The Book Trade in Ancient Rome," attention was called to the incorrectness of many prevalent ideas respecting the mental culture and literary qualifications of the Romans. In addition to pointing out that the poets and historians of the mighty empire were as widely read and as conscientiously applauded, when they deserved it, as any of our modern authors, a comparison was drawn between the cost of production in those early days and in our own times, suggesting the conclusion that we have yet much to learn in the direction of economy, and that although the printing press may have entirely superseded the practice of copying, yet that the latter process had many points in its favour, the most important of which was speed.

When Rome at last yielded the supremacy of the world, and succumbed to the hordes of Barbarians who rushed across the Alps, civilization sustained a terrible shock. It was banished to the remotest parts where the Goth and the Hun did not care to penetrate; and perhaps for the first time in the world's history, luxury and refinement joined hands with nature, freed from that conventionality and effeminacy which wait like attendant sprites on the nation sinking to decay.

The very remembrance of the good old days when, as depicted by the poets, Tityrus tuned his pipe under the shade of a broad-spreading beech-tree, or Father Æneas carried Anchises through the blazing ruins of Troy, was relegated to remote regions far from the Tiber and the isles of Greece, to raise vain regrets in the bosom of some pale Irish monk.

Marius never sat in the midst of such a great desolation as did civilization at this epoch; and though both survive, the former in name and the latter in reality, to our own times, it is simply because they cast away before it was too late every

was done at the expense of that neatness which is one of the main features of the earlier volume.

It is considered to be highly probable that the survey was commenced late in 1085, and finished in 1086, according to the colophon in the second volume, which reads as follows :

"Anno millesimo octogesimo sexto ab incarnatione Domini vicesimo vero regni Willelmi facta est ista descriptio non solum per hos tres comitatus sed etiam per alios."

The directions given to the commissioners who undertook the compilation were to inquire the name of each place, who held it at the time of Edward the Confessor, who held it then, how many hides were in the manor, how many ploughs in the demesne, how many homagers, villeins, cottars, serving-men, free tenants, and tenants in socage respectively; how much wood, meadow, and pasture, and the number of mills and fish-ponds. These inquiries having been taken, were sent to Winchester, and there methodized and enrolled in the form we now see them.

There is a printed edition of *Domesday* which was completed in 1783, and also a facsimile reproduction in photo-zincography, the latter process necessitating the taking to pieces of the two volumes. On being put together again, they were bound by Rivière in 1869, and returned to the Record Office.

In Devon's *Issues of the Exchequer*, under date 1320, the following entry appears, relating to the binding of the smaller book :

"To William the book-binder of London, for binding and newly repairing the *Book of Domesday*, in which is contained the counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, and for his stipend, costs and labour: received the money the 5th day of December, by his own hands—3s. 4d."

The chest in which the two volumes are deposited was formerly kept in the Receipt of the Court of Exchequer, under three locks and keys, in charge of the auditor, the chamberlains, and deputy-chamberlains of the Court. This box, now in the Record Office, measures externally 3 feet 2½ inches in length, 2 feet 1 inch in breadth, and 2 feet 3 inches in height. The Crown and other regalia are supposed to have been at one time kept in this box.

The Abbreviatio of "Domesday."—This record, which was produced for the inspection of the members of the Committee, is thus described by Sir Francis Palgrave in the introduction to his *Ancient Kalendars and Inventories of the Exchequer*.

"Besides the original *Domesday*, the Treasury possesses an abridgment forming a very beautiful volume, apparently compiled early in the reign of Edward I. The handwriting is a fine specimen of caligraphy; the capitals are illuminated; in the margins of some of the pages are circles of gold, containing heads or half lengths, representing the chief tenants whose lands are therein described. Prefixed are leaves of vellum, with six illuminations or pictures of incidents from the

legend of Edward the Confessor. These are in a rude and singular style of art, possibly not later than the reign of Henry I." Peter le Neve has written a note on the fly-leaf, in which he states his belief that the volume was illuminated and transcribed in the reign of Henry VII. The note, which is clearly inaccurate, runs as follows:

"Memorandum quod ego Petrus le Neve, *Norroy*, et unus vicecamerariorum Scaccarii Domine Anne Magne Britannie, etc., Regine, etc., suppono hunc librum scriptum fuisse in tempore regni Regis Henrici septimi, quia illuminationes adeo nitidæ, et exemplificatio ultime voluntatis Henrici septimi Regis Angliæ eadem quasimanu exarata est—Quære tamen. Vide etiam Guischardini descriptionem Belgie sub titulo Civitatis Bruges de illuminatoribus in Angliam transportatis."

"The Abbreviatio," which has never been printed, is understood to have been prepared for the use of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer.

The Breviate of "Domesday" was compiled during the thirteenth century for the use of the Treasurer, and belongs to the Queen's Remembrancer's Department of the Exchequer. It is an abstract of *Domesday*, and while omitting many particulars mentioned in the more famous volumes, it contains among other entries, not to be found elsewhere, some curious verses and memoranda relating to the prophecies of Merlin. "The Breviate" has not, so far, been printed.

The Boldon Book.—"The Boldon Book," which consists of a survey of the County Palatine of Durham, was made in the year 1183, by order of Bishop Hugh Pudsey. The original book, which derived its title in all probability from the township or parish of Boldon, near Sunderland, is lost, but three copies are known to exist. One of these is preserved at the Record Office, a second in the Library of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, and the third among the MSS. of Archbishop Laud at Oxford. "The Boldon Book" forms one of the volumes issued by the Surtees Society, and is also printed in Vol. IV. of the Record Commission edition of *Domesday*.

The Red Book of the Exchequer.—"The Red Book" constitutes, after *Domesday*, the most famous book of the Exchequer, and consists of the *Dialogus de Scaccario*, copies of the *Cartæ*, of the tenants *in capite* returned into the Exchequer in 1166, inquisition returned into the Treasury in the twelfth and thirteenth years of King John, a collection of serjeanties in different counties, and some other particulars.

The "serjeanties" here referred to consisted of lands held by the peculiar tenures of grand and petty serjeanty, the last of which, by-the-way, still exists in many English counties. A tenant in grand serjeanty held his lands of the King by services to be done in his own proper person, as to carry the King's banner, or his lance, or to become his marshal, or to carry his sword before him at his coronation, or to do other like honorary services. When by the statute of Charles II. this tenure, with many others, was turned into free and common

socage, the services above described were expressly retained. The tenure of petty serjeanty was where a man held his land of the King, "to yield him yearly a bow, or a sword, or a dagger, or a knife, or a lance, or a paire of gloves of maile, or a paire of gilt spurs, or an arrow, or divers arrowes, or to yield such other small things belonging to warre;" this was but socage in effect, because such a tenant was not to do any personal service, but to render and pay certain yearly things to the King. This tenure, since it was unaffected by the statute of Charles II., exists to this day.

The *Dialogus de Scaccario*, or treatise on the ancient constitution and practice of the Exchequer, contains, in chapter xvi., an important account of the circumstances which led to the compilation of *Domesday Book*.

The Black Book of the Exchequer, so-called from the colour of its binding, was part of the original library of the Exchequer, and consists of two parts, the latter of which is, comparatively speaking, of modern date. The first part includes a perpetual kalendar for finding the Dominical letters from the year 1184 to 1688, and it is concluded, therefore, that the book was composed in or about the year 1184. The contents comprise an almanac for the twelve months of the year, with notices of remarkable occurrences, amongst which are noticed the battles of Lewes, Evesham, and Flodden; a number of drawings in outline, accompanied by verses from the Gospels, and the tract known as *Dialogus de Scaccario*, which, according to tradition, is in the original autograph of Gervase of Tilbury. The only portion of the "Black Book" which has been printed is the *Dialogus*.

The Smaller Black Book of the Exchequer, two editions of which were published by Hearne, contains an account of the royal household in the reign of Henry II., and the will of that monarch, bulls of Pope Alexander III., copies of the charters of the King's servants *in capite* certifying the knights' fees held by them in or about the year 1166, and some other particulars.

The Pipe Rolls, as the "Exchequer Rolls" are called, date from a period about forty-five years earlier than any of the "Chancery Records." They contain the accounts of the King's revenue from the 31st of Henry I. (1130) up to the time of Charles II. Some of the "Pipe Rolls" have already been printed, and those prior to A.D. 1200 are now in course of publication by the Pipe Roll Society, under the direction of Mr. Walford Selby and Mr. James Greenstreet.

Testa de Nevill.—The chief use of this work is to ascertain the principal landholders throughout the kingdom in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., and the volumes contain an account of the lands held by tenants *in capite* or in serjeanty, of churches in the gift of the King and escheats to the Crown. Sir Thomas Hardy, in his *Descriptive Catalogue*, assigns an origin to the title "Testa de Nevill" which is rather peculiar. He says that "Dugdale suggests that it was named after Iollan de Neville, one of the itinerant justices at that time; but in all probability it was called after Ralph de Nevill, a Collector of

Aids in the reign of Henry III. It has also been suggested, though with more conceit than probability, that 'Testa de Nevill' was a jocular appellation equivalent to 'Nevill's headpiece'—*Testa* meaning the skull, and being the origin of the French *teste* or *tête*,—and was bestowed on the document as supplying information possessed by some experienced officer of the Exchequer, who may have written it as a remembrance to serve his successors in office; or it may have been completed after the death of such a person, to serve the place of his skull, which, in his lifetime, had contained the knowledge of the documents from which it had been made up."

The Book of Aids contains the details of the assessments granted in the twentieth year of Edward III. for knighting the Black Prince, and for the expenses of marrying Blanche, the King's eldest daughter. Portions of this book have been printed in the transactions of various Archæological Societies.

These are, perhaps, the most famous records of ancient date existing in this country, though there are, of course, many others of vast importance, such as the "Valor Ecclesiasticus," or tithe account book of the reign of Henry VIII.; Kirby's "Quest," or list of verdicts concerning the tenures held *in capite*, and the "Registrum Munimentorum."

It will be remembered that the feudal system was introduced into this country by William the Conqueror, who, in granting the forfeited lands of the Saxons to his own followers and friends, adopted the essentially feudal practice of granting them to be held immediately of the Crown. These holdings or tenures were of various kinds, that of knight's service being the most important.

The tenants *in capite*, viz., those who held immediately of the Crown, gradually acquired the right of alienation, so that the Baron who held of the King on the condition of furnishing, say, six armed men, had it in his power to sublet, so to speak, the major portion of his demesne to different tenants, reserving, say, twenty men, leaving a balance of fourteen men in his favour. This practice of underletting to hold of the tenant *in capite* and not of the Crown, was called *subinfeudation*, and was in a great measure the cause of many of those wars which devastated the kingdom; for it was quite in the power of a number of powerful Barons to furnish their quota of men to the King according to the terms of the grant, and then openly to defy him with a superior force.

In the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward I. the practice of *subinfeudation* was put a stop to, and henceforward, although it was lawful for every freeman to sell his lands and tenements, yet the purchaser was to hold them of the same chief lord of the fee as the vendor held before. Hence every manor now existing in this country is of a date anterior to the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward I.

The feudal system, however, remained in full force until the twelfth year of the reign of Charles II.; and in order to enable our readers to form a clear conception of the purposes served by the various records we have enumerated, we

give a list of the principal incidents of tenure, with an explanation of the terms employed.

Homage.—The suit which every tenant was bound, on demand, to perform to his immediate lord. It consisted in kneeling to him, professing to become "his man," and receiving from him a kiss.

Aids.—Pecuniary payment levied as of right on the tenant to ransom his lord's person if taken prisoner, to help him in the expense of making his eldest son a knight, and in providing a portion for the eldest daughter on her marriage.

Relief.—A fine paid to the lord by the heir on taking his ancestor's estate.

Wardship.—If the heir were under age the lord had, under the name of *wardship*, the custody of the body and lands of the heir, without account of the profits, till the age of twenty-one in males and sixteen in females, when the wards had a right to require possession or sue out their *livery* on payment to the lord of half a year's profits on their lands. In addition to this the lord possessed the right of *maritagium*, or power of disposing of his infant wards in matrimony, at their peril of forfeiting to him, in case of refusal, a sum of money equal to the value of the marriage. If the ward presumed to marry without the lord's consent, he or she had to pay double the market value of the match.

Fealty.—The liability of the tenant, whenever called upon, to take an oath of fidelity. This, the reader may be astonished to hear, is yet incumbent upon every tenant in this kingdom, even upon a tenant holding merely from year to year. To refuse to take the oath of *fealty* was, and now is, a cause of forfeiture.

Socage.—A species of tenure, now, indeed, the prevailing one. It was better than that of knight's service, for the tenant performed no personal service whatever. At the present day tenants holding by free and common socage have practically no liability beyond paying the purchase-money, though there is no doubt that they could be compelled to take an oath of *fealty* if required to do so. Old customs die hard, and to this day the feudal system is one that has to be reckoned with on every purchase of freehold landed property; although it is notorious that very few persons, with the exception of lawyers, know anything of the system at all. The best, or rather the most popular, account is undoubtedly that given by Sir Martin Wright in his work upon *Tenures*, and by Mr. Hallam in his well-known *Middle Ages*. It is possible that in a few years every trace of a structure which, though useful in its day, has long outlived the necessity which caused it to be built, may be swept entirely away; and we shall then look with more curiosity even than we do now upon *Domesday* and the supplementary records which its compilation called forth.



THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS.*



THE romance of the Cross is so far unlike other religious stories of mediæval times that it cannot be identified with those Oriental traditions which, woven, so to speak, out of the mist of ages, have come to be regarded as the foundation of many a modern tale.

So far as conjecture will carry us, we seek for the origin of this story, not in Eastern climes, but in the brains of mediæval romancists, who seized upon the tree-worship of Scandinavia, founding thereon a religious novel for the delectation of the pious reader. This worship was, indeed, very widely spread. The tree was sacred to Odin, who himself, according to the mysterious Havamal, hung nine nights wounded, as a sacrifice to himself, a voluntary sacrifice, in "the wind-rocked tree," whose roots expanded to hell, and whose branches spread to heaven.

The romancists of the Middle Ages, feeling the absolute necessity for some kind of religious instruction which, while suitable to the limited mental capacity of the reader, should still be sufficiently interesting to displace the sensuous novels which were at the time much in vogue, adopted many of the tales of Odin, changing the scene and the characters, and grafting them upon the account of the Crucifixion as we find it recorded in the Gospels.

The result was the legendary history of the cross—a story at one time as universal as the belief placed by the vulgar in its truth.

Before proceeding to notice the details of the legend, we will glance shortly at the historical aspect from which the cross is usually viewed.

There is no doubt that in the remotest times the punishment of death was inflicted either by hanging the culprit by the neck from a height, or by strapping him to some fixed object by his hands and feet. In either case the object chosen would of necessity be a tree, for there was nothing else which would in those barbaric days have answered the purpose as well. Between this mode of punishment, which might be carried to an extreme, or modulated to meet the exigencies of the case, and that of stoning there was little choice; and in any event these processes would be the first to suggest themselves to a barbarous race, as yet ignorant of the refinements of cruelty such as were practised in later times by the Romans.

Hanging from some part of a tree, and subsequently the being fixed to a cross, appear to have ultimately conveyed precisely the same import; and just as mention is made in the Bible of the "accursed tree," meaning "cross," so in

* *The Legendary History of the Cross*, a series of sixty-four woodcuts, from a Dutch book published by Veldener, A.D. 1483, with an introduction written and illustrated by John Ashton; preface by S. Baring Gould, M.A. London: T. Fisher-Unwin. 4to., 1887.

the time of the Romans such expressions as "infelix arbor" and "infelix lignum" were in common use to mean the same thing.

The cross, then, had its natural origin in the tree, and whether we go back to Scandinavian times, when the myths of Odin and Thor constituted the bases of what little religious feeling there was, or whether we consult the more polished systems of Greece and Rome, we shall find in either case that the adoration of the Phallus, which had its counterpart in the vegetable world, and in that only, was the recognised practice of the people.

A due appreciation of this will explain much that would otherwise be obscure; and it is probably no exaggeration to say that the whole story of the cross, as put forward in the Middle Ages, rests primarily upon the idea derived from the mythological lore of the North, upon which was grafted the teaching of the Evangelists.

Mr. John Ashton, whose *Legendary History* has recently been published, reproduces in facsimile a series of very old prints taken by Berjean for his *History of the Holy Cross*, from a book printed by Veldener in 1483. This book is exceedingly scarce, and, beyond the copy in the Althorpe Library, none is known to exist in England. The blocks were not engraved by Veldener or any contemporary artist, and seem to have consisted, before they came into his hands (doubtless in the way of trade), of two prints on one surface, which was then cut for the ancient publication referred to, so that one scene only would appear on a page.

These prints (sixty-four in number) describe the whole history of the cross, from its origin in a tree to later times, when fragments were distributed throughout Europe; and it will be noticed that Berjean's book appeared in Holland in the same year that Caxton's *Golden Legende* was printed at Westminster. As this *Golden Legende* is the standard authority on the subject, and as it will most assist the intelligent appreciation of the wood-blocks we are enabled to reproduce, we propose to quote from it as and when occasion shall require.

The *Golden Legende* (edition 20th November, 1483, p. 39; see *Book-Lore*, vol. iii., p. 65) states that Adam, at the end of his life, sent his son Seth to the Garden of Eden to procure for him the oil of mercy. The angel who guarded the enclosure informed him that he could not have this until 5,500 years had elapsed, and instead gave him "certayn graynes of the fruyt of the tree," which he brought to his father, and told him what he had done. "And thenne Adam lawhed first, and thenne deyed; and thenne he leyed the greynes or kernellis under his fader's tonge, and buryed hym in the Vale of ebron, and out of his mouth grewe thre trees of the thre graynes of which our lord suffered his passion on."

The saplings were, according to the fanciful legend, the same with which Moses worked his miracles before Pharaoh, and with which he afterwards made water to flow from the rock. Eventually they were planted in the land of Moab, where they continued until the time of David, who, after taking leave of them for

the night, finds in the morning that they have taken root and become joined together in one stem. Astonished, no doubt, at this miraculous occurrence, the King builds a wall round the tree, under the shadow of which, in the days to come, he composes the Psalms.

The next step in the history relates to the building of the Temple, when Solomon orders the tree to be cut down and shaped by the carpenters, who, however, are quite unable to make anything of it, for it will fit nowhere; and so it is at last thrown away in ignorance of its virtues, and becomes a foot-bridge over a brook.

At this point the opportunity offers of introducing the Queen of Sheba, who, recognising the holy nature of the wood, prefers wading through the brook to walking over the bridge; the immediate effect of which pious act is that the plank is taken up and carried into the Temple again, subsequently to be buried by the Jews on the site of the Pool of Bethesda. When the excavations are being made there in later times, the wood is discovered again; and it was by virtue of its former proximity only that the waters derived their healing power when troubled by the Angel. It was, moreover, this same wood which was made into the cross which was afterwards erected on Calvary, and by virtue of which the sick were healed and devils cast out.

From this point we leave the *Golden Legende*, and refer to what is known as the "Invention of the Cross," an event which is even yet commemorated by some churches on the 3rd of May.

The story which attributes the finding of the actual cross on which Christ suffered to the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, rests upon the concurrent testimony of four Byzantine historians, named Rufinus, Socrates, Theodoret, and Sozoman, who wrote between seventy-five and one hundred years after the incidents related. These authors agree that the Empress, being urged in a dream to proceed to Jerusalem, went there; and, having called together the chief Jews, fixed upon one bearing the ominous name of Judas, who, as it turned out, had been told by his grandfather where the true cross was buried, though on no account was he to reveal his knowledge to anyone; for, to quote the *Golden Legende*, again, "after that hit shal be founden the Iewes shal reygne no mowr. the cristen men that worshypped the Crosse shal then reygne."

Judas for a long time follows the commandments of his grandfather, but being put into a dry well and threatened with starvation, he relents, and points out the spot where the crosses are buried. These are found, and apart from them at some little distance a board with Pilate's inscription in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.

The difficulty now evidently was to distinguish the true cross from those upon which the thieves had been crucified; but a ready solution of the question presented itself, inasmuch as the one of which the Empress was in search had

shred of that false culture which soothes but does not strengthen, and commenced the world anew.

From our own country of Britain, where literature had been raised to the level of a fine art, and the names of Virgil, Homer and Ovid were almost as well known as in Rome itself, the vital spark went out to sea with the last galley that sailed for the West. In those days men were too busy to dream any longer over the eloquence of Demosthenes, too eager to fence themselves off from the riot and turmoil which everywhere prevailed, to take heed of the ethical morality of Epictetus or Antoninus. Force was now the sole arbiter of fortune, and they who were the strongest divided the spoil among them, only to fall out among themselves at last, and grind down with iron heel the struggling thousands upon whose shoulders they had climbed.

While this state of things prevailed, and powerful factors innumerable laid down, each for himself, laws of his own imagining and for his own good, regardless of right and the wishes of his neighbour, it was impossible that anything could flourish but the art of war. It is no wonder that literature came to be despised as the peculiar occupation of those who were too weak or too indolent to defend their homes; and so it happened that, divested of all the honour and dignity of former days, bereft of the crown with which the labour of years had invested her, she crept away into monasteries and a few favoured cities, which, in spite of cancerous corruption, still continued to exist under the shadow of an ancient reputation.

Ultimately those cities, Constantinople among the number, became infected with the prevailing mania for action, and literature was for all practical purposes banished almost entirely from the face of Europe. Things, indeed, came to such a pass that it was only in the extremely restricted circle of jurists and doctors that it had any existence at all; and even within this narrow circumference there were many following a learned profession who could not read the documents they were expected to explain. The few who could read, and the fewer still who had any acquaintance with more than the rudiments of learning, were all housed in monasteries, where scribes were busily engaged in copying such of the works of the ancients as could be procured, handing down, doubtless unconsciously, to succeeding generations inestimable treasures which would most certainly have been altogether lost but for their exertions.

This copying must have gone on for hundreds of years, until by degrees the monks in different parts of Europe commenced to exchange one with the other, by that means acquiring in course of time a fair assortment of books in each monastery; and as manuscripts would in the natural order of events be continually discovered, so we cannot doubt but that this interchange of copies at last assumed extensive proportions.

Literature thus slowly recovered her lost wings, and at last the monks, not content with merely transcribing, commenced to compose diatribes of their own,

as did Gildas, Nennius, and Columbanus, the historians of the sixth century, the "Venerable" Bede, and the almost as well-known Cædmon of the seventh.

Books at this time were rare and very costly, because the art of producing them was, owing to the ignorance and apathy of the public, necessarily confined to a few hands, and also on account of the scarcity of parchment, the only medium as yet employed in the manufacture of books. Those parchments, many of which had been saved from the general ruin, and were therefore of ancient date, were cleaned, and the writing obliterated, to make way for the amateur efforts of monks having a taste for composition; and hence, while we regard the awakening of literature with no small amount of interest and approbation, we cannot help deploring the loss of many works which can never be replaced—cleaned out of existence to make way for some foolish legend or homily.

There were now, as will be seen, two classes of learned monks, one of which merely transcribed, while the other composed for themselves. The former class grew in process of time more and more careful, until at last these manuscripts became in reality works of art and virtu, full of the most splendid miniatures, and not unfrequently adorned with portraits of contemporary celebrities, giving rise to a fresh division of labour in the person of painters—for such they were in reality—who travelled from monastery to monastery filling in blank spaces with emblazoned initials or illustrations.

Hence the art of transcribing became a regular trade, and was paid for according to the extent and rarity of the original, as Kirchoff relates in his *Handschriftenhändler des Mittelalters*, a work published at Leipsic in 1853; though it does not appear that as yet there was, strictly speaking, any actual sale of books. That process grew almost as gradually as the older method of exchange, for it was not until the establishment of Universities, and the consequent demands of students, that books commenced to be sold in the shops; a result to which the general use of paper in the middle of the thirteenth century contributed not a little.

Great results are never achieved but through the narrow road of patience and toil, beset on every side with dangers and difficulties, and the rise of literature from the position of obscurity into which it had fallen was unusually painful and slow. One would have thought that when an ever-increasing body of students were absolutely compelled to possess, at least, some books for the purposes of their daily necessities, the trade of bookselling would have risen to meet the exigencies of the case. This is, however, a mistake, for although a few books were doubtless disposed of to rich students in the way of sale, by far the greater number were merely *lent* by the *Stationarii* in consideration of a certain reward proportionate to the scarcity and consequent value of the volume hired.

The *Stationarii*, so-called in contradistinction to the pedlars or itinerant booksellers who had no place of business beyond the corners of streets and the

public buildings, frequently acted as commission agents as well as book lenders and sellers, and were, on the Continent at any rate, entirely under the control of the Universities. These bodies, judging from the rules and regulations they thought fit to publish from time to time, seem to have done all that lay in their power to hamper and distress the *Stationarii* and their customers. For instance, in 1275, the University of Paris compelled every *Stationarius* to take the oath of allegiance, and enacted that no dealer should either buy himself or get anyone else to buy a book left in his hands for sale, unless he had had it in his possession for at least a month. He must, moreover, exhibit every book at once, announcing the title and price in legible letters, and under pain of heavy pecuniary penalties; and if this book had been left in his hands for sale on commission, he was forbidden to receive the money, and had no alternative but to send for the owner to accept payment of the agreed price.

For some occult reason, a Jew could not sell a book at all, although he might employ a *Stationarius* to sell it for him; pedlars who had no fixed place of business and no license from the University, could not sell any book for more than ten sous; and no book of any description whatever could be taken out of Paris without a special permit.

No wonder that literature felt itself to be cribbed and confined by the multitude of safeguards with which it was encircled, and that not a single book beyond the ordinary school primer was accessible to the poor student; for it was another law that no one could make a copy of any work for himself without first depositing the value thereof in the hands of the Stationer, an outlay which necessitated a capacious and well-filled purse. Notwithstanding many arbitrary and, as we may perhaps think, wholly unnecessary restrictions, the buying, selling, lending, and copying of manuscripts continued to make slow but sure headway, and at the beginning of the fourteenth century there were in Paris over 24 professional scribes, 17 bookbinders, 19 parchment-dealers, 13 illuminators, and 8 booksellers; and fifty years later, Milan, comparatively speaking a small town, had no less than 40 transcribers. These figures show that the intellectual ferment was at last beginning to work, not only in capital cities but in the smaller towns; as for example at Bologna, where the *Stationarii* occupied perhaps the highest position of all, since they guaranteed the correctness of the manuscripts they sold, and were therefore men of varied accomplishments and frequently of great erudition.

The printing press inaugurated a complete revolution in the trade of bookselling, and although the practice of copying from manuscripts, and occasionally even from printed books, continued in active operation until the sixteenth century was almost run out, the trade gradually placed itself upon the footing it now occupies. In our day it is practically unfettered, although in times past even in England it was subject to many rules, some of which were almost as harsh and unreasonable as those formed by the University of Paris in

bygone days. Milton struggled hard against the censorship exercised over the press, but in spite of a continuous opposition on the part not only of Milton but of most educated men, various rules more or less irritating continued to prevail until a few years ago. At present, the only interference with the right of a British subject to publish what he likes, how, when and where he likes, is the supervision exercised by the Lord Chamberlain with regard to pieces intended for the stage. As for the booksellers, they are absolutely free in every respect to sell their goods for what they can obtain, and so long as they do not interfere with the fundamental axiom of the Law of Copyright, and indeed of every other law as well, that no person can be permitted to take with impunity the property of another, they are in a position to trade on their own terms free from the interference and control of any authority whatever.

This seems only right and proper, but it is a right, nevertheless, which has only been conceded after three hundred years of agitation, it being that length of time since the labours of Aldus, Froben and Estienne finally established the supremacy of type.

SOME THOUGHTS ON CLASSIFICATION.

By F. M. CRUNDEN.

CLASSIFICATION is vexation,
Shelf-numbering is as bad ;
The rule of D
Doth puzzle me ;
Mnemonics drives me mad.
(*Old song.—Adapted.*)

AIR—*The Lord Chancellor's Song.*

WHEN first I became a librarian,
Says I to myself, says I,
I'll learn all their systems as fast as I can,
Says I to myself, says I ;
The Cutter, the Dewey, the Schwartz, and the Poole,
The alphabet, numeral, mnemonic rule,
The old, and the new, and the eclectic school,
Says I to myself, says I.
Class-numbers, shelf-numbers, book-numbers, too,
Says I to myself, says I,
I'll study them all, and I'll learn them clear thro',
Says I to myself, says I ;
I'll find what is good, and what's better and best,
And I'll put two or three to a practical test ;
And then—if I've time—I will take a short rest,
Says I to myself, says I.
But art it is long and time it doth fly,
Says I to myself, says I,
And three or four years have already passed by,
Says I to myself, says I ;
And yet on those systems I'm not at all clear,
While new combinations forever appear ;
To master them all is a life-work I fear,
Says I to myself, says I.

THE VAGARIES OF BOOK-BUYERS.

II.



HE three great types of book-buyers—namely, those who make their purchases, not because they have any intention of completing a series, or satisfying a legitimate want, but simply and solely because they delight in making bargains; those who regard books in the light of tasteful articles of furniture, which they choose indeed with some, though not much, discrimination; and finally, those who buy by the yard without any discrimination whatever—abound, especially in large towns; although, perhaps, it is hardly necessary to observe that if the booksellers depended for their trade solely upon such customers as these, they would speedily be under the necessity of closing their doors. Out of type No. 1, there is absolutely nothing whatever to be got, for he is very knowing, and will seldom be persuaded into buying a modern edition, even at the ruinous discount price which it is now the fashion to charge; and as for old books, he has the circumstances and surroundings of every issue as indelibly graven on his memory as the “knock-down” value. He has probably spent the last twenty or thirty years of his life in the eager pursuit of rarities, and has got the better of many a bookseller during that time. His library is full of books, mostly of small size; and he is never tired of discoursing upon the merit of some unusually fine specimen, which he “picked up,” ever such a long time ago now, for a tenth of its value. He sighs as he contrasts these degenerate days with those of his early experiences, when “Jackalls” and learned working men were unknown. No more folio *Shakespeares* for five shillings, no more 4to. *Romeos* in exchange for an old coat. The time has passed for that. “Even the very nurse girls stop at the bookstalls now, sir. They do, egad, sir! I saw one of them only yesterday turning over Smith’s *Wealth of Nations*.”

And what can the bookseller make out of the semi-discriminate and indiscriminate purchasers secondly and thirdly referred to? One good order, and that is all. These people force themselves into the position of the goose in the fable, for their orders have such an interval between them, that it is worth no one’s while to wait. The dealer must perforce kill them right off, and pluck them while they are warm, in order to reap the full benefit of their excellence. This, it is needless to say, is promptly done, and perhaps after all it may be the bookseller’s own fault that the victim never revives. He may have been too eager for custom, too impetuous by half in bleeding his goose. We wonder what the result of an experiment in mildness and judicious advice would be; might not the sacred bird elect to return and cackle sweet music to the beleaguered dealer, beleaguered by hosts of other dealers, creeping stealthily round his stock-in-trade, and undermining his custom by every artifice in their power?

The dealer cares not for experiments; he finds as a rule that there is barely time to kill the goose, and extract the one golden egg, before the besieging forces are down on their quarry.

Henceforth the victim is dead to all blandishments; he has lived his narrow life, filled up his square yard, and there is an end of him.

Parendum est, cedendum est,
Claudenda vitæ scena;
Est jacta sors, me vocat mors,
Hæc hora est postrema;
Valete res, valete spes;
Sic finit Cantilena.

The bookseller's most reliable, and in the long run most paying customer, is he who comes again and again, and may generally be looked upon as good for anything that happens to fall in with his acquired taste. He is absolutely safe for one copy of any new book on art, or a tastefully got-up treatise on bibliography. His orders are small, but they are numerous, and he departs from the premises as fresh and eager as when he entered—a good sign this of favours to come.

There are thousands of such customers as these, and they it is who make or mar every venture in the higher departments of literature. They are a discriminating and well-read public, who will without mercy damn an incompetent author; or, if they are pleased with him, urge him to further exertions, bestowing at last a well-known name, which is its own license to success. These are the true Bibliophiles, who judge the value of a book by its contents, accounting an hour well spent two hours saved, and perhaps three or four distinctly gained over from the multitude which were wasted, when the day was young and experience had yet to be bought.

A large house, dull and gloomy, standing in the thick of a London street, or perhaps in a dingy-looking square, long since abandoned by its aristocratic inhabitants to the hordes from the East End. The rooms are spacious and lofty; the furniture of mahogany, old and massive; and it will be noticed that the chairs have hair seats, and that there are "lustres" on the mantel-shelves. The view from the front is on a decaying thoroughfare, or a clump of motionless trees, standing lank and black; from the rear on a wall covered with patches of moss and nondescript grasses, every blade of which struggles its hardest for bare existence' sake, among the ceaseless shower of smuts and dirt.

A few days in every summer the sun peeps in at the windows, but it is only for a few minutes, for the white blinds are drawn down—goodness only knows why, perhaps on account of the carpets—and his rays are shut out, as if they carried microbes from the adjoining mews. Thus a perpetual gloom broods over the old house, and over every room and corridor in it, from cellar to garret; but especially over the library, which can usually be found leading out of, or adjacent

The copy of Pennant's *History of London*, illustrated by Mr. Crowle, and presented by him to the British Museum, is said to have cost £7,000; while another book, the *Illustrated Clarendon and Burnet*, formed by Sutherland, ran away with no less a sum than £12,000, and stands unique among works of its kind as containing nearly 19,000 prints and drawings, 731 portraits of Charles I., 518 of Charles II., 352 of Cromwell, 273 of James II., and 420 of William III. The collection fills sixty-seven large volumes, and the catalogue of the "Illustrations" two more in 4to.

The melancholy fact remains, that notwithstanding all the money and labour, all the experience and knowledge that Mr. Sutherland spent upon these sixty-seven volumes, he must have known that the work was very far from being complete, and that in all probability it would be impossible to complete it. This is the bane of all collectors; they sigh over an *el Dorado* which dazzles them with its mirage, but is itself unseen. No matter to what special department a collector may determine to direct his attention, even if he should decide to concentrate all his energies on a mere section or fragment of the whole, he will eventually be disappointed, as was that bibliophile, now dead, who had a *penchant* for the works of Defoe, and never lost an opportunity of acquiring any specimen in the original. He was nearly ninety years old when he died, and had been collecting for sixty years; he had plenty of money, and was known to dealers all over the world; but when his books came to the inevitable hammer, it was found that he had utterly and completely failed in collecting an original set of the works of his favourite author.

How much more difficult is the work of the disciple of Ferrar! Let him take the simplest book—a child's primer—and try and "illustrate" that. Without doubt he would fail, for ingenuity could suggest many omissions, and when his labour seemed to be over he would find that it had in reality only just begun. The very system which, after mature thought, he elected to follow would only be one out of a vast number of systems all differing from each other, and consequently all part and parcel of a perfect scheme. Every trivial reference in the volume to be "illustrated" requires its own picture, every allusion its own amplification, necessitating a wide knowledge and vast experience, to say nothing of an endless search in all quarters of the globe.

A "universal index" would not be as difficult to compile as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for example, would be to Grangerize; and perhaps it is as well that the serious disciples of Ferrar are serious only in theory, and prefer to buy examples of the follies of their ancestors rather than to manufacture their own.



he prefers billiards to books, though there is no doubt he takes great care of those he has.

We notice *Donna Quixote*; *Low Life Depths*, by Greenwood, of workhouse tastes and fancies; *Coming thro' the Rye*; *It's Never too Late to Mend*, together with other delightful and instructive works, which are ranged very carefully and evenly on four parallel shelves just above the pipe-rack. Gallons of lavender-water might be sprinkled on and around, but it is doubtful whether the rancid smell of pig-tail will ever be entirely eradicated.

Every one of these yellow backs represents a journey somewhere; a few are associated with successful assaults on gay but fickle Fortune; many are identified with total failure. Hence, to the contemplative eye of the proprietor, *Red as a Rose is She* bears a sour appearance on its very cover, because it was bought, as he well remembers, on the morn of that eventful day when the news of a great disaster was wafted across the Continent, and sent the shares down with a rush, and our Bibliophile to New York for a holiday.

When looked at with a full knowledge of surrounding circumstances, each of these books contains a history beyond what the printed pages show, and the whole collection forms a kind of mnemonical diary, and a very exact and minute one it is. There is no possibility of a false entry here; our Bibliophile convicts himself of some irregularity every time he casts his eye in the corner, and the books are consequently of great value as mental castigators.

In these days of education and cheap books, a corresponding interest, on the part of the public, is taken for granted; hence the long-continued existence of the "yellow back." The proof lies in the continuance of the movement towards popularity, which is every hour assuming larger proportions, and even now threatens to sweep away the old-fashioned landmarks and beacons, which are useless to the poor.

Popularity is like a running river, and they who catch the flood float gently to the sea. There are indeed many banks and shoals and out-of-the-way recesses, where the tide never ebbs nor flows, and in these nooks are found the triflers and idlers, and those who have missed their way. So with literature, there are book-buyers and book-buyers; a few study the contents, while others, a mighty majority, find considerable food for reflection from the outsides.

If anyone should deny that the owner of these "yellow backs" is a genuine book-buyer, one, in short, of a mass upon whom authors, publishers, booksellers, printers, book-binders, literary agents, and a whole army of other harpies, feed luxuriously every day, let him reflect that, if all persons in England were imbued with the same love of books as our Bibliophile, no less than £250,000,000 would be expended annually in libraries. In other words, books would be slightly more popular than gin is now.

P. I. E.

THE REPENTANCE OF ROBERT GREENE.



HE brilliancy which illumined the closing years of the prosperous rule of Elizabeth was reflected in a great measure from the mirror fashioned by the magic touch of the dramatists.

This body, including in its ranks such names as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher, Congreve, Massinger, Greene, Watson, Peele, and Nash, to say nothing of many other stars whose genius would have been better recognised had they lived in a more prosaic age, was the crowning glory of a reign which had already witnessed the advent of a greater than Augustan era.

The age, though exceptionally sparkling, was unfortunately correspondingly depraved, and as genius too frequently walks hand in hand with a certain looseness of life, it is hardly to be wondered at that most of the dramatists of the day were infected with the prevailing corruption.

From what we can learn of them, they were, almost without an exception, an eccentric class of mortals, given to the extremity of Bohemianism and always impecunious. The small sums they realised for works which in this century would probably have won a competency, were frittered away as soon as obtained, and no amount of experience, not even the hard drudgery nor racking of brains for the price of a month's decent subsistence could teach any one of them the simple lesson that charity begins at home. Careless, heedless, and reckless they toiled, merely to satisfy the demands of the hour, and as though to-morrow would never come.

Robert Greene, the most abandoned and dissipated among this godless crew, was born at Norwich in or about the year 1560, and for the first twenty-three years of his existence at any rate seems to have lived a tolerably sober life.

In 1583 he graduated M.A. at Clare Hall, Cambridge, and immediately after took what proved to be the one fatal step which wrecked his career. He came to London, and as he himself says, "became an author of playes and a penner of love-pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary as Robin Greene." That he speedily grew "famous" there can be no manner of doubt, but if we mistake not he was better known for his profligacy than ever he was for his writings, excellent though they undoubtedly are.

The whole town must have rung with the mad pranks of Robin Greene, who rapidly sinking in the worst species of debauchery, come at last to be abandoned even by his boon companions, ever the most terrible and convincing proof of misfortune and penury.

Greene indeed appears to have commenced his literary career badly, and to

have all along refused to listen to counsel or advice, for he abandoned his wife simply because, as he expresses it, "She would persuade me from my wilful wickedness." Determined in spite of all obstacles to be as bad as he could be, this side the gaol, he rushed to meet his fate with appalling resolution and speed, and with perverse mind and fixed determination set to work to ruin himself body and soul.

The first he quickly undermined and corrupted by the usual means, the latter he seared through the open profession of atheism, coupled with studied and deliberate blasphemy, until at last he became a piteous spectacle, dirty and emaciated, and of course friendless, except in a few ale-houses, the proprietors of which manifested a certain interest in him on account of the "score."

Bad as Greene undoubtedly was he yet had one redeeming feature, that of repentance, for so surely as he exceeded the bounds of propriety he as certainly recanted immediately after. His companions styled him a "Puritan and a Presizian," a strange mixture of good and evil, and it may so be, that between Greene and themselves there was after all a great gulf fixed. One in outward semblance, they may for anything we know have been inwardly as widely divergent as the Poles, Greene may have had his hours of sincere regret and been too weak to resist subsequent temptation, but however that may be, he sped on his shameful career, continually repenting and continually repeating the same offences until in 1590, at the age of thirty, the evil days that were never to pass away, came upon him. Struck now with something approaching apprehension he published his *Never Too Late*, and in the same year the *Mourning Garment*, in each of which he bitterly regrets his wasted life. Between the publication of these brochures he seems to have abandoned hope, and then with a dash of that strange contradiction which actuated his every movement to have plucked up courage again and decided upon a different course of action. His *Farewell to Folly** first saw the light in 1591, and after a perusal of this, the reader would ask himself, whether it was possible for a man who had evidently learned a sharp and bitter lesson, to fall again into the same course of life he so forcibly condemned.

Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, the last work he ever penned, was printed in 1592, immediately after his death. We have more to do in this article with the contents of this famous publication than with its scarcity, although with regard to the latter view it may be interesting to state that the number of copies in the original are so exceedingly limited that Mr. Halliwell Phillips found himself after long search quite unable to procure one. Speaking for ourselves, the earliest

* Greene's farewell to Folly | sent to | Covrtiers and | Schollers as a president to warne them | from the vaine delights that drawes | youth on to repentance | sero sed serio | Robert Greene | Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister | Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet | for T. Gubbin and T. Newman | 1591 |.

Collation.—Dedication to Robert Carey, 4 pp. To the gentlemen students of both universities, 2 pp. Greene, his farewell to Follie, 85 pp. (not numbered).

edition we have been able to see is that of 1617, the title of which reads as follows :

Greenes | Groatsworth | of Witte bovght | with a million of Repentance |
Describing the Folly of Youth, the falshood of | Make-shift Flatterers, the
Miserie of the | Negligent, and Mischiefs of deceyving | Curtezans. | Published
at his dying request | and | newly corrected, and of many errors purged |
Foelicem fuisse infaustum | London. | Printed by Barnard Alsop, for Henry
Bell, and are to be | sold at his shop without Bishopsgate | 1617 | .

At the conclusion of the dedication to *Wittie Poets* which occupies five pages, the author observes : " Now reader (for I will not call thee *gentle* till I know whether thou wilt bite or no), behold a drie and *withered shadow* which once was Greene, appeare in his native colour," and he then, without further parley, lays bare the blackest side of his whole life without stint, though apparently with considerable sorrow for his misdeeds. The style in which he writes is most doleful, and he lays the fault of all his misfortunes on those who, while teaching him the rudiments of knowledge, carefully hid from his sight the dictates of morality.

He says his " Almanac is out of date," for that

" The people make no estimation
Of morals, teaching education."

A conclusion which is, in some respects, probably as true now as it was 300 years ago.

" Greene will send you nowe," he continues, " his Groatsworth of Witte that neuer shewed a mites worth in his life ; and though no man now be by to doe mee good, yet ere I die, I will by my repentance endeavor to do all men good." And further on : " O *horrenda fames*, how terrible are thy assaults ! but *vermis conscientia*, more wounding are they. O that the teares of a miserable man (for neuer yet was any man yet more miserable) might wash their memorie out with my death !"

Subsequently he gives ten rules for the guidance of those who, unlike himself, might not altogether be beyond hope ; and had I but followed one of them, he says : " I had not nowe at my last ende been left thus desolate." " Remember Robert Greene whome they have so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. . . . The fire of my light is nowe as the last snuffe, the want of wherewith to sustain it. Now faint I of my last infirmitie beseeching them that shall burie my bodie, to publish this last farewell written with my wretched hand. Foelicem fuisse infaustum."

This miserable man died almost immediately after penning these words, on the 3rd September, 1592, at the house of a shoemaker near Dowgate, who had kept him out of charity, and was buried next day in the new churchyard at Bedlam.

At the foot of the concluding words of the "Repentance" was found a memorandum addressed to his wife whom he had never seen since he cruelly cast her off: "Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soules rest that thou wilt see this man paid, for if hee and his wife had not succoured me I had died in the streetes—Robert Greene."

Such then, at the age of thirty-two, was the end of one of the greatest of English dramatists, a feverish writer who composed in his short life no less than thirty-five prose tracts in addition to many dramas and poems. As is well known Shakespeare was largely indebted to Greene for the plot of the *Winter's Tale*, and there can be no doubt that but for the presence of the great master, whose productions paled all feebler attempts, his writings would have been freely quoted to this day as among the most excellent of their kind. We may safely assume, also, that he was capable of better things, and the only astonishment is that he could, under the circumstances, have written so much and so well.

There is one point in connection with Greene which must not be omitted in searching for the reason why he was permitted to end his life so miserably. Most people, however wretched, have at least some one, who in the last hour, is willing to throw aside the differences of former days as unworthy to be numbered then, and we firmly believe, that in Greene's case, some one or more of his companions might have assisted him but for the gratuitous advice he tendered to them in his many "repentances." From a worldly point of view the publication of *Greene's Farewell to Folly* and the *Funeral Garment*, was of the greatest imprudence, and to offend a man like Gabriel Harvey (which point we will now refer to) was if anything worse.

In the palmy days when amusement was yet to be extracted from the taverns, Greene with that insolence which seems to have clung to him like a garment all his life, called Harvey's father a rope-maker and knave, and insinuated that he, Gabriel himself whom he nicknamed "Gabriel Howliglasse," had once been a prisoner in the fleet.

A Puritan never forgets nor forgives, and Harvey, however much he could possibly reconcile it to his conscience, pursued Greene with relentless hate to his dying day. Even when that event was within a measured distance, and the dramatist's fits of repentance were of no avail to stem the tide of want and disease, he thought fit to gratify his selfish and brutal malignity by the publication of a sonnet supposed to be addressed by his younger brother, then just dead, to Greene.

JOHN HARVEY'S WELCOME TO ROBERT GREENE.

"Come, fellow Greene, come to thy gaping grave:
Bidd Vanity, and Foolery farewell:
Thou over-long hast plaid the madbrained knave:
And over-lowd hast rung the bawdy bell.

Vermine to Vermine must repaire at last,
 No fitter house for busy folke to dwell ;
 Thy Coney-catching Pageants are past :
 Some other must those arrant Stories tell.
 These hungry wormes thinke long for their repast :
 Come on : I pardon thy offence to me :
 It was thy liuing : be not so aghast :
 A Foole, and (a) Physition may agree.
 And for my Brothers, neuer vex thyselfe
 They are not to disease a buried Else.

The miserable end of Greene may therefore be ascribed to a variety of causes, the chief of which was his unhappy knack of repenting on paper, in which confessions he, of course, introduced the names of those with whom he had associated in the past. Another reason was his positive mania for making enemies wherever he went, and a third his unconquerable pride which made them enemies for life. Between Greene and Edgar Allen Poe there was very much in common, each was of exceptional genius, each brought ruin on himself by the same means, and each was tracked to his grave by the bloodhounds he had insulted.

DISTINGUISHED BOOK AGENTS.

BONAPARTE—when a lieutenant, unemployed at the capital, and too honourable to duplicate his pay accounts—took the agency for Boulanger et Cie, the noted publishers of the Pont Neuf, for a work entitled *L'Histoire de la Révolution*. Bonaparte tried to secure from the publishing company the whole department of La Vendée, but he was only given a suburban Parisian arrondissement. In the foyer of the great palace of the Louvre, amid countless bric-à-brac of the reign of Louis, can be seen to-day, under a glass case, the little canvasser's outfit of the great Emperor, and within it the long list of names which his assiduity secured.

The next famous book agent is no less a person than George Washington, who, "while surveying Fairfax County in his youth, canvassed for Bydell's *The London of Stoke-on-Trent Square, American Savage : How he may be Tamed by the Weapons of Civilization*." Washington, it is stated, sold over 200 copies in and around Alexandria, Va.

Then, coming to our times, "General Grant, subsequent to his resignation from the army, before his venture on the Dent farm, took part of the territory of a general agent of Putnam's to dispose of Irving's *Columbus*." Blaine began life as a humble canvasser in Washington County, Pa., selling a *Life of Henry Clay, the Mill Boy of the Slashes*. Bismarck, when at Heidelberg, during a winter vacation, having had his allowance cut short by his father, the Baron, canvassed for one of Blumenbach's handbooks.

Jay Gould sold books as an agent. Mark Twain sold books as an agent. Longfellow sold books as an agent. Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by acting as local agent in Merrimac County, N.H., for De Tocqueville's *America*. Bret Harte was a book agent in the fall of 1849, or spring of 1850.

Among others deserving, perhaps, the epithet "famous," but less known than the foregoing, were James Lackington, who, from canvassing John Bunyan's works for Messrs. Rivington, in 1770, became one of the largest publishers in England ; Thomas Kelly, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1834, and died worth half a million ; and Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital.



THE LIBRARIAN AND HIS OFFICE.



HE librarian is chief administrative officer in a great republic—the republic of letters. He is not the maker of the laws, but the laws would be greatly different but for his influence. He has cognisance of what is doing in all the provinces of literature, and no conqueror ever had such an eye as his for the extension of his territories. When an explorer sets out to discover new lands, his ways are partly determined by the instructions of this chief minister. “Don’t waste too much time here, or there, where a literary Livingstone has already been, but strike out a new path or widen and extend an old one. My friend the Catalogue will indicate the chief directions in which enterprise may hope to be rewarded. If the instructions be not sufficiently explicit, come back to me for further advices.” The would-be traveller bows himself out, and the budding historian is ushered in. After the usual exchange of civilities: “Ah! sir, you are recorder for the reign of Karl the Great; I trust you found help from the Catalogue,” says the librarian. “Yes, thanks, the Catalogue was indispensable; but have you not something more in my way?” “To be sure! Some old records have lately been opened up, thanks to the labours of MM. Paulin Paris, Francisque Michel, and other French citizens of our cosmopolitan republic. I advise you to study the results of their labours on the Carolingian epic, to which I have the happiness of introducing you through the recent liberality of the parliament of readers.” So forthwith the historian goes off to learn about the manners and customs of the early middle ages in the *Chansons des Gestes* of old France. The artisan in like manner finds ready approach to this great officer of the state, and learning what has been done in surpassingly good workmanship by his ancestors, goes away with a wholesome emulation to turn out true work on the morrow.

But this minister of the republic of letters is not always giving out. Discoverers and conquerors bring their spoils to his feet, and through him present them to the people. It is long since Napier brought in the literature of logarithms to add to our literary possessions; and long is it since the literature of the steam-engine was constituted a separate province; and though these be the bare hill-tops and arid cheerless wastes of the literary land, there are not wanting to the republic fairer lands replete with sunshine, flower, and song. Many scarcely old men remember the time when plain Alfred Tennyson bequeathed a wealthy land of flowers and song to enrich the state, and the youngest know how from time to time its borders have been extended until the great citizen has received a coronet in gratitude for the gains of readers. Yet all are not extenders into the hitherto unknown. Some till the wild places of the international possessions, and from the entangled undergrowth of facts, by careful art evoke a sylvan

paradise ; others cut down the Upas trees of error and drain the swamps of sophistry. But whatever the result, all is recorded in the books of the office over which presides the chief librarian-minister ; and something in every department passes under his far-seeing eye.

The citizens of the lettered state usually select a man of the blandest manners and utmost courtesy to fill this responsible office. Unfortunately, he is not always paid according to his ability or urbanity ; and so, as there have been good kings and bad kings, there have also been librarians who placed self-interest before duty, to the great neglect of their mission. There has never been a perfect librarian, nor so long as the world continues to roll will there ever be.

A perfect librarian should be acquainted with every officer in every department of the literary state, and should be informed as to the special knowledge of each ; besides, he should never forget anything. Some librarians, at least, have seemed to come very near to perfection, and have had a wonderful knack of sending off an inquirer to the right man for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity.

What has been said elsewhere about "my friend the Catalogue"* is not half enough praise for this chief minister of the literary provinces. "My friend the Catalogue," though he excels him in memory and in unvarying accuracy, owes all his original knowledge to my right honourable friend the librarian. Seeing that this literary chief has a numerous staff or following, each with some special knowledge, it is very convenient to have such a famous never-forgetting ally as the Catalogue to receive all and act as guide-in-ordinary to the reader, and as a friendly buffer between him and the librarian. But where catalogues and subordinate officers fail, there comes in the highest duty of the chief.

Book-lovers are unfortunately not always lovers of men, and hence this paragon of public servants has sometimes been treated cavalierly ; but now that the republic of letters is rapidly extending, people are beginning to recognise how deep is their debt of gratitude to the librarian. The office, once looked upon as a last refuge for a destitute mind, is acquiring its proper dignity, and, thanks to the ability of some who have filled it, receiving its proper respect. Its capabilities for the display of high qualities, tact, courtesy, despatch, intelligence, invention, administrative skill, are being conceded on all hands ; and the day is very near when the parliament of readers will honour in their chief minister qualities which deserve, if they do not always receive, the complement of praise.

J. J. OGLE.

* See *Book-Lore*, vol. iii., p. 157. [Ed.]



A BALLADE OF BINDINGS.



THE distance is, says Emerson,
Decidedly extreme
Between the oyster on the
beach
And that sweet academe
Where Plato taught "the noble
art"

Of philosophic fence;
But still I think I know a case
Of distance more immense,

The scientific difference
Is graspable by thought,
But, oh! the oceans that divide
(Setting all grasp at nought)
The man who "buys his books to *read*"
And cares not how they're bound,
From him whose meat and drink alone
Is in their bindings found.

The first, to show his studious zeal
(For books however bound),
First fills his pipe, then to the fire
His armchair draweth round,
And having fiercely bent the book
Until its covers crack,
For full half-hour he sternly frowns,
And then—his head falls back.

Just gauge the difference, if you can,
'Twixt this abortion strange
And him his diametrical
(How blessed is the change!),
Who stands beside his bookcase door
In ecstasies divine,
And fondles all his precious store,
But—never reads a line.

Don't gaze too long, my gentle friend,
Upon that wretched first,
For ugliness is catching, and
Of all his is the worst;
But gaze a moment, if you will,
And then in pity draw
The curtain on depravity
Beyond the reach of law.

For we would look on him alone
Whose ecstasies divine
Are as a red rag to a bull
To this poor Philistine;
We would his sweet sensations share
Of luscious touch and scent
That thrill the soul as holy kiss
Of lips in rapture blent.

For nought so sweet as maiden's breath
Had chained my fickle love,
Till "Philobiblon's" Araby,
Morocco-breathing grove,
Steeped all my sense in balmy dream;
And ne'er before till then
Knew I that vellum whiter shone
Than brows Circassian.

One feels within his fragrant halls
How blissful it would be
To live on nought but odorous breath,
Like Indian Astomi
Which ancient folios fable forth,
And how we long to creep
Within some creamy-bosomed tome,
And sink to scented sleep.

But I shall never sing right through
This bookman's song of mine,
If I so sensuously indulge,
So sleepily incline.
So let us leave these spicy shelves,
And turn to yonder rows,
Where pig-skinned missals find a home
And ever more repose,

Dreaming perchance of long ago
In quaint scriptorium,
When first Ambrosius, saintly man,
Made the warm colour come
Within their cheeks, as white erewhile
As foaming milk at morn—
Ah! me, how long ago it is
Since that pale monk was born.

And yet the blush is still as fresh,
The golden smile as bright,
As when Ambrosius called them forth
Across those cheeks of white;
And they to eyes as yet unborn
Their lovely tale shall tell,
How the sweet love of a pale monk
Worked all that wondrous spell.

Just turn a moment, reader, pray,
And look upon this black
Old oaken board all stamped around
With figures zodiac;
Strange shreds of withered skin adhere
In patches o'er the wood,
And a faint trace of red remains,
As though some stain of blood.

Strong clasps close bind whatever lore
 The volume may enfold,
 But hush ! no jest ! take care before
 You loose them from their hold ;
 Reflect, those signs are devilish,
 That's *human* blood and skin,
 This was some foul magician's book,
 I pray you look not in.

And close beside, as sheep with goat,
 By massy chain secure,
 In solid leathern jerkin dressed,
 The Bible of the poor ;
 Oh ! pause to think of eager eyes
 That scanned that holy page,
 Of beating hearts that found new strength
 For weary pilgrimage.

Ay, drop a tear and pray awhile,
 For "holy" though it were,
 'Tis holier still for you and me,
 Embalmed by poor men's prayer ;
 For holy must that volume be
 In which the poor men read,
 They read for love, they read for strength,
 They read from desperate need.

Now, if you're ready, turn again
 To those small upper shelves,
 Where dumpy Elzevirs enjoy
 High heaven to themselves ;
 You know how much I love them all,
 I told you once before,
 I swear no "slave of shelf or stall"
 Can love the pigmies more.

But come, my lines are growing long,
 And yet remain untold
 The modesty of sheepskin, and
 The "cheek" of "cloth and gold" ;
 The nobleness of Russia, and the
 Polish of old calf ;
 The taste of modern buckram, why,
 I haven't told you half.

The sumptuous tomes which owe their dress
 To honest Roger Payne,
Chefs d'œuvre of Bedford Riviere,
 And Zaehnsdorff to maintain
 That though embalming may be lost,
 With many an art and spell,
 We moderns still know how to treat
 A worthy volume well.

I would still longer sing to you
 Of bindings one and all,
 But the weary lamplight waneth,
 And on the book-clad wall
 The brightest dress but dimly glows,
 And fight it how I may,
 The odour of morocco floats
 To steal my heart away.

Sweet forces seem at work this hour,
 As though some godless spell
 From out that hoary book had power
 To lure my soul to hell.
 I have not time to tell thee more,
 But only time to creep
 Close by that creamy-bosomed tome,
 And sink to scented sleep.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

BOOK-MARKING.—Lamb's ideas of book-marking are to be found in his correspondence with Coleridge, in which he states that a book reads the better when the topography of its plots and notes is thoroughly mastered, and when we "can trace the dirt in it, to having read it at tea with buttered muffins, or over a pipe." Lamb's library consisted for the most part of tattered volumes in a dreadful state of repair. Young, the poet, "dog-eared" his books to such an extent that many of them would hardly close at all ; while Voltaire and Montaigne were never so happy as when scoring over the leaves with pen and ink ; and this practice they followed even in the case of borrowed books. John Selden, when disturbed, put his spectacles into the book he was busy with by way of marking the place ; and after his death numbers of volumes were found with these curious reminders inserted.



A PAGE ON CLASSIFICATION.



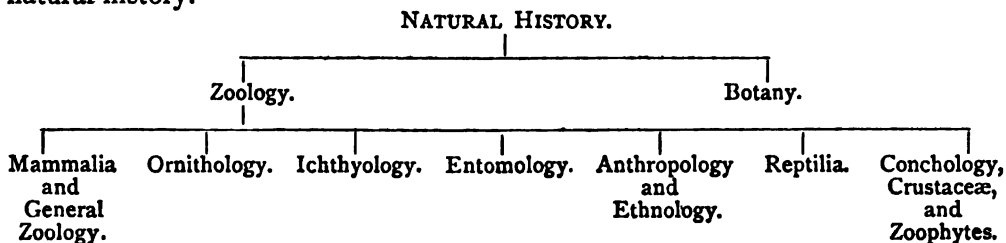
LIBRARY, when looked at from the standpoint of an ordinary reader, appears to consist of a collection of books arranged more with reference to size than with regard to subject-matter or contents. The index to this heterogeneous mass of literature is, of course, the catalogue; and assuming each book to be marked with a reference-number on the back, and entered under the same number in the catalogue, it would not appear, to the superficial observer, that anything is to be gained by classification.

Librarians, of course, know perfectly well that a good system of classification is equal to at least 25 per cent. of labour saved; for it is needless to say that readers choose their volumes according to the particular subject they wish to study. It is seldom, for instance, that a mathematical treatise would be asked for at the same time as a work on ancient armour or antique gems; and it is on this hypothesis that the system of classification was originally introduced.

It has been found by experience that persons who order half a dozen books at once, have an eye to one particular branch of knowledge or an offshoot from it; and hence, to save needless running about, if for no other reason, the construction of a library is based upon a scientific system of orderly arrangement.

Works on natural history, for example, might be arranged on some such plan as the following, which will be found suitable for a small library:

It is to be premised that the term "natural history" is in this instance to be used in its conventional sense—the science which describes organic life and its immediate connections; this definition being, in point of fact, synonymous with biology. It is believed that, although not absolutely exact, yet this method of treating the subject has in its favour a preponderance of convenience, since biology embraces the two great divisions of zoology and botany. Under the former is included ornithology, entomology, and similar subdivisions bearing on all living organisms. Thus, under one restricted definition much valuable ground is covered—all, in fact, that may be fairly considered to come under the head of natural history.



In larger libraries further subdivisions doubtless exist, and when this is the case even the rival "systems" of great professors are expressly recognised.

LITERARY NOTES.

NEXT year's Jubilee is already responsible for many new and more or less rational ideas. The latest mania—fostered, no doubt, by the anticipation of the festival referred to—is for “Coronation Literature,” which is understood to include all sorts and conditions of books which contain accounts of the ancient ceremonies and customs which have been observed at the coronations of the kings of England. This class of work, together with many relating to heraldry and pageants, is now at a premium.



IT would be interesting to know how many locks of hair of respectable size can be cut from the head of a poet, for another relic of Shelley, set in a gold locket, has been recently presented to Miss Alma Murray. This particular lock of hair happens to come from proper custody, and is doubtless genuine; but this is more than can be said, with any degree of certainty, for the vast majority of similar gifts which are chronicled from time to time.



THE smallest book in the world is reported to be in the possession of the Earl of Dufferin, and contains the text of the sacred book of the Sikhs. Though only about half the size of a penny postage-stamp, it is nevertheless almost as thick as it is long, and consequently the idea of “smallness” is very considerably modified. A little book called *Quads for Printers*, or some such title, is, it is submitted, as small, and perhaps smaller, than the Earl of Dufferin's curiosity; but then the circumstances attending the publication are quite different. The Sikhs' Bible was not made exclusively for purposes of sale, whereas *Quads for Printers* was. The first is a natural curiosity, the latter an artificial one.



IT is a very great question whether the municipal authorities who agree to adopt the provisions of the Public Library Acts follow a wise course in stocking the shelves with novels and tales. This kind of literature is all very well in its way, and there is not a free library in the kingdom which is not plentifully supplied with it; but if the object of the Acts is to further the education of the working classes, or those who have not the means to purchase books for themselves, it is distinctly defeated by the introduction of the modern rubbish which plays ducks and drakes with the English language, and is productive of nothing but excitement.

It is this feeling on the part of the ratepayers, who do not see why they should be taxed that others may revel in trash, that has prevented the Acts being taken advantage of in more than one town during the last three months.



A COPY of *Gil Blas*, which, by a system of “Grangerizing,” has been enlarged to five volumes, occurs in the catalogue of a second-hand dealer.

This book, which is priced at £48, cannot, considering the immense amount of labour that has been bestowed or wasted upon it, be considered dear, and is not half that would have been asked fifty years ago, when “Grangerizing” was all the rage. The five volumes contain nearly twenty of the most famous portraits of Le Sage, as well as nearly every important set of illustrations executed for the different editions of the work. Many of these are in rare states, and of considerable value.



THE three newest ventures in the literary world are known by the respective names of the *Journal*, the *Journalist*, and the *Judge*. The two former appear capable of taking care of themselves, and possess some degree of originality. The *Judge*, however, seems to consist of little more than clippings from other papers, and even these are not always well selected. Like all newspapers projected by limited liability companies, its existence will be in proportion to the demerit of the contents—very brief.

MR. ELLIOT, of the Wolverhampton Free Library, has invented what he styles a "Library Indicator," by means of which a reader can ascertain for himself whether the book wanted is available or not. The indicator consists of two narrow columns, in the first of which are displayed numbers corresponding with those in the catalogue; and in the other, spaces, in which the librarian places the card of a borrower. The side of the indicator exposed to the public has a glass front, while the back is open. A would-be reader, therefore, on entering a library containing one or more of these indicators, can see for himself whether any particular book he may require is in use or not. A saving of time, as well as considerable economy in the working staff, is claimed for this invention, which has been tried with success at Wolverhampton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and South Shields.



MANY persons collect newspapers as others collect books, coins, and an infinite variety of other articles—viz., as curiosities—but not one in twenty associates a study of history with his collection. If this were universally done, there is no doubt that a collection of newspapers would represent a vast amount of historical lore. The first daily paper appeared in London in 1702, and at once put to flight the crowd of scurrilous and anonymous pamphlets that had hitherto supplied its place. Ridiculous topics were then gravely discussed—such, for example, as where extinguished fire goes to; whether or no it is lawful for a man to beat his wife, and, if so, for what particular offences; where did all the water go to after the Flood? and so on, *ad infinitum*. Newspapers are now too common to be worth collecting; but an assortment might be made up to, say, 1815, which, if a representative one, would doubtless be of great literary value.



WHEN Dickens made Mr. Mantalini threaten to change his available assets into halfpence, fill his pockets, and then jump into the river, it was generally conceded that he was poking fun at the coinage, which at that time was of Spartan dimensions. It was also the opinion of many that this was a highly ingenious, novel, and lordly way of taking a voyage to the next world. Lordly it may be, but it was not novel, and therefore not ingenious. Years before Dickens was born, Budgell, of the *Spectator*, determined upon committing suicide in this very way, and did so. He spent some hours in picking up small stones from the gutters, and, after deliberately cramming every available pocket with them, took a boat and set off on an everlasting voyage. When under the arches of London Bridge he walked over the gunwale of his boat, and was successfully drowned. Probably this very conduct on the part of Budgell, who chose pebbles when he might have obtained boulders, suggested the idea to Dickens.



THE annual report of the Leamington Spa Free Public Library was presented to the Council last month. During the current year, 1885-6, out of 36,860 volumes issued to the public, 24,553 were works of fiction, while the departments of science and art were represented by 586 books all told. These figures speak for themselves, but if the responsible persons in and around Leamington like to pay an increased rate, they are, of course, fully entitled to do so.



A PAINFUL example of Vandalism is being privately exhibited by a distinguished collector who lives not fifty miles from Lancaster Gate. This gentleman has a large screen in his drawing-room plastered entirely over, back and front, with mutilated engravings taken from rare and valuable books. The taste displayed, though execrable in its inception, is frequently ingenious in matters of arrangement and detail. One of Turner's prints, representing the "Brazen Ring" in Moore's tale of the *Epicurean*, appears adroitly blended with Martin's "Plains of Heaven." Those who know these two prints will admit that a greater difference in subject could hardly be devised; nevertheless, they might have been painted on the screen by one and the same artist, so deftly has this gentleman drawn upon his imagination for his facts.



REVIEWS.

Le Style Louis XIV. Par A. GENEVAY. Paris : J. Rouam, 29, Cité d'Antin. London : Gilbert Wood and Co., 175, Strand, W.C. Folio, 1886.

This work is chiefly a monograph of the life, works, and times of the famous painter, Charles le Brun, who was born at Paris in February, 1619. There is very little doubt that to this artist we are indebted more than to any other for an intelligent rendering of the state of society, with its manners, customs, and costumes, as it existed in France in the days of Louis XIV. His designs are all of them executed with the greatest fidelity, and have stood as models, not merely to painters of a later generation, but to contemporary artists, whether sculptors, workers in metal, or tapestry embroiderers.

M. Genevay gives what, in our opinion, is a very intelligent history of the painters, as well as of others who lived at the time and helped to chronicle on canvas the gorgeous ceremonies of the most splendid court of Europe. The book, which is in paper, a French method of making up which certainly dispenses with binding, but would not seem to have any other advantage, is illustrated with a large number of excellent engravings, after the various painters who are mentioned in the text.

A Thousand Quaint Cuts from Books of Other Days. London : Field and Tuer, the Leadenhall Press, E.C. 4to., 1886.

The book contains a large selection of pictorial initial letters, and curious designs and ornaments from original wooden blocks belonging to the publishers. Some of these we recognise at once, the illustration to the *Death and Burial of Cock Robin* especially. Mr. Tuer, in his preface, states that some of the blocks belong to the latter part of the last century, and that a few date back almost another hundred years. Some of the quaintest, however, are by a living artist, Mr. Joseph Crawhall, who, it may be remembered, illustrated *Old Friends with New Faces* a couple of years ago, and did it remarkably well.

The Diversions of a Bookworm. By J. ROGERS REES. London : Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. Fcap. 8vo., 1886.

The success which attended Mr. Rees's prior publication, *The Pleasures of a Bookworm*, has encouraged him to build yet another fabric on the same foundation, which he does within the compass of six chapters, an appendix, and 258 pages of print. The book is not apparently written on any particular plan, or with any specific object in view ; it merely gives the ideas of the author on a variety of subjects connected with books, in that dreamy, hazy style which, perhaps, invested his previous volume with half its charm. Mr. Rees has certainly what we may perhaps be permitted, without offence, to call an anodynous style ; for given a contented mind, a good dinner, a blazing fire, and the momentary arrival of a troublesome friend, it would be fatal to touch this book, so speedily would the God of Sleep hover about our heads. We do not wish to imply that the volume is dull, or that it is lacking in interest, for it is well worth reading, and abounds in valuable and interesting lore. It is, nevertheless, surrounded with a somnolent halo, and even some of the titles have a balmy and soothing sound, as, for example, "Other Companions of the Bookworm : Dreams and Books." The volume is uniform with the *Pleasures of a Bookworm*, and those who have read the latter will hardly refrain from welcoming its companion.

Dictionnaire des Fondateurs, Ciseleurs, Modeleurs en Bronze et Doreurs. Par A. DE CHAMPEAUX. Paris : J. Rouam, 29, Cité d'Antin. London : Gilbert Wood and Co., 175, Strand. Fcap. 8vo., 1886.

On page 148 of the last volume of *Book-Lore*, we incidentally referred to the *Dictionary of Engravers' Marks and Monograms*, which we described as being an exceedingly useful and valuable treatise in a small compass. The same remark applies to this book, which is uniform in size with the dictionary above named, and, like it, will be found a first-rate guide for the collector to possess. At present it is only completed as far as C, the volume ending with the entry "Curzio." A set of these collectors' guides would prove a very desirable acquisition ; they are handy, thoroughly reliable, and by no means expensive.

Sir Charles Grandison. Solomon Gessner, the Swiss Theocritus. London: Field and Tuer, the Leadenhall Press. 4to., 1886.

These two dainty books constitute Nos. 1 and 2, respectively, of a series known as "The Leadenhall Press Sixteenpenny Series," and exceedingly cheap they are at that modest sum. Both volumes, which contain certain episodes in the lives of Sir Charles Grandison and Solomon Gessner, the latter of whom is known as "the Swiss Theocritus," are illustrated with charming impressions from original copper plates. When this series is complete, it will be a highly attractive one.

WE have received the following catalogues: James Coleman, Tottenham, N.; Albert Cohn, 53, Mohrenstrasse, Berlin; James Roche, 1, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.; F. A. Brockhaus, Leipsic, Germany; Karl W. Hiersemann, Leipsic, Germany; Andrew Iredale, Torquay; Henry Gray, 47, Leicester Square, W.C. (in foreign languages); John Noble, Castle Street, Inverness; Frederick Muller and Co., 10, Dvlenstraat, Amsterdam; James Clegg, 10, Milnrow Road, Rochdale; J. M. Smith, 34, Carolgate, Retford; Joseph Kürschner, Berlin. *Also the following periodicals:* Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen, Leipsic, Germany; The Victorian Freemason, 5, Queen Street, Melbourne; L'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin, Paris, and 175, Strand, London; Courrier de l'Art (same address); Magazine of American History, 30, Lafayette Place, New York; The Critic, Astor Place, New York; The Printing Times and Lithographer, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.; The Paper and Printing Trades Journal, 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; The Book Buyer, 743, Broadway, New York; Il Bibliofilo, Bologna, Italy; The Co-operative Index to Periodicals, 57, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; The American Book Maker, 126, Duane Street, New York; The Century Illustrated Magazine, Paternoster Square, London; Revue Bibliographique Universelle, 195, Boulevard St. Germain, Paris; Bulletin du Bibliophile, 52, Rue de l'Arbre-sec, Paris; Shakespeariana, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; The Library Journal, 743, Broadway, New York.



BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.



MR. GEORGE MOORE'S new book, *Parnell et son Ile*, or, as the author prefers to entitle it, *Irlande en Eau-Forte*, will be published by M. Charpentier early in the new year. The book has been translated into French by M. Rabbe, whose rendering of Shelley gave such universal satisfaction.

A NEW halfpenny journal is expected to appear in January next. It will be modelled to some extent on the Paris *Petit Journal*, and contain the principal news of the world under attractive headings.

INSPECTOR BARNES, of New York, has completed an American *Newgate Calendar*, which promises to rival if not excel the popularity attained by that famous work. The Chronicle will be illustrated by over 200 portraits of atrocious criminals taken from life.

MR. GOSSE has reprinted on hand-made paper, with wide margins, the answer to the *Quarterly Review* which appeared in the *Athenaeum* of October 23rd last. The writer of the article in the *Quarterly* contributed a rejoinder to this answer, which is printed in the *Athenaeum* of the 30th October, while the whole question is dealt with by Mr. Swinburne in the issue of the same journal of November 6th.

MESSRS. G. BELL AND SONS intend to publish early next year a new and almost entirely re-written edition of Mr. Algernon Stedman's *Oxford, Social and Intellectual*.

THE celebration of the eight-hundredth anniversary of the completion of the *Domesday Book* commenced on the 25th of October last at the Public Record Office, in Fetter Lane. A very large gathering of friends and supporters of the movement attended, including Lord Aberdare, the President of the Royal Historical Society, Mr. Horace Round, and Canon Taylor. On tables occupying the centre of the large search-room were exhibited the two original volumes of the *Domesday Book*, while on other tables were a number of subsidiary volumes, bearing on the same subject, which had been lent by various public bodies for the exhibition. Among these records we noticed the *Bolden Book*, relating to the Palatinate of Durham, *The Red Book of the Exchequer*, the series of Pipe Rolls from the reign of Henry I., the *Testa de Nevill*, and the *Book of Aids*. At

the first meeting on the above-mentioned date Canon Isaac Taylor read a paper on "*Domesday Book*, and its Permanent Effects on our Land in Rural Districts." The fifth and last day of the celebration was October 29th, when at a meeting in Lincoln's Inn Hall it was stated that the committee had undertaken to compile and possibly to publish a "Bibliography of Domesday," in other words, a complete list of published works relating to *Domesday Book*, including brief descriptions of the Domesday MSS., with reference to their places of deposit, and the titles of all books, pamphlets, and magazine articles which deal with that subject, and to have the results of this compilation arranged under the several counties of England. As to this Bibliography, the Royal Historical Society invite co-operation from local antiquarians, who can address the secretary, Mr. P. E. Dove, 23, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, on the subject.

LORD SELBORNE'S work, entitled *A Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment and Disendowment*, is nearly ready for the press. The work will contain an introductory letter, addressed to Mr. Gladstone, which should in the natural order of events be peculiarly interesting.

MR. G. B. SHAW is on the point of publishing a novel, bearing the title *An Unsocial Socialist*, which in its main features contains a graphic sketch of modern Socialism. Mr. Shaw will be remembered as the author of *Cashel Byron's Profession*.

THE *Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart* will shortly publish a series of articles, entitled "A Model Reference Library at the Least Expense," by Mr. J. Herbert Slater.

THE November number of the *Century Magazine* is of exceptional interest. Besides a paper on "The Battle of the First Day at Gettysburg," illustrated with views of different parts of the field, there is a capital article on "Old Chelsea," and a well-written story by Frank Stockton, entitled "The Hundredth Man."

MR. FROUDE'S *Oceana* is said to have now reached a sale of over 100,000 copies.

THE Earl of Carnarvon has recently come into possession of the Holograph MSS. of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*. These manuscripts may possibly contain numerous additions not to be found in the first printed edition, as it is evident that the type was set up from a transcript.

PROFESSOR F. J. CHILD has now nearly completed the fourth part of his great comparative edition of the English and Scotch ballads. The Professor has recently been lecturing on the same subject to the students of Harvard University.

THE death is announced of Mr. G. W. Johnson, the author of the *History of Gardening*, as well as many works on Chemistry and Horticulture; also of Mr. George Clowes, of the firm of Clowes and Sons, the well-known printing house. Mr. Johnson was eighty-four years of age, and Mr. Clowes seventy-two.

AN entirely new edition of Lord Lytton's novels is announced for publication early in January, by Routledge and Sons. The edition, which will be styled the "Pocket Volume Edition," will be complete in thirty monthly volumes, each containing about 400 pp., and uniform in appearance with "Routledge's Pocket Library."

A HISTORY of the Guildhall is about to be issued by the Corporation of London. The book is intended for private circulation only.

THE next monthly issue in the series of the "Canterbury Poets" will be two volumes of *Byron*.

A NEW Encyclopædia of Education is now in active preparation by the Rev. E. D. Price and Mr. A. Sonnenschein. The work will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

MR. E. A. PANKHURST will edit a selection from Burke's Political Speeches and Writings, shortly to be issued by Mr. Murray under the title of "The Wisdom of Edmund Burke."

ON the first of this present month of December the *Lancashire Witch* should make its appearance. This is the title of a new weekly periodical, which will be published simultaneously at Manchester and Liverpool. It is devoted chiefly to the study of Local Antiquities and Folklore.

PROFESSOR MASPERO will publish immediately a work entitled *L'Archéologie Egyptienne*. This book only consists of three chapters, though with many sub-divisions, and is said to be written in the Professor's best style.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN has recently published a quaint and curious volume, entitled *The Legendary History of the Cross*, a series of sixty-four woodcuts from a Dutch book published in 1483. The introduction is by Mr. John Ashton.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW LIST.

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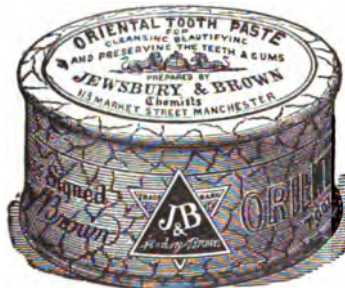
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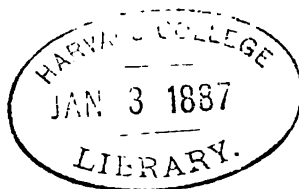
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THE VAGARIES OF BOOK-BUYERS.

III.

MORD LYTTON, in that curious and mysterious novel, *Zanoni*, mentions an old bookseller who, after years of toil, had succeeded in forming an almost perfect library of works on occult philosophy. Poor in everything but a genuine love for the mute companions of his old age, he was compelled to keep open his shop, and trade, as it were, in his own flesh. Let a customer enter and his countenance fell; let him depart empty-handed and he would smile gaily, oblivious for a time of bare cupboard and inward cravings. A purchaser was indeed a deadly enemy to the old man, for every proffered coin was scorching hot, a miserable and inadequate exchange for one drop of purple blood.

It is astonishing what a deep interest some people take in weird and obscurely written books. They will gloat over the mysteries of Hermes, and nervously finger the pages of Agrippa,—that foul magician whose judgment of himself and all his labours is so eloquently portrayed in his *Vanitie of Arts and Sciences*. No matter, says the devotee, Agrippa was mistaken; he was afraid of the Inquisition, and recanted. He could not have *invented* the sigils, triangles, and magic circles, without which congregated with horrid eyes the spirits of the Moon and Paymon, the King of the West Wind. Agrippa was afraid of the spectres he had raised; afraid of his own black dog, and of the hell to which it pointed.

The amateur occult philosopher is, however, not afraid—as yet—and every spare moment is occupied in ferreting out the names of ghostly men, who either suffered on the rack or at the stake, for leaguering themselves with the powers of the air, or else tumbled headlong into the talons of besieging hosts of devils, all screaming, as Paracelsus says they sometimes do, “Thy pentacles and thy circle are wrong, thy words are false; come thou with us.”

The old bookseller was a type, and, as we think, a type only, of Lytton's own creation; perhaps a reflection of the soul of Lytton himself, ever groping through mists of tale and fable, and ever unsatisfied.

The purchaser of works on occult philosophy is usually exceedingly enthusiastic, so much so that he persists in his so-called studies, notwithstanding the

fact that nine-tenths of his books are in Latin, a language of which he knows little or nothing. In a few words, he would become a disciple of Jannes and Jambres, and to this end sets about accumulating materials in the form of huge folios, conscientiously intending, no doubt, to read them when time and opportunity offer.

His course of reading so far has been confined to the *Strange Story*, which first riveted his attention on fiends and spectres, and to Barrett's *Magus*, which, being in English, and adorned with a number of weird plates, has proved an excellent stimulant to further exertions. The Bible is ransacked, and the Witch of Endor and Simon Magus duly weighed in the balance, while such phrases as "Now the magicians of Egypt they also did in like manner with their enchantments," roll off the tongue with unctuous volubility. Presently the aspirant to "horrors fell and grim" stumbles across the treatises of Raphael and Sibly, and sighs to think that his ignorance effectually cuts him off from the delightful contemplations of those obscure authors upon whose diatribes their works are founded.

At this point the average student comes to a full stop, and turns probably to astrology as being a more tangible study, and apparently much easier. His little library swells with the treatises of Lilly, Raphael, Placidus de Titus, and the great Ptolemy, while he rejoices to think that Flamsted believed in the reality of the science, and that old Burton, the "Democritus Junior," hanged himself rather than admit that his own horoscope was out of gear.

The next step is the purchase of a planisphere, which conveniently dispenses with abstruse calculations in spherical trigonometry; and finally the student erects a horoscope all out of his own head, showing plainly enough that he was born when Mercury was retrograde, and at the square of the moon—a never-failing sign of idiocy, proved up to the hilt, be it said, when he is at last actually persuaded to go a-horse-racing with his slender capital, merely because the "quesited"—the famous "Flying Scud"—is in a trine aspect with Jupiter, Lord of the Seventh, and therefore cannot lose. The horse, however, breaks down, and is scratched four-and-twenty hours after the money is staked, and henceforth astrology is a Will-o'-the-wisp that will never again lure our bibliophile to his ruin.

Out of every twenty persons who take up the study of occult philosophy, nineteen are supremely ignorant of the most ordinary branches of knowledge, but the twentieth is a man of very different composition. He, too, began, perhaps, in the same way as his less gifted brethren, and has followed the same paths, and pored over the same books, and would like also to rival the deeds of Albertus Magnus, who had power over the elements; or of Peter of Abono, who raised terrible forms as easily as a market gardener raises cabbages.

He speedily discovers that Barrett's *Magus* is, in part, at least, a mere translation, and a very bad one, of Agrippa's fourth book, and that Raphael has mutilated the words of every author he quotes. There is no reliable work in

English which can possibly be procured, and so he turns to the Latin, beginning with Iamblichus, and his famous book *De Mysteriis*, printed by Aldus in 1497. This rare and interesting specimen of typography loses, however, all its beauty in the absorbing nature of its contents; and the same observation is applicable to the author's *Vita Pythagoræ*, published at Rome in 1556. These treatises are, it is true, mere introductions which every tyro who hopes hereafter to lift the veil of Isis must read if he wishes to fit himself to meet the petrifying gaze of the "Dweller on the Threshold;" but they are also two most useful books, as from them can be gleaned a mass of information which, rightly understood, is declared by the initiated to point to the portals of the world beyond the grave.

With appetite whetted to a swallowing-point perfectly gluttonous in its magnitude, the student next turns to the treatise of the learned Jesuit, Martin Delrio, who, in his *Disquisitionum Magicarum*, examines the many different systems of magic practised by the professors of his day; to Bodinus, *De la Demonomanie des Sorciers*; and in their turn to Boissardus, Jerome Cardan, Glanvil, Grillandus, Van Helmont, Wierus, and the *Malleus Maleficarum* of Sprenger and Institor.

All these works, comprehending as they do an assortment of wonders the like of which the world never saw, and perhaps never will see, support one another in a manner that would put a coterie of Old Bailey witnesses to the blush, so precise and seemingly accurate are the expressions used, so consequential the inferences. There is no mincing matters, no equivocation nor contradiction; everything is so orderly and precise that what is usually regarded, in this country at least, as a structure composed entirely of falsehood and fraud, becomes quite natural in appearance, so that, at last, the student finds himself accepting a statement, no matter how foolish, simply because Sprenger affirms it to be true, or Robert Fludd hints that it possibly may be.

All this time money is going out as fast as credulity, for works on occult philosophy are very expensive. The dealers are aware of their patron's feverish anxiety to obtain them when once bitten by the mania, and, as a matter of course, charge accordingly. Thus £3 is, as a rule, demanded for the *Opera Omnia* of Paracelsus, 1658, 2 vols., folio; seven or eight guineas for the collected works of Cardan, Lugd., 1663; and as much and more for those of Robert Fludd, Oppenheim, 1617-38. Respecting this last author, Isaac D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, states that in his time as much as £40 had to be given for a single volume, so great in those days appears to have been the anxiety to obtain copies of works of this and a similar class. We can imagine, therefore, how large must have been the value of the unique collection formed by the bookseller to whom Lytton so fondly refers, and we—or at least some of us—may almost participate in his disinclination to have such a splendid assortment broken in upon by the amateur peripatetic philosopher who in all probability cannot read one hundredth part of the treasures he longs to possess.

The modern world has now been revolving for nearly 1,900 years, and during the whole of that time repeated attempts have been made to lift the curtain that shuts out the invisible world. Some few persons—as, for example, Rozencrantz, who founded the Society of the Rosy Cross, and Paracelsus, who is “now living in his tomb, whither he retired disgusted with the vices and follies of mankind”—are credited with having peeped for a few brief moments behind it; but with these and some other exceptions the progress that has been made is admitted by the most ardent devotee to have been nil. Rumour, as chorus, has taken the place of fact, and dreams that of reality, but still the modern occultist cannot be brought to see that he labours in vain. And so he goes on purchasing ponderous volumes, ugly to look at and absolutely useless for every purpose, theoretical as well as practical, until either he is forced by repeated failures to admit that his favourite authors are impostors, or that he himself has, in spite of all his application, failed to reach the road that leads from this world to that which is to come. He and others like him—and there are many even in this century—would outstrip themselves in a desperate race through the darkness of Erebus; they spend a lifetime in learning to walk, only to be afflicted with total paralysis at the last; and when they awake to find their labour has been in vain, they are amazed to think of the fallacy which engulphed years of toil in the futile attempt to discover what they will learn in five minutes after they are dead.

However, be this as it may, the sale of books on occult philosophy goes on apace, and purchasers are very eager to part with their cash, a phenomenon which is observed in very few instances save the one under discussion. Some of these days enterprise may detect money in new editions and translations of Artemidorus on dreams, and Raymond Lully and Artephius on the philosopher's stone; but at present the trade is confined exclusively to old and battered copies which have served generations of investigators, which are now being read, and which will be read, in all probability, until they are thumbed out of recognition.

It is said of the Emperor Nero, that among other studies he ardently followed that of magic. He employed immense sums, wrung from the sweat of Rome, in this pursuit; searched far and wide for professors,—penetrating the remote regions of India and Africa,—and even prowled among the ruined towers of Chaldæa. Rewards were offered, and threats of cruel torture not only lavished but carried into effect, and with what result? Absolutely none, for all the power of Rome could not raise up another Witch of Endor, nor prolong the Emperor's life for a single second. And yet there are in England at this moment thousands of busybodies who think they can, with their limited resources, accomplish what Nero, with all Rome at his back, failed to perform; and so they go on, blinking like owls over distressing paragraphs that no one either in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, can possibly construe into intelligible English. The only consolation is that these

good people are out of harm's way, and may perhaps be laying up a store of patience which may serve their end when the fit is over. They are very good customers of the booksellers also, and rejoice exceedingly over one very small piece of silver which they persuade themselves they are on the eve of finding.

M. A. G.

THE SIZES OF BOOKS.—The Associated Librarians of Great Britain once decided upon a uniform scale for the measurement and description of the sizes of books. They did this in consequence of the many and varied sizes of papers manufactured, the terms folio, quarto or 4to., octavo or 8vo., twelvemo or 12mo., and so on, as indicating the number of folds in the printed sheets—as they said—being quite unreliable as a definite guide to the sizes of books. The change made was as follows :

Large folio ... la. fol ... over 18 inches	Duodecimo ... 12mo. ... below 8 inches
Folio... ... fol. ... below 18 "	Decimo 8vo... 18mo. ... is 6 "
Small folio ... sm. fo. " 13 "	Minimo ... mo. ... below 6 "
Large octavo la. 8vo " 11 "	Large quarto la. 4to. " 15 "
Octavo ... 8vo... " 9 "	Quarto ... 4to. ... " 11 "
Small octavo sm. 8vo " 8 "	Small quarto sm. 4to. " 8 "

These measurements may be useful as giving an idea of the sizes as fixed by the librarians, who have abolished the time-honoured expressions, imperial, crown, foolscap, demy and so on, and adopted the equally vague and inconclusive terms "large" and "small" instead.

The last two annual conferences of the Library Association are probably not of the smallest literary or bibliographical value, hence the apathy displayed by booksellers and others in the matter of book-measurements.

At a sale of an old Essex library, conducted by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson in December last, *Bewick's Birds*, 8vo., Newcastle, 1797-1804, realized £3 17s. 6d., and another copy on royal, £9 17s. 6d. A good copy of Caxton's *Game and Playe of Chesse*, sm. folio, brought £645. This copy was perfect (except the two blank leaves): it is dated "the last day of Marche the yer of our Lorde Gode, a thousande foure hundrede ande lxxiii," and is the first book of Caxton's which bears a date of any kind.

At the same sale Grose's *Antiquities of England and Wales*, with the supplement, large paper, roy. 4to., 1773-89, brought £5 5s.; two plates were, however, missing.

A copy of the *Nuremburg Chronicle*, 1493, sold for £9 5s., and yet another copy £11. Neither was quite perfect.

The first edition of Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, sm. 4to., 1584, brought £5; and a perfect copy of Shakespeare's Fourth Folio, 1685, £31 10s. Full reports of this and all other sales which took place in December will be found in *Book Prices Current* for that month.



THE BISHOPS' BIBLE.



OUR notices of this version of the Holy Scriptures appeared between January and April, 1882, in the *Bibliographer*. The matter was treated, not merely from a bibliographical point of view, but also as throwing light upon the history of the English Church during the reign of Elizabeth, and the intellectual calibre of the bishops and others who were engaged on the translation. Something was then said also of the absurd mistakes made by the translators, and of the alterations which were made in the successive editions, beginning with the year 1568, and ending with the folio of 1602, the edition used by King James's revisers in preparing for the Authorized Version of 1611. We purpose in the present article to supplement the imperfect sketch which was then given as to the changes introduced. It was then observed that in the New Testament few alterations had been made from the original folio of 1568 in the small quarto of the following year, which was intended for private use in the churches, whereas a very large number of changes had been made when the larger-sized volume was reprinted in 1572 for the public service of the church. We need not here repeat what was said in those articles, but will proceed to illustrate in particular what was then stated in general, premising only that we make our comparison from the quarto of 1569, which pretty well agrees with the first edition, and from the last available edition, viz., that of 1602; for though there is a copy known to exist of the later date, 1606, we have not seen it, neither is it probable that it differs at all materially from that of 1602, which was used as the basis of the new revision for the Authorized Version.

It is certainly much to be wondered at that a version which the Archbishop wished to palm upon the church as authoritative should have been subjected to such changes. We confine our remarks in this article to the New Testament. There are in the Gospels alone about 1,800 corrections in the later edition. As it would be manifestly impossible in the compass of a short article to give more than a specimen of these, we will select one chapter which we believe contains more changes than any others in the New Testament. It is the ninth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. This Gospel, as well as that of St. John, was done by Scambler, Bishop of Peterborough, a man who had been chaplain to Archbishop Parker, and was recommended by him for the See of Peterborough, to which he was consecrated February 16, 1564. He has earned a character of infamy for alienating several manors belonging to his See which the Queen presented to the Earl of Exeter, and for doing which he was rewarded by being translated to Norwich in 1584. We should suppose that Scambler is not answerable for the changes introduced in 1572, because many of them are changes for the worse, especially in the numerous cases where the participle and verb have been introduced instead of the two verbs with the conjunction *and* between them,

with the view of assimilating the English to the Greek, reminding us of the more recent attempts of a similar kind made by the revisers of the Authorized Version to the sacrifice of idiomatic English. Thus :

συγκαλεσάμενος	is changed from	<i>called and</i>	to <i>when hee had called.</i>
υποστρέψαντες	" "	<i>returned and</i>	" <i>when they returned.</i>
δοξάμενος	" "	<i>he received them and</i>	" <i>when he had received them.</i>
λαβών	" "	<i>he toke and</i>	" <i>when hee had taken.</i>
ἀποκριθέντες	" "	<i>answered and</i>	" <i>answering.</i>
λευκὰ ἱξαστρέαπων	" "	<i>was whyte and shone</i>	" <i>shining very white.</i>
στραφεῖς	" "	<i>turned and</i>	" <i>turning.</i>
ἐπιβαλὼν	" "	<i>that putteth</i>	" <i>having put.</i>
βλέπων	" "	<i>looketh</i>	" <i>looking.</i>
μὴ εἰδὼς	" "	<i>and wist not</i>	" <i>not knowing.</i>

Now most of these alterations, it will be admitted, are no improvement, for they have not been adopted either in the Authorized Version or by its revisers. They indicate simply a desire to represent the original more literally, without having regard to English idiom.

As regards other alterations made in the later editions, no doubt some are improvements, whilst some are indifferent, and only worth chronicling as a contribution to the bibliography of the Bishops' Bible.

Amongst the improvements may be reckoned some of the instances already quoted, together with others as follows :

Thus *δόξα* is several times altered from *majestie* into *glory*, whilst *μεγαλειότης* is rendered *majestie* in the corrected version instead of *mightie power*. Again, *διεστραμμένη*, which had been rendered *crooked*, has been altered into *pervorse*, which has stood its ground to the present day.

Again, *ἵνα μὴ αἰσθῶνται αὐτό*, which had wrongly been rendered *that they undershoode it not*, was altered into *that they should not understand it*; and *κατελθόντων αὐτῶν* is improved from *as they came downe* into *when they were come downe*.

The word *κώμη* is always rendered in the earlier edition *town*, and is altered into the better form *village*. And the force of the word *ἐστήριξε*, which was lost in the earlier, was explained in the later edition by the introduction of the word *stedfastly*.

Other changes of less importance we forbear to give an account of. Some few, no doubt, are owing to the carelessness of the printers or correctors of the press in one edition or another. Upon the whole, it may be judged that Scambler knew very little of Greek, and certainly made great use of the Vulgate, if he did not mainly translate from it. He certainly consulted Beza's Latin, for in John xviii. 13 he gratuitously inserts into the text what Beza alone gives in this verse, *And Annas sent Christ bound unto Caiaphas the high-priest*, exactly corresponding with Beza's *is vero misit eum vinctum ad Caiapham Pontificem maximum*. It is, however, printed in a different character to indicate that it is not in the original. Thus the word *ἀνὰ*, a-piece, is given in the corrected edition, but is omitted, as it is in the Vulgate, by the translator in his first edition. Again,

δωρὸς is translated *villages*, following the Vulgate *villas*, and this is afterwards altered into *fields*. And the omission of the article *τὸν*, which could not appear in the Vulgate, is supplied in the corrected edition as *that Christ for the Christ*. Many other apparent indications of the same might be quoted, but enough has been said to show that Scambler was ill-qualified for the task he had undertaken, and that he was slenderly furnished with knowledge of the Greek language. The chapter selected, though containing more passages that were subsequently altered than any other single chapter of the New Testament, affords by no means an unfavourable specimen of the translator's powers, as may be judged from the following. In x. 14, *πλὴν* is rendered *therefore*; and in x. 42, *δὲ* as *verily*. In this, however, he does but follow his predecessors. Scambler's knowledge of theology may be judged by xi. 13, where the Holy Spirit is spoken of as *it*; and in the 41st verse *τὰ ἐνὸντα* is rendered *things which are within*; and *γενεὰ* is indiscriminately, and without any reason, rendered *nation* and *generation*. Neither were his coadjutors much better off than himself. Cox, Bishop of Ely, was the translator of the Acts of the Apostles. What knowledge of Greek could have been professed by the man who used as nominative cases such words as Troada, Philippos, Asson, Miletum, Antipatridis, Gnidum, Salamine, Puteolus, and Ptolemaida?—and this carelessness about names occurs throughout the New Testament. Thus we have in St. Mark, done by Archbishop Parker, the Syro-Phenician woman described as a woman of Syrophenissa. Again, the carelessness of the translator is shown in rendering the same word, *ἐκατόνταρχος*, as *captain*, *chief captain*, *high captain*, *under captain*, and *centurion*. As regards mistakes, *ἐπιστροφή*, rendered *conversation* instead of *conversion*, might have been charitably considered an error of press, if it had not been repeated from 1569 in 1602. Whether any excuse can be made for *πρηνὴς γενόμενος* being rendered *when he was hanged*, we cannot take upon ourselves to say, unless Cox also translated from the Vulgate, which has *suspensus*. The version of *συνίστειλαν*, *put apart*, may be defended on the same ground as being made from the Vulgate reading, *amoverunt*.

Why *μάρτυρες* was made *records* instead of *witnesses* we cannot explain, for the Vulgate here has *testes*. The last absurdity we shall notice is in Rev. xxi. 13, where *ἀπὸ* in a single verse is translated *on*, *from*, and *towards*; the translator here follows in the wake of Cranmer and the Genevan Version. There is the same miserable ignorance of the meaning of the Greek particles exhibited throughout the New Testament. And as to the use of the article, it is almost entirely ignored, except where some of the translators, following in the wake of Beza, render it by the pronoun *that*. In some instances they follow mistakes made by their predecessors, especially the Genevan Bible, as when they make St. Peter say he will *jeopard* his life instead of *lay down*, as the translation of *θήσω*. Sometimes they venture upon a departure from all previous versions, as in 1 Tim. iv. 1; where all previous versions had *spirits of error* for *πνεύματι πλάνοις*, the Bishops render *rites of error* in 1602. Upon looking back to the earlier edition

we find *spirites*, so that this is in all probability only an error of press. How they managed to stumble upon *them that excell in worship*, for *δόξας* in 2 Peter ii. 10, we are unable to explain further than that it was adopted from the Great Bible. It is perhaps necessary to explain that *worship* has to be taken passively, instead of actively, as some might suppose.

Amongst the other faults of this version may be mentioned the extreme carelessness with which it is printed. So numerous are the errors of press in the edition of 1602, which, if any, must be considered the standard edition, that we are in some places unable to distinguish between the error of the writer or the printer. There can at least be no mistake in attributing to the compositor the repetition of the words *it* and *take* in two consecutive verses (verses 10 and 11 of chap. xii.), and *who* for *where* in xiii. 1; neither can we be wrong in attributing great carelessness to the writer who could use in the same chapter Zacheus and Zache, Troas and Troada, Timotheus and Timothie, and other similar variations in the rendering of proper names.

The absurdities introduced into the text are perhaps exceeded by those of the marginal notes. What can be more ridiculous than the comment on the verse (xvi. 31), "*If they heare not Moses and the prophets, neither will they beleve though one rose from death.*" It is as follows: "*We must seeke for trueth in God's word, and not of the dead.*" Sometimes the comment is a mere silly repetition of the same idea in other words, and perhaps this is more conspicuous in Parker than in the other translators. A good instance of this occurs in the note on St. Matt. vi. 34. The text is: "*Care not then for the morow; for the morowe shall care for itselfe. Sufficent unto the day is the evill thereof.*" The note is: "*That is the present day hath ynough of his owne grefe or affliction.*"

Other instances may be seen in the notes to the Epistles from 2 Cor. to Heb. inclusive, which were all done by Parker; e.g., at 2 Cor. iv. 17, where on the text, "*The momentary lightnesse of our tribulation prepareth an exceeding and an eternal weight of glory unto us,*" the marginal note is: "*Which is so-called in respect of the everlasting life.*" Again on 2 Cor. ix. 5: "*I thought it necessary to exhort the brethren that they would come before unto you, and prepare your prepromised beneficence, that it might be ready as a beneficence, and not as an extortion,*" the note is: "*That is as a thing extorted or violently wrung from you.*" Again, Gal. i. 22: "*Hee which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith,*" is explained thus: "*That is the Gospel which is the doctrine of faith.*"

It is needless to multiply examples. The above are a fair specimen of Parker's notes.

Lastly, it must be noticed that many of the marginal notes are taken straight from the Genevan Bible, avoiding for the most part the more offensively Calvinistic remarks, according to the instructions the translators had received from the Archbishop.

MORNING IN THE STUDY:

A CONFIDENCE.



BEING at last safely harboured in my "nook" a few evenings ago, after a day on the rough billows of the world, I took up Mr. Rees' *Diversions of a Bookworm*, and very soon

" the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores."

There is no more delicious sense of security than that given by perfect confidence in one's book. We sit down to some books with a feeling of anxiety, a fear that instead of bringing to us the soothing balm we seek, they may increase our soul's unrest; but there are others to which we come with fullest faith. We *know* them even while their pages are still uncut, and when the paper-knife has opened their hearts to us we give ourselves up to their spell with perfect trustfulness. A child sinks not to sleep with less of fear.

Mr. Rees, if I may be permitted to say so, earned by his "Pleasures" this full trust in his "Diversions;" and instinctively I gave him mine, as I "settled myself" that evening and took up his book. The common world, as I have said, was soon far behind me, and led by his dreamy Muse, I had long found peace in that land

" In which it seemeth always afternoon."

I had peeped in at his study, strolled about his old garden, sympathized with his dread of interruption, and had come up to his quaint depreciation of early rising, when I was forced, reluctantly enough, to make a stop. Though I reached the end of that chapter and tried to begin the next, I could not get on, for all the time my memory kept reverting to these words:

"Who could turn out of bed at five o'clock in the morning all the year round, and be at his desk by six? The sight of an unlit fire is enough to freeze the warmest idea."

I found myself wishing very much that the author lived next door, so that I could "pop in," and, like the famous "Midshipman Easy," "argue the point" with him. But, as I realized that could not be, gradually an irresistible desire for an unlawful indulgence grew upon me—dare I confess it?—my fingers began to twitch at my pocket-pencil; I struggled, but it was in vain, and I commenced—to annotate. With one dash I had written against the troublesome question, "Who? *I, to be sure!*" One's mind must find relief somehow, and it so happens

that there is no subject on which I feel more strongly than this of "Morning in the Study." My next indulgence was far more extravagant; and before I make you acquainted with it, I must ask you, gentle reader, not to regard it as an "individual impertinence," but rather as a tender confidence such as one good book-lover is always willing to listen to from another. Perchance, too, the "Bookworm" may hear my voice.

"The sight of an unlit fire is enough to freeze the warmest idea." "Ah!" scribbled my wicked pencil, "but the sight of the *lit* fire, the soft dreamy glow of the lamp, the singing of the kettle that is to prepare your morning cup of tea; the sharp hiss of the boiling water on the tea-leaves (in the dainty little pot that holds but two cups), the fragrant steam that arises therefrom. Then, a delicious cup from the same (invigorating as the *elixir vitæ*), and five minutes of delightful, contented musing while drinking it; and then, as the clock strikes the quarter to six, to pull the lamp nearer and take up the beloved book. Oh! this is heaven, and the frost-devil and all his angels shall never keep me from it!"

But I cannot say that triumph over these is always easy; by no means, for the most ardent book-lover is still flesh and blood, and bed-clothes are warm, and five o'clock a.m. air arctic even to him.

This very morning I have had a prodigious struggle; the sleepy valleys of the land of Nod seemed "very pleasant" unto me, and pillowed amid them, the morning's mountain-tops gleamed cold and bare. But now, of course, I would no sooner think of descent again into the valley than the Buddhist, who, having attained *Sammā-Sambuddh*, looks down on his past lives

"even as one
At rest upon a mountain-summit marks
His path rise up by precipice and crag
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprung
To reach the blue."

I were indeed a sorry churl were I not happy now, surrounded by such sweet influences. There has been but one to mar my peace. Just as I was indulging in a second draught of my "elixir" (on account of the severity of the morning, *only* half a cup), the calm face of Thoreau rose out of the shadow with a look of pitying scorn on a "Son of the Morning" who had fallen so far short of his high estate as to drink tea. For a moment he "stern bespake"—"Think of dashing the hopes of a morning with a cup of warm coffee, or of an evening with a dish of tea;" but as I was, foolishly enough to him, trying to plead the excuse of great examples, he faded away, and I was left murmuring to myself such names as Samuel Johnson, Buffon, Scott, Trollope, Haweis, and others who had sown in the morn their seed, and yet had not despised such stimulant.

The mention of Mr. Haweis reminds me that in a short paper of his in the

Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1885, he has several words to my purpose. Here is a curious contrast which rather makes one smile. You will remember that Mr. Rees says that "the sun should be allowed to dally over his toilet, uninterrupted by mortal gaze, for certainly a couple of hours after his rising." This is Mr. Haweis' view :

"No one knows how radiant and vigorous Nature looks who has not cared to assist at her early toilet, and seen her bathing herself in crystal dew, and decking herself with opening blossoms between four and six o'clock on a midsummer morning."

Mr. Haweis, too, has a practical word to say on the "early cup of tea." He does not advise it, for "if you begin with it," says he, "you will get to depend upon it, and my advice is, except upon perfectly awful mornings, do without it ;" but if we must have it, here is a recipe :

"Over-night pour out half a cup of the strongest tea, fill it up with milk, and add sugar ; cover with a saucer, and place on the hob first to simmer, and then as the fire goes out to cool. When you rise, warm it up in your Etna, and you will find a mixture, owing to the long and complete amalgamation of ingredients, something between tea and chocolate in taste, far more nutritive than tea, less clogging than chocolate, and more stimulating than coffee."

Mr. Haweis is very severe : he would have us "do without a fire if we can—wrapping up is ten times better for the morale of the body, as well as for the vigour of the mind."

But I must leave each one to solve this and the "drink question" for himself, for I have a word or two more to say of this morning hour.

This is the securest corner of the day. No one can oust us from it. How often has one hugged this thought through weary business hours, and had grim laugh at the Mammon-God, who at all other times may enslave us, but cannot follow here.

Here find we sweet balm of consolation for the thoughts that sadden us oft-times to despair as the days and weeks go by, and the yoke is lifted not. Many of the golden hours, with which we must so dearly purchase "the bread that perisheth," may be recovered here. And though, of course, temperament must decide what is best for each of us, still, I think, most men will admit that morning is the working hour. It is needless to say why, for the truth is crystallized in many a proverb, such as the housewife's "one hour in the morning is worth three in the afternoon," and the popular recipe for health, wealth, and wisdom. Personally I find it so, for evening I love to dedicate to dream. It is enough for me then to sit with old *Burton* on my knee, reading or caressing him as I care, to think why I love that honest folio yonder, and that *Elzevir* on the upper shelf, to feel the warm fire-glow, to drink peace from the lamp-beam, and now and then to pause and murmur to myself that after all "life is good—ah! life is very good!" Surely at such seasons as these "one cannot afford to sacrifice the bloom

of the present moment to any work;" "one grows in them, like corn in the night."

I have been so far speaking only of winter, but how express the rapture of thus "preventing the sun" in the spring and summer mornings? Never are we nearer to the divine beauty than in these hours. Truly then are we "alone with God." It is a full inspiration to sit, as did "Aurora Leigh,"

"And watch the morning quicken in the gray,
And hear the silence open like a flower,
Leaf after leaf;"

to hear the "first low matin chirp" swell to the "full quire," as the gray grows goldener, till at last flashes through the world the unobstructed beam, a strange "Shekinah-light, a wonder of wonders, and unutterable mystery of mysteries."

Then to catch the glad-solemn "Creation-music," the "unheard sounds" so much sweeter than those we merely hear, exquisite as though the breeze made lyre-strings of the sunbeams—oh! this is to be a prophet whether or not the "word be told to men." Purest and loveliest must the book be on which the strange light falls this morning-tide, lofty the theme the pen must trace. Old *Burton* is not for us now, though "with shining morning face" he seems transfigured—no! nor those "good-natured play-books" that are very dear to us when the curtains are drawn and the fire aglow.

Few are the books meet for this time; perhaps, nay often, one finds no fit book at all—all their words seem paltry to the music within and without. Emerson, in his lovely purity, seems the only companion at such a time; but even his words are symbols, and here is the naked truth. Yet though we may not read it, it is a joy to take his book under one's arm, and

"Slip downstairs through all the sleepy house,
As mute as any dream there, and escape
As a soul from the body, out of doors
And wander on the hills an hour or two;"

feeling that it is no arrogance to say with him,

"I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men,"

for many may hear that divine converse who have not tongues to give it utterance. But such mornings as these are rare; indeed they must be, for though the outer influences be auspicious, one's soul may not always be strung to receive their impressions. Then is the time for sober work, and perhaps a quiet walk afterwards up to the wood, with *Sir Philip Sidney* under one's arm, and a pensive

"think" on the sadly beautiful loves of "Astrophel and Stella," while half unconsciously our lips repeat, as we stoop to pluck some starry flower :

"That hearbe of some, starlight is called by name,
Of others, Penthia, though not so well ;
But thou, where ever thou doost find the same,
From this day forth doe call it Astrophel.
And when soever thou it up doost take,
Doe pluck it softly for that shepherd's sake."

I fain would write longer of those rapturous joys that come but to a "son of the morning," how the throstle will thrill his heart with many a frank confession, and the brook softly whisper secrets to him in the depths of forest glades ; how the honeysuckle will fill his soul with sweetness, and the wild rose open wide her heart for his love : but already the gray light peeps through the lattice, and the "busy hum" of traffic has arisen. The Mammon-God calleth. "Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening," and I must throw down my pen sadly, but not as those who have no hope, for my heart is filled with a peace which shall breathe from these morning hours, like a fragrant perfume, through all the dust and heat of the working day. Whatever be its strife and worry, there is a harmony within that shall overcome all the discord ; for what can trouble the man whose soul

"is singing at a work apart
Behind the wall of sense"?

And now, gentle reader, farewell !

"My blessing with thee !
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character."

"Sow in the morn thy seed ;" "the Muses love the morning, and that is a fit time for study ;" "all poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora ; and emit their music at sunrise :"

"The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind—
Still whispers to the willing mind."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

From "the Nook" in my Study,
December 4, 1886 ; 7.30 a.m.



KEMP'S "NINE DAYS' WONDER."



WILLIAM KEMP, the author of this very scarce tract, was one of the actors who adorned the boards of the Globe during the earlier part of Shakespeare's career as an actor. Although his name appears in the list of artists prefixed to the first folio of 1623, he was not of such a grave and reverend appearance as would warrant his undertaking with any degree of success any one of those matchless characters in which the genius of the dramatist discloses itself most unmistakably. Kemp played the clown and buffoon whenever he could, and is known to have taken the parts of Peter and Dogberry in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, while other characters of a similar light nature, such as Touchstone, first grave-digger, and Launcelot, were in all probability impersonated for the first time by William Kemp, the famous morris-dancer and indifferent author.

Kemp, indeed, may be said to be a sort of Elizabethan Grimaldi, and first cousin to Till Howleglasse, than whom no better clown ever extemporized under the open sky or strutted about a ring. His ready wit, repartee, and caustic remarks on things in general were only equalled by his aptitude for acting a jig, a species of performance which probably resembled a particularly trivial farce of modern days. His fame was indeed very great among a certain class, and although the entry of his burial in St. Saviour's, Southwark, on the 2nd November, 1603, bears no greater eulogy than "William Kempe, a man," yet it must in nowise be forgotten that, had his fame been many times greater than it was, it would still have taken many Kemps to have overcome the Puritanical element which associated the stage with moral corruption, and identified actors with children of the devil. It is only wonderful that the bones of the comic actor should have had any memorial over them at all, and in truth it speaks somewhat for the reputation of the man that they were not huddled with an indiscriminate mass of others into one of the plague-pits which at that time opened their ghastly mouths on the Surrey shore.

It is impossible to say when Kemp was born, for the name was such a common one at that time that all chance of tracing it by means of the registers is entirely lost. We know that in 1590 he belonged to a dramatic company under the management of the famous Edward Alleyn, as is proved by the insertion of his name in the title-page of that rare and curious drama, *A Knack to know a Knave*. As already stated, he acted with Shakespeare at the Globe; but as that theatre was never open during the winter, he then turned his attention to the one at Blackfriars, where he figured at Christmas as one of the "Lord Chamberlain's servants," and acted in the various plays of the day, including Ben Jonson's inimitable comedy, *Every Man in his Humour*. Having acquired therefore a

reputation for buffoonery and jig-playing second to none of his age, Kemp determined to make a grand and final coup by attiring himself in the habit of a morris-dancer, and jingling his way from London to Norwich. This was successfully accomplished in 1599, after a nine days' journey, and which created such a furore that the authors of the day frequently alluded to it in their diatribes. Thus Ben Jonson in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, makes one of his characters—Carlo Buffone—exclaim, "Would that I had one of Kemp's shoes to throw after you!" and again, in his epigrams,

"or which
Did dance the famous Morris unto Norwich."

So William Rowley, in the preface to a tract published in 1609, 4to., entitled *A Search for Money*, exclaims: "Yee have beene either eare or eye witnesses or both to many madde voiages made of late yeeres both by sea and land, as the trauel to Rome with the returne in certaine daies, the wild morrise to Norrige," etc.; testifying to a reputation which proved by comparison to be of a lasting nature, for the dance to Norwich, little as it would be thought of in these Niagara whirlpool days, actually survived its occurrence for eighteen years, for in 1618 we find Braithwait, in his *Remains after Death*, thus apostrophizing the dead clown:

VPON KEMPE AND HIS MORICE, WITH HIS EPITAPH.

Welcome from Norwich Kempe! all ioy to see
Thy safe returne moriscoed lustily.
But out, alasse, how soone's thy morice done!
When Pipe and Taber all thy frends be gone,
And leaue thee now to dance the second part
With feeble nature, not with nimble Art;
Then all thy triumphs fraught with strains of mirth
Shall be cag'd up within a chest of earth;
Shall be? they are: th'ast danc'd thee out of breath,
And now must make thy parting dance with death.

The dance to Norwich was therefore a journey of no common occurrence, and judging from the acclamations of the crowd which greeted Kemp wherever he went, it is highly probable that his reputation had preceded him; and it was on account of this, as well as by reason of the novelty of the entertainment, that he received an ovation which in all probability would not have been accorded to Shakespeare himself.

No sooner had Kemp performed the journey than imitators arose, and not only imitators, but slanderers and envious persons who wished to detract from the magnitude of the performance, and endeavoured to do so by the publi-

cation of such scurrilous pamphlets as Kemp's *Farewell*, Kemp's *Desperate Dangers in his late Travaile*, and so on.

To silence these "liars," as he calls them, and no doubt to glorify himself even yet more at the same time, he published in 1600 the pamphlet called Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, the only copy of which known to exist is now in the Bodleian at Oxford. The reprint issued by the Camden Society in 1840 is an exceedingly good facsimile, and constitutes, as a matter of fact, the one copy of the original that has ever been made. The title and collation are as follows:

"Kemps Nine Daies VVonder. | Peformed in a daunce from | London to Norwich | *Containing the pleasure, paines and kinde Entertainment* | of William Kemp between London and that Citty | in his late Morrice | Wherein is somewhat set doune worth note: to reprove | the slaunders spred of him: many things merry, | nothing hurtfull | *Written by himselfe to Satisfie his friends* | London | Printed by E. A. for Nicholas Ling, and are to be | solde at his shop at the west doore of Saint | Paules Church 1600. |

"*Collation.* Dedication by Author to Mistris Anne Fitton, 2 pp. 'Kemps nine daies wonder,' 17 pp. Kemps humble request, 3 pp."

An entry of this pamphlet was made in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 22nd of April, 1600, and although at the present time it is customary to leave a copy of the work at the time the registration is made, this was not the case at the period referred to, and hence it is that the Bodleian specimen is, so far as is known, unique. The entry to which reference has been made runs as follows:

Mr. Linge

22nd Aprilis [1600].

Entered for his cōpye vnder the handes of Mr. Harsnet
and Mr. Man Warden a booke called *Kemp's morris to* } vid.
Norwiche.

Kemp started on his journey accompanied by Thomas Slye, a tabourer, and also William Bee, a referee, whose business it was to see that he actually danced the whole way. The cover of the pamphlet is embellished with a woodcut of Kemp dancing a morris; and Thomas Slye playing upon a tabor, a sort of pipe somewhat resembling our modern oboe. Of Bee nothing is to be seen, and it was probably thought at the time that if the public obtained an accurate representation of the central figure bedecked in ribbons and tinkling with bells, the rest could safely be left to their imagination.

On the first Monday in Lent, then, did William Kemp gaily foot it from the Mansion House amid the plaudits of an immense crowd, many of whom threw to him "bowd sixpences and grotes." People followed him to Bow, where—human nature is the same in all ages—they tried to get him to drink, but failed, for Kemp, it appears, had been specially warned before he started not to trust too much to the spontaneous hospitality of strangers. And so he danced on soberly through Romford and Burntwood, where four "cut-purses," who had followed

him all the way from London, were seized by runners and lodged in gaol on suspicion of felony, a serious matter in those days. This, however, was the only accident, and after nine days of joviality, in which he danced on a score of village greens with twice as many "maydens," he entered the famous city of Norwich amid the ringing of bells and the crushing of the people. Here it was that Bee, the detested overseer, got lost in the crowd, and afterwards would not swear whether Kemp "had daunced the whole way or no," so often is self-interest or corruption paramount to all considerations of honesty.

However, at Norwich he duly arrived, and was met at the entrance by one Thomas Gilbert, who, on behalf of the citizens, presented him with the following elegant effusion :

"MASTER KEMP, HIS WELCOME TO NORWICH.

W ith hart, and hand, among the rest,
 E specially you welcome are :
 L ong looked for as welcome guest,
 C ome now at last you be from farre,
 O f most within the Citty, sure,
 M any good wishes you haue had ;
 E ach one did pray you might indure,
 W ith courage good the match you made
 I ntend they did with gladsome hearts,
 L ike your well-willers, you to meete :
 K now you also they'l doe their parts,
 E yther in field or house to greete
 M ore you than any with you came,
 P rocur'd thereto with trump and fame,

"Your well-willer,
 " T. G."

This was indeed the crowning glory of a not inglorious career, and is worthy of being remembered in connection with many of those modern exploits which are not accounted of any moment, unless the element of a possible untimely grave is introduced.

Kemp, however, is remembered in our time, not on account of an exploit which is put in the shade every day, but chiefly on account of his association with the world's greatest dramatist, and the reasonable certainty that he was the first delineator of the characters with which he is historically identified. Will Kemp was almost without doubt the first Touchstone who ever spoke the lines allotted to him, and the first grave-digger who ever patted poor Yorick's skull upon a stage. Hence the *Nine Daies Wonder*, despite its foolishness, has a pedigree of its own, nor can it be said that Will Kemp "performed in a daunce from London to Norwich" in vain.

J. HERBERT SLATER.

AN ANALYSIS OF FREE LIBRARY STATISTICS.



THE Aberdeen Public Library Committee have just issued a report for the year ending 31st October, 1886. Although the library was only established in the October of the previous year, it is evident that considerable progress has already been made in the work of organizing and equipping it. This, perhaps, might have been expected, for it is generally found that new ventures are well managed, and it is only when time has somewhat warped the pleasures of novelty that any degeneracy takes place. So far as the report extends, however, the committee may be congratulated on a good start, more especially as it is of opinion that the average standard of reading among those using the library is exceptionally high. If this standard is maintained, the result will in our opinion be more satisfactory than a mere bulky turnover of light and frivolous literature which too often disgraces the institution, and is a means of squandering the ratepayers' money.

Some of the comparative tables given in the report are valuable for purposes of reference, and one in particular is worthy of being placed on permanent record. This table, which we reproduce with slight omissions, gives complete statistics relating to ten public libraries. Referring to this, attention may be called to the unsatisfactory position occupied by Liverpool, which, though a large and important town, does not seem to have made any progress worth speaking of since the library was founded in 1852. From our personal knowledge, we know that many essential works of reference are not to be found in all Liverpool, unless it be on the shelves of some private collector, nor would there seem to be many persons in the city capable of consulting a book of more than ordinary capacity. Under the circumstances, therefore, there may be method in the madness of the Liverpool Library Committee.

NAME OF CITY OR TOWN.	Date of Establishment.	Population of Municipal Burgh according to Census return for 1881.	Number of Lending Libraries.	Number of Readers' Tickets in Use.	Total Number of Volumes in Stock.	Total Issue.	Stock of Volumes in Prose Fiction.	Issues in Prose Fiction.	Percentage of Issues in Prose Fiction as compared with Gross Issues.
Liverpool ...	1852	552,425	2	8,494	45,847	383,128	16,143	293,881	76.70
Birmingham	1860	400,757	5	19,706	55,475	479,736	20,974	300,232	62.58
Manchester	1852	341,508	6	38,404	97,606	1,051,600	26,021	712,400	67.74
Leeds ...	1870	309,126	26	24,196	102,779	665,588	43,859	399,416	60.01
Sheffield ...	1855	284,410	4	15,106	67,914	396,226	16,451	243,111	61.36
Nottingham	1868	186,656	2	11,910	33,684	390,760	15,832	322,321	82.49
Newcastle-upon-Tyne ...	1880	145,228	1	8,532	28,196	334,915	7,116	198,306	59.22
Dundee ...	1869	140,239	1	7,761	33,065	206,317	9,778	102,309	49.55
Leicester ...	1871	122,351	1	3,700	19,435	206,362	8,341	174,009	84.32
Aberdeen ...	1886	87,220	1	9,861	15,852	114,230	5,865	67,070	58.71

THE HARDY SALE.*



THE Book-auction season, which commences in December, and continues more or less until the end of the following August, has opened on this occasion in a very half-hearted manner. Not only have the libraries already disposed of been small in extent, but the contents have, for the most part, been anything but important. One of the best is the Hardy sale, which we now shortly notice, more upon the ground of the large number of early editions of popular authors which appear in the catalogue than for any other reason.

A good copy of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, 1843-42-47, in 3 vols., with portrait and plates by Buss, Leech and George Cruikshank, was disposed of for £3 5s.; and an example of the first edition of that much-vaunted pamphlet *Sunday Under Three Heads*, 1836, by Charles Dickens, for £4 5s.—this is usually found quoted in bookseller's catalogues at from £8 to £10, obviously 50 per cent. at least more than it is worth.

A set of Dickens's Christmas books, all first editions, were disposed of for £10, and comprised: *A Christmas Carol*, 1843; *The Chimes*, 1845; *Cricket on the Hearth*, 1846; *Battle of Life*, 1846; and *Haunted Man*, 1848;—and the following works, all by the same author, realised the prices set opposite to each: *Pickwick*, 1837, £1 2s.; *Sketches by Boz*, 1839, uncut, £4; *Hard Times*, 1854, £4; *Memoirs of Grimaldi*, 2 vols., 1838, uncut, £6; *Oliver Twist*, 3 vols., 1838, containing the cancelled plate of Rose Maylie and Oliver, uncut, £6 17s. 6d.; *Dombey and Son*, 1848, uncut, £1 1s.; *Nicholas Nickelby*, 1839, in the original 20 numbers, £2 17s. 6d.; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, 1844, in the original 20 numbers, £5; *Dombey and Son*, 1848, in the original 20 numbers, £2; *David Copperfield*, 1850, in the original 20 numbers, £4 2s. 6d.; *Little Dorrit*, 1857, in the original 20 numbers, £1 6s.; *Pic Nic Papers*, 3 vols., 1841, £8 5s. The *édition de luxe* of Dickens's works, 30 vols., 1881, etc., realised £12 5s.

Thackeray's works as follows: *The Newcomes*, 1854-55, in the original 24 numbers, £1 8s.; *Vanity Fair*, 1849, £1 8s.; *Virginians*, 2 vols., 1858, £1 1s.; *Pendennis*, 2 vols., 1849, £1 13s.; *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, in the original boards, 1847, £1 7s.; *Our Street*, in the original boards, 1848, £2 8s.; *Doctor Birch and his Young Friends*, 1849, £3 6s.; *Rebecca and Rowena*, original boards, 1850, £2 5s.; *The Four Georges*, 1866, uncut, £1 7s.

Ainsworth's *Tower of London*, in the original 13 parts, 1840, £4 5s.; Combe's *Life of Napoleon*, 1815, £2 11s.; Surtee's *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, in the original 13 parts, 1853, £3 11s.; *Handley Cross*, in the original 17 parts, 1857, £4 6s.; *Ask*

* The library of Sir William Hardy, F.S.A., late Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records, etc., December 15th and four following days, 1886. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, London.

Mamma, in the original 13 parts, 1858, £2 19s.; *Romford's Hounds*, in the original 12 parts, 1865, £3 3s.

To come to more sober books, Dibdin's *Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany*, 3 vols., 1820, £9 10s.; *Manx Society's Publications*, vols. i. to xxx., 1859-80, £4 12s.; Nichol's *Collectanea Topographica et Genealogica*, 8 vols., 1834, £4 14s.; Eyton's *Antiquities of Shropshire*, 12 vols., 1854-60, £18 10s.; it is worthy of note that only 300 copies of this last book were printed. Tiernay's *Antiquities of Arundel*, 2 vols., 1834, a presentation copy with three autograph letters of the author inserted, uncut, 20s. A copy of that rare book, the *Scrope and Grosvenor Roll*, in 2 vols., 1832, realized £5; this roll, which is by Sir H. Nicolas, contains an account of the controversy between Sir R. Scrope and Sir R. Grosvenor in the Court of Chivalry, 1385-90, with a history of the family of Scrope, etc.; only 150 copies of the first and second volumes were privately printed at the expense of an association of noblemen and gentlemen. Napier's *Historical Notices of the Parishes of Swyncombe and Ewelme in Oxfordshire*, a book also privately printed, 1858, sold for £2 8s., a very cheap lot, the Bishop of Winchester's copy having sold in 1873 for £7 12s. 6d.

Perhaps one of the cheapest sets of books disposed of at this sale was the *Cheetham Society's Publications*, 1844-82, only wanting vols. lxxv. and lxxii., 76 vols., £10 15s. Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*, 2 vols., plates after Turner, 1823, £16; Lodge's *Portraits*, 13 vols., 1829 (wanting the list of contents to vol. i.) £3 12s. 6d.

A'Beckett's *Comic Histories of England and Rome* always sell well, and we are therefore not surprised to find that the former, in the original 20 numbers, 1847-8 was disposed of for £3 8s.; the latter, however, in 10 numbers (1852) was in our opinion hardly worth £5 12s. 6d., the price obtained for it.

There was an active competition for a number of books illustrated by George Cruikshank, which included the following: *Points of Humour*, both series, 2 vols. in 1, first edition, 1823-24, uncut, £5 17s. 6d.; *The Comic Alphabet*, 1837, £2 5s.; *London Characters*, 1827, £4 15s.; Frankum's *Bee and the Wasp*, 1832, £2 4s.; Whitty's *Tales of Irish Life*, 2 vols., with a duplicate set of etchings, 1824, £1 1s.; *The Humorist*, 4 vols., 1822, 19, 20, £5; Rhodes' *Bombastes Furioso*, 1830, 16s.; the *Gentleman's Pocket Magazine* for 1827 and 1828, 2 vols., £2 8s.; Wight's *Sunday in London*, 1833, £1 8s.; Ainsworth's *Tower of London*, in the original 13 parts, 1840, £4 5s.; *Illustrations of Time*, 1827, uncut copy, £1 8s.; *Phrenological Illustrations*, uncut, 1826, £2 12s.; *Scraps and Sketches*, 4 parts in original wrappers, 1828-32, £4; another copy of this last, with the plate of the "Tailors' Strike," realized £5.

This comprises a list of some of the principal lots sold at the Hardy sale, and our readers will notice that early editions, illustrated by popular artists, so far from diminishing in value, are, if anything, rapidly rising in the market. At what date the turning-point will be reached, it is impossible to say.

L'ALMANACH DU DIABLE.

UCH was the title of a work published in Paris towards the middle of the last century. The character of its contents, no less than the singular nature of its title, its fate, and the fate of its unhappy author, throw it out in bold relief, not only from that class of literature to which from its title it belongs, but from the great mass of literature generally, and invest it with something more than passing interest.

In the hope that it may interest others besides myself, I have ventured in the following pages to give some account of *L'Almanach du Diable*. But to rightly understand this singular work, it is necessary to glance first at French history—to the state of France at the time of its publication. Louis XV. sat on the Bourbon throne, and earned for himself the title of the "Well Beloved," though his character, when gleaned from French sources, was that of a profligate of the lowest order. His court naturally partook of his character, while the clergy, who should at least have denounced the iniquity, on the contrary, ministered to it. The peasantry, oppressed by the nobles, saw and heard these things with mingled feelings, and at this time—in the year 1737—*L'Almanach du Diable* was issued from some secret printing press in Paris, and quickly scattered far and wide.

The full title of the work ran thus: *L'Almanach du Diable, contenant de Prédications très curieuses et absolument infaillibles. Pour l'Année MDCCXXXVII. Aux Enfers. Avec Approbation et Privilege.* A good deal of preliminary matter, marked throughout by a vein of grim humour, followed the title-page.

First of all there was a preface, short and unsigned, which assured the reader that he need feel no apprehension at the sight of such a startling title, as the object of the work was to amuse, not to terrify.

Next came the "Approbation" and "Privilege." The first was signed with the names of Dæmogorgon, Beelzebub, Satan, and five or six other notabilities of the infernal regions, and "given from our Infernal Council Chamber." The "Privilege" began thus: "Lucifer, by the wrath of God Sovereign of Hell," etc. By its terms Asmodeus was allowed the sole right of issuing the work, which was further stated to be registered "in the register of the Infernal Library, No. 000,000,000. Blank Folio."

To these succeeded a satirical essay entitled "The State of Heaven and Earth," and a short epistle "from the Devil to the Reader."

The pith and marrow of the work, the almanac proper, followed next, and was headed: "Prédications Carminifigues: Dont la Clef est au Diable." The predictions were sixty-two in number, written in eight-line stanzas, so many being allotted to each month of the year. After that came a "Postface," and

the volume closed with a list of errata, making a 16mo. work of forty-seven pages.

Such, briefly, were the contents of *L'Almanach du Diable*. It is difficult at first to understand why the work should have been styled an almanac. There was nothing whatever of the nature of an almanac about it, beyond the mere subdivisions of the "Predictions," as above noticed between the twelve months of the year; nor had they any special connection with the months under which they were placed. The work was, in fact, nothing else but a political squib. The "Predictions" consisted of anecdote and epigrams satirizing in the keenest manner the court, the clergy, and the law. But if it is remembered that it had been the custom, since the end of the sixteenth century, for almanac-makers to publish political and weather predictions as features of their almanacs, it will be seen that *L'Almanach du Diable* was a satire of the almanacs of the day, as well as of the vices of the French capital.

Read at the present day, the satire has lost much of its keenness. The humour, too, appears coarse. But its effect at the time may be measured by the results which followed its production. Orders were issued for its immediate suppression, and to burn all existing copies, while every effort was made to discover and arrest the daring author. But these orders were not issued until after a second edition had left the press. This second, or new edition, as it was called, contained the following additions to the title-page: "Par M. Castres du Crenay. Nouvelle édition. Augmenté des plusiers fautes qui ne font point dans les précédentes éditions. C. P. C. Schonnemann. Aux Enfers. Avec Approbation." The name of Castres du Crenay was a pseudonym adopted by the author, probably with the view of throwing the authorities off the scent. Schonnemann was evidently the publisher, but perhaps this, too, was a pseudonym.

The authorship of *L'Almanach du Diable* has been generally ascribed to a writer named Pierre Quesnel, but the most conflicting statements are made by French bibliographers as to his history. Some of them assert that he was born at Dieppe, was educated in a house of Jesuits, left them in disgust at their ways of living, travelled all over the world, and died at the Hague in 1774. Others say he was the son of an ironmonger of Lyons, and nephew of the famous Father Quesnel, and that he died in the Bastille; while a third story makes out the Quesnel of the Bastille to have been a brother of the Quesnel of Dieppe, and that *L'Almanach du Diable* was one of a series of works produced by the two together.

It seems evident from other sources of information that the story which connects Quesnel with the Bastille is the most reliable. For instance, Barbier, in his *Dictionnaire des Œuvres Anonymes*, quotes the following passage from *A Register of Persons who have been Detained in the Bastille from 1738 to 1754*: "Quinet or Quisnet, suspected of being the author of *Sarcelades* and *L'Almanach*

du Diable. He entered the Bastille 11th April, 1738, and was found hanging in his chamber on the 1st of June following. He had been arrested at the same time as one Rene Poetreau, deacon of the diocese of Autun. On them was seized a quantity of MSS. and books concerning the affairs of the Port Royal, and upon the life of M. Paris."

Again, on the last page of that edition of the almanac which bore the pseudonym of "Castray du Crexay," was a short paragraph headed "Avis au lecteur," which ran thus :

"Letters from Paris assure us, that the author of this almanac has been transported to Bicetre. Many papers have been found in his possession which accuse him of being the author of other prohibited works which have been published for him by the brothers Rigoley, booksellers, of Paris."

Unless one reads this as a part of the satire, it strengthens the belief that the author of *L'Almanach du Diable* was at last taken prisoner, and died by his own hand. In connection with this may be read the following entry in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1738 :

"That the Sieur de Castre Dovigni had been sent to the Bastille for being the author of a pamphlet called *The Devil's Almanack*, reflecting upon Religion in general, and the Clergy in particular."

Naturally enough *L'Almanach du Diable* was from time to time reprinted, found many imitators, and was assailed by numerous pamphleteers. Also, in spite of its author's assertion that the "key" of the predictions "est au diable," several "skeleton-keys" made their appearance. One of these was declared to have been sent direct from "L'Enfer, par un Courier Extraordinaire." One or other of them is generally found bound with *L'Almanach*, indeed, so frequently is this the case that Peignot in his *Dictionary of Books condemned to be Burnt*, erroneously stated that it always accompanied the work.

La Critique et Contre Critique de L'Almanach du Diable was one of the pamphlets which appeared the same year. In it the almanac is reviewed page by page, and an attempt made to turn the satirist's weapons against himself. But it was a poor attempt ; indeed, none of the counterfeit almanacs met with any success.

Amongst the imitations of *L'Almanach du Diable* may be mentioned, *Prédictions générales et particulières pour l'Année 1741 et autres*. This was nothing more than a satire directed against authors and actors, accompanied by a "key."

Nine years after the appearance of *L'Almanach du Diable* in Paris, an English version bearing this title was issued in London :

"The Devil's Almanac : Being a Curious Sett of Hellish Predictions, calculated for the British Meridian. From the Glorious First of April, 1745. Printed at Pandemonium. London : Sold by M. Cooper at the Globe in Pater-Noster-Row M.D.CCXLV. Price Sixpence."

In everything but the predictions this work was a translation of *L'Almanach*

du Diable; indeed, where the differences arose, they resulted from the desire of the publishers to make the work more to the taste of English readers. To begin with, *The Devil's Almanac* was an octavo pamphlet of only twenty-four pages. The preface, which in *L'Almanach du Diable* followed the title-page, was placed after the "Patent" and "Approbation," and immediately before the "Predictions."

The essay on "Heaven and Earth," and the epistle from the Devil to the Reader, were omitted from the English work, although some of the least objectionable matter in them was woven into the "Preface." The "Patent" and "Approbation" were very literally translated, the first being signed, "By his Infernal Majesties Command, Noodle. Given at our Court of Dunce Stable in the kingdom of the moles." The register number, similar to that in the French work, was signed "Doodle."

The "Predictions," however, were altogether different from those in *L'Almanach du Diable*. They numbered four more, and were written in prose. The "Postface," again, was a literal translation; but it was followed by "Some Diabolical Verses in Praise of the Author by Misorhythmus, Poet Major, written from my sublime apartment in Crack-Bell-Alley."

Robbed of its originality, lacking the pungency of wit, and transferred in part from indifferent verse to very bad prose, the *Devil's Almanac* presented but a sorry appearance beside Quesnel's work. The translators were obliged to fall back upon their own resources when they came to the "Predictions." To awaken any interest at all, it was necessary that the allusions they contained should be to English manners and people. The result was the production of sixty-six paragraphs of nonsensical rubbish and indecency. As a specimen of the wit (?) the following will serve:

"Mr. Colley Cibber, Poet Laureat, and a zealous Protestant, will have the pleasure before he closes his eyes on the Worldly Stage, to see his 'Papal Tyranny' really useful to numbers of his countrymen, as Grocers, Chandlers, Cheesemongers, etc., who will dole it away gratis, as pious people do good books."

What measure of success the *Devil's Almanac* obtained, or whether or not the publishers reaped a harvest from their undertaking, I do not know. But if valueless as a work of English literature, it may very well be placed side by side and compared with its curious original, *L'Almanach du Diable*.

HENRY R. PLOMER.



LITERARY NOTES.

THE collector of autographs of living celebrities has a great advantage over the ordinary *bric-à-brac* hunter. He need not, unless he thinks fit, spend anything in the pursuit of his hobby. Many and various are the devices adopted by the enthusiastic collector to obtain examples of caligraphy, and some of these are highly ingenious and diplomatic. The old practice was to purchase a moderate-sized book and bore one's friends and acquaintances; but this was necessarily a very tedious and uncertain process, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with that recently invented by Mr. Benjamin W. Austin, Secretary of the North-Western Literary and Historical Society. The process merely consists in writing a letter to any eminent personage whose autograph is coveted: "SIR,—The members of this Society, desiring to convey to you in some manner an expression of their appreciation of your beautiful verses, entitled 'An Ode to Cerberus,' and as a slight token of their esteem, have unanimously elected you as honorary member of the Society.—I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant, BEN. W. AUSTIN, Secretary.—P.S. Would you kindly favour us with a photo of yourself?" Cato himself would have lost some of his sternness had he received such a compliment as this, but it is impossible to say what would have been the result had he subsequently discovered that Mr. Austin was Secretary, Treasurer, and sole ordinary member of the Society in question, as well as one of the most successful of modern collectors of autographs.

FIELDING's tomb, in the English Cemetery at Lisbon, is said to be in a most disgraceful state of decay, and it, indeed, seems hard that no part of the money recently raised for the purpose of rebuilding the church, should be applied towards the renovation of the monument which covers the remains of one of the greatest of prose writers.

Churches are numerous enough; the condition of a few that could be mentioned almost suggests the remark that in certain localities several might advantageously be demolished; but not one man in many millions could write a novel equal in merit to *Tom Jones*, or *Amelia*. The English are not given to the erection of monuments, but that a community should subscribe a large sum of money to embellish a church, and leave the yard in a state of decay, is, if it be true (which is doubtful), an example almost as bad as that recently set by an estimable old maid, who left £30,000 to a dogs' home, while many of her neighbours were starving in the streets.

THIS is an age of progress; when all the arts, or at least such of them as prove worth cultivating, are passed in constant array before the eyes of inquisitorial inventors. Very little escapes their eagle gaze, and new schemes are continually being put into practical shape. The newest style of binding, and one that seems so far entitled to considerable merit, is that known as the "Pellisfort," which consists in the substitution of very thin metal plates for the boards now in general use. The advantages claimed for it are that the smooth surface of the metal plate enables a better finish and improved appearance to be given to the leather, which is not glued down, but left loose, as is the modern fashion of flexible bindings.

MR. C. W. SUTTON contributes an article to a recent number of the *Library Chronicle*, entitled "What our Readers will Read." Mr. Sutton, it may be remembered, is the Librarian of the Manchester Free Library, and as such has the best possible opportunity of observing the habits and customs of the learned persons who crowd the old Town Hall in King Street of that city. His evidence is very unsatisfactory, for it appears that no less than 68 per cent. of the books called for are novels, more or less trashy, read, no doubt, by office-boys and junior clerks out of employment. The departments of Poetry, Philology, and General Literature (more novels in all probability), register 13½ per cent.; History, Biography and Travels, 10 per cent.; Science and Law, 6 per cent.; Theology and Philosophy, 2 per cent. No prophet hath honour in his own country, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find "Commerce" at the bottom of the list with a half per cent. to its credit.

NOT long ago a gentleman made a curious "find" on a book-stall at Châlons, in the shape of Marie Antoinette's copy of the *Office de la Divine Providence*. This book was the unfortunate

Queen's sole comfort during her weary captivity in the prisons of the Temple and the Conciergerie, and contains many annotations in her own hand. One of these, dated October 16, 4.30 a.m., may be translated as follows: "Lord have pity on me! I can no longer weep, save in spirit for you, O my children. Farewell! Farewell!! Marie Antoinette." The Queen was executed by order of the National Convention shortly after.



IT would be a difficult, if not an altogether impossible task, to form a reference library which would be certain to please everyone, since opinions, even of educated men, differ in nothing so much as in the choice of appropriate books. The librarian of the reference department of the Wigan Public Library has just issued his catalogue of works (letter A only). The list is a comprehensive and, in the main, a judicious one; but why, it may be asked, is no mention made of the *Nautical Almanac*? There is the *Catholic Almanac*, and that issued by the Financial Reform authorities, and even an *Almanac des Gourmands*. The *Ladies' Diary*, and Gadbury's, Merlin's, Partridge's, and Wing's ephemerides are all in stock, but no *Nautical Almanac*, the only reliable and trustworthy English guide of the kind in existence. This is mentioned because there are other curious omissions which it would be thought could hardly have taken place in such an apparently exhaustive and miscellaneous catalogue.



PROFESSOR WIESNER, of Vienna, has lately been engaged in making a series of experiments, in order to ascertain, if possible, the reason for the rapid discolouration of paper, which is too often observed in many libraries. He has noticed that paper made of wood-pulp rapidly turns yellow, and that if exposed to the perpendicular rays of the sun it will do so in an hour, though if heated to the same temperature in the dark no effect is noticeable. It follows from this that light and not heat is instrumental in the discolouration of wood-pulp paper, the result being produced by a process of oxidation dependent upon the light alone. The Professor recommends a weak-shaded daylight in a dry room as the least injurious medium, and at night, gas, owing to the limited refraction of its rays. Electric light is exceedingly destructive, and if books are to be kept in their pristine purity, it should on no account be used. These hints may be recommended to the careful perusal of the British Museum authorities.



THE practice of "wiring" books in lieu of sewing them is making rapid headway in the United States, where even costly publications are subjected to this abominable process. The advantage to be derived from the employment of wire—limited, perhaps, to the one item of lighter cost—is more than counterbalanced by the certainty that the leaves of any book treated in this manner will, sooner or later, become disfigured by rust, and eventually rot away. In the case of pamphlets the practice may be a good one, but it ought never to be resorted to under any circumstances where a book is worth preserving. Purchasers should distinctly decline to accept "wired" copies; and if they cannot prevail on the publisher to supply them in any other state, it will be better, if rather more troublesome, to order in sheets, and have them bound up in a rational manner.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, will, no doubt, have thoroughly digested the laudatory remarks of the critics on his recent poem *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*; and perhaps he may by this time have begun to suspect that it is not the poem, but the poet, they are enamoured of. Such adjectives as "magnificent," "superb," "delightful," "grand," and "powerful," have been scattered about with too lavish a hand. Genuine coin is scarce with critics, and Lord Tennyson has a reputation which is of immense value when his performances come to be tested. If the poet Close, of Kirkby Stephen fame, had written *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After*, the few critics who condescended to read it, would—with all due respect to Mr. Gladstone—have seen no merit in the performance at all. They would have abused the poet as they have done "many a time and oft on the Rialto," and sneered at his rhyme and rhythm, at his sentiments and his declining years. The authority who credited him with such lines as:

All hail! all hail!
Most noble Prince of Wales
S,

would only have been moderately ravished with the following :

Gone the cry of "Forward, Forward!" lost within a growing gloom,
Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb;
Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,
Staled by frequency, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace.

The former is *not* by Close, but the latter *is* by Tennyson, and a "powerful" verse is, as a matter of course, the result of a "powerful" mind. An isolated critic dare not say that the four lines quoted are nonsense, that in the first line the sense of hearing is unwarrantably contrasted with that of sight, and that the scansion of the last is so bad that license itself was surely never so tortured before. Such poetry as this would never make a decent reputation, and so omnipotent is fashion that apparently it cannot harm a good one.

REVIEWS.

Edgar Allan Poe : His Life, Letters, and Opinions. By JOHN H. INGRAM. London : W. H. Allen and Co., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W. 1886. 8vo.

Mr. Ingram is well known as an enthusiastic admirer of the ill-fated American, whose life and times have almost from the first been entirely misrepresented.

The spiteful utterances of the biographer Griswold, coupled with the tragic manner of the poet's death, have lent colour to almost every disparaging statement concerning him, no matter how unlikely or even preposterous it may appear to be. The same at one time might have been said of Lord Byron, and indeed of most other original geniuses, common experience proving that envy will frequently follow a man to his grave and seek to blast his reputation when he is dead.

This course has been persistently pursued with regard to Poe, and the world of letters is much indebted to Mr. Ingram, who, in making the subject of the poet's life and character his particular study, has entirely dissipated many of those stories which in the opinion of right-thinking men must surely be more disgraceful, even if true, to the authors, than to the unconscious victim.

The volume before us deals most exhaustively with the poet's career, and no opportunity seems to have been lost in collecting references and biographical anecdotes, not only from the pages of those numerous writers who have essayed to handle the case *pro* or *con*., but from original sources as well. This new edition of Mr. Ingram's biography is without question the best on the subject as yet issued to the public, and we only wish the style in which it is written could be tortured into being worthy of the information displayed. The expressions "Youthful couple," "Young couple," "Youthful poet," and so on, occur and recur during the course of the first six chapters to such an extent as to become positively nauseating.

Pauline : a Fragment of a Confession. By ROBERT BROWNING. A reprint of the original edition of 1833. Edited by Thomas J. Wise. London : Richard Clay and Sons. 1886. 8vo.

Mr. Browning was in his twenty-first year when *Pauline*, his maiden effort in the realms of obscure and incomprehensible poetry, first saw the light. We much doubt whether anyone really understands what the effusion is about, or what it means; perhaps the author himself has his doubts, for we read that when the poem was inserted in his collected works, he recast entirely the whole of the punctuation, "a close comparison between the two versions showing that the variations in the pointing number two or three in every line." Here is a triumph of genius unsurpassed by any writer whatever, for it absolutely does not matter whether Mr. Browning's lines are pointed or not, or where they are pointed, or what kind of points are used. "Rare Mr. Browning!"

However, it is the fashion to admire *Pauline*, which is at any rate a highly respectable and accommodating poem; and perhaps after all the enthusiastic young ladies who have founded societies up and down the kingdom may be able to explain it.

The reprint itself has been executed with great fidelity (in the original pointing), and so far as the publishers and editor are concerned, they have every reason to be satisfied with its similarity to the original. Mr. Wise contributes a short prefatory note.

WE have received the following catalogues: Robson and Kerslake, 23, Coventry Street, Haymarket, W. (Part II.); F. Hockliffe, 88, High Street, Bedford; W. M. Rooney, 37, Rathgar Avenue, Dublin; W. Spencer, 27, New Oxford Street, W.C.; James Coleman, 9, Tottenham Terrace, Tottenham, N.; Heinrich Kerler, Ulm, Germany (Antiquarian); J. Scheible, Stuttgart, Wurtemberg (i. Sport, ii. Comic and Satirical, iii. Miscellaneous); Adam Holden, 48 Church Street, Liverpool; George Rivers, 4, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, E.C.; C. Wild, Notting Hill Gate, W.; T. Twietmeyer, Leipsic, Germany; Otto Mühlbrecht, Berlin; James Roche, 1, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.; Henry Gray, 47, Leicester Square, W.C.; C. Herbert, 319, Goswell Road, E.C.; H. Asher, Bore Street, Lichfield; William Downing, 74, New Street, Birmingham; Andrew Iredale, Torquay, Devonshire; Macmillan and Bowes, Cambridge; Walter Scott, 7, Bristo Place, Edinburgh; William Brough, 1, Ethel Street, Birmingham; William E. Goulden, Station Road, Canterbury; Charles L. Woodward, 78, Nassau Street, New York (American Topography); Albert Cohn, 53, Mohrenstrasse, Berlin.

ALSO the following periodicals: The Century, Paternoster Square, London, E.; L'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin, Paris, 175, Strand, London; Courier de L'Art (same address); American Book Maker, 126, Duane Street, New York; A Witness for Truth, 461, Eglinton Street, Glasgow; Northamptonshire Notes and Queries, 9, College Street, Northampton; Neuer Anzeiger für Bibliographie und Bibliothekswissenschaft, Berlin; The Literary World, 13, Fleet Street, E.C.; The Critic, Astor Place, New York; Magazine of American History, 30, Lafayette Place, New York; Allgemeine Bibliographie, Leipsic, Germany; Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen, Leipsic; the Book Buyer, New York; The Literary Bulletin, 11, East Seventeenth Street, New York; The Library Journal, 57, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; Il Bibliofilo, Bologna, Italy; Shakespeariana, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; Bulletin du Bibliophile, 52, Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, Paris; Revue Bibliographique Universelle, 195, Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris; The Book Mart, Pittsburg, U.S.A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Could you, in the "Correspondence" next month, give me any information as to the rarity, etc., of a book called the "*Bucaniers of America*," printed about the year 1664; I am not quite sure by whom?

H. SAXE WYNDHAM.

Thornton Heath, Surrey.

[The book to which our correspondent refers is thus entitled: *Bucaniers of America, or a true account of the most remarkable Assaults upon the Coasts of the West Indies, committed by the Bucaniers of Jamaica and Tortuga, with the exploits of Sir Henry Morgan, and additional relations of Cpts. Cook and Sharp.* It is in four parts, the last of which, containing Sharp's narrations, is scarce in the original. The *Bucaniers of America* was at one time very popular, and has passed through many English editions, the first of which is dated London, 1684, and is found in folio, 4to. and 12mo. It has also been translated into Spanish, Col. Agr. (Cologne), 1682, 12mo., and again 1684, 12mo. John Esquemeling, the author of the work, was himself one of the "Bucaniers" who sailed with Sir Henry Morgan. An excellent notice referring to this important book will be found in the third volume of the *Retrospective Review*, and reprints of the first edition in Burney's *Discoveries in the South Seas*, and in Walker's *British Classics*, 1810. A good copy of the first edition of 1684-5, all four parts complete, and containing the correct number of portraits, maps and plates, is worth, according to Quaritch's catalogue, £12 12s.; but this we consider to be about fifty per cent. more than its value.—ED.]

BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.

A PUBLIC meeting has recently been held at Beaufort House, Walham Green, in support of a free public library for Fulham. The attendance, which was a highly representative one, was presided over by the Rev. F. H. Fisher, Vicar of Fulham, and a resolution, to the effect that the present time was a fitting occasion for the establishment of a free public reading and lending library, was unanimously carried.

THE *City Press*, in publishing its 2,000th number, takes an interesting retrospect of the changes, architecturally, socially, politically, etc., that have taken place in the City since the first number was issued to the public. The City, during that time, has been well-nigh remodelled and practically rebuilt.

GENERAL FRANÇOIS GABRIEL PITTIE, whose death has been recently announced from Paris, was distinguished both in the military and literary professions. Born at Nevers in 1829, he was brilliantly successful at the Lycée Charlemagne, and afterwards at the school of Saint Cyr, issuing from the latter place as sub-lieutenant in 1849. He took part in the Crimean campaign, was badly wounded in the attack upon Sebastopol, and was promoted to the rank of captain. In 1859 he was again wounded at the battle of Solferino, and was decorated with the Military Order of Savoy. In 1870, being then major, he was with the army of Bazaine, took part in the evacuation of Metz and in the capitulation, and then joined General Bourbaki, who named him lieutenant-colonel, and charged him with the organization of the 68th Regiment. Engaged with the army of the north under General Faidherbe, he was very conspicuous at the battle of Amiens. He was promoted to the rank of colonel in December, 1870, and shortly afterwards was wounded at the battle of Pont-Noyelles. He was also present at the battles of Bapaume and Saint Quentin, and at the operations of the army of Versailles against the insurgents of the Commune. General Pittié became a full colonel in 1874, and being appointed chief of the military household of President Grévy and general secretary to the Presidency, he received the grade of general of brigade in June, 1879. He was decorated with the Legion of Honour in September, 1855, and became commander of the Order in June, 1871. In strange contrast to his actions in the field, General Pittié cultivated the poetic muse. He published his first effusions in 1858 in the *Revue de Paris*, and subsequently became a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Correspondance Littéraire*, the *Revue Française*, the *Revue Contemporaine*, the *Nation Suisse*, *La France Littéraire*, etc. In 1873 he published a collection of poems, entitled *Roman de la Vingtième Année*, and he has also translated freely from Goethe, Burns, and Heine. General Pittié was further the author of a series of sonnets, entitled *Væ Victoribus*, and of a volume of sonnets and poems, *Les Scabieuses*, issued in 1879.

AT the sale of the fourth part of the Brinley Library, at New York, in November last, N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, secured the first edition of *The Book of Mormon* for \$31. Joseph Smith's *Doctrines and Covenants* brought \$16. *The Conchologist's First Book*, by Edgar A. Poe, was sold for \$4; but T. J. McKee, of New York, gave \$150 for the second edition of Poe's poems. The same purchaser bought the first edition of Anne Bradstreet's poems for \$100. A collection of Joel Barlow's poems brought \$40. Increase Mather's sermon on *The Wicked Man's Portion* was sold for \$39, and Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World* for \$32. A copy of *The First New York Almanac*, edited and published by John Clapp, though it lacked a title and a last leaf, was sold for \$420. The net result of the sale of the whole Brinley Library was \$112,494.77.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, who is, perhaps, better known by her literary *nom de plume* of "Carmen Sylva," intends shortly to deliver a course of lectures on Modern Literature to the pupils at the Bucharest Ecole Supérieure.

THE Chairman and members of the Library Committee of the London Corporation entertained the Lord Mayor and a number of friends at dinner on the 18th December last. Mr. Henry Squire presided, and amongst the company were Mr. Sheriff Kirby, the Solicitor-General (Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P.), Sir F. Bramwell, and Sir F. Abel. The usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Solicitor-General, in responding to "The House of Lords and Commons," thanked the Corporation for their gift to him of a volume recording the history of the Guildhall. In that volume was an extremely interesting account of the Guildhall Library. It was 480 years since Richard Whittington conceived the idea of erecting a library building on the south side of the Guildhall,

which he dedicated to the use of the citizens of London. Probably he had not been able to realize his idea, and it had been left to John Coventry and John Carpenter, his executors, to carry out his intentions. Unquestionably, as early as 1442, when John Carpenter died, there was a public library in the City of London open to all the citizens. It was in 1824 that a relative of the Chair-man proposed to the Corporation the establishment of the Library which had now replaced the institution of the long-distant past.

MR. WINSLOW JONES is pursuing his search in connection with the lost Chaucer Rolls, and is stated to have obtained permission to examine the muniment-room of Sir Alexander Acland-Hood.

THE death of Herr Jacob Zipfler at Forst, a small town in South Germany, removes another link between this century and the last. Zipfler, who was 99 years old when he died, was Schiller's errand-boy, and in that capacity acquired many opportunities of observing the habits of his great master. He had a large stock of anecdotes, which, it is to be hoped, have been preserved, as many of them throw considerable light on Schiller's surroundings from 1800 to the time of his death.

AMONGST the obituaries is noticed the death of Dr. John Nicholson, of Penrith, the translator of Ewald's *Hebrew Grammar*. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. M. Nicholson, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and at one time Principal of Codrington College. Dr. Nicholson was born at Barbadoes in 1808.

THE death is also announced of Bishop Arnold von Ipolyi-Stummer, who died recently at Grosswardein, aged 63. As an historian and antiquarian, he probably held the foremost place in Hungary.

A SERIES of monthly monographs, bearing the title *Great Writers*, and having for its object the promotion of "interesting and accurate information of the men and women notable in modern literature," has been started by Mr. Walter Scott. The series will be edited by Mr. E. S. Robertson, who has been recently appointed to the Professorship of English Literature and Philosophy at the University of Lahore.

MR. J. W. ZAEHNSDORF, the son of the famous bookbinder, will continue his father's business of which he has lately had the sole management.

LADY BURTON'S mutilated edition of her husband's translation of the *Arabian Nights* has met with recognition at the hands of the Queen, who has been pleased to accept the first copy issued by the publishers. It is doubtful whether the public will take the last.

A NEW work entitled *Enigma Vita*, will shortly be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The author, Mr. John Wilson, endeavours to trace, theoretically of course, the successive stages of life from its conception to the ultimate goal which is represented by perfect truth. The wanderings of the soul are followed through many theological and social labyrinths, the position of which will, it is understood, be discussed in the book.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO. will shortly publish a work entitled *Palaeolithic Man in North-West Middlesex*, by Mr. J. Allen Brown. The treatise discusses the physical condition of man as he lived in Ealing and neighbourhood, and is compared with the culture of certain existing savage races.

THE Rev. Prebendary Row is engaged on a large work entitled *Future Retribution*, which will be published by Messrs. Isbister and Co.

Under the title *Illustrations of Old Ipswich*, Mr. John Glyde is bringing out a work which deserves more than local recognition. His illustrations are to be complete in ten half-crown numbers, each containing, on large quarto paper, a photogravure of some object of interest in the old town, with descriptive and historical letterpress. Only three numbers have as yet been issued, but all of them are extremely satisfactory. The Ipswich of to-day is not exceptionally rich in picturesque remains, but it possesses many features that deserve to be recorded by artists and historians before time and modern builders do their work. It was the birthplace of Wolsey. Francis Bacon once represented the town in Parliament, and no reader of Dickens need be reminded of what happened at the Great White Horse Inn. The first part of Mr. Glyde's work is devoted to the gate and walls, and, besides a good drawing of the west gate, has a well-written account of the history and associations of the now demolished fortifications of the town. The west gate was built in 1430, and was sold in 1781 for £32, to be pulled down. The second part describes the ancient

house in the Butter Market, long the residence of the Sparrowe family, and gives a view of the carved and panelled dining-room. The subjects of the forthcoming seven parts are not announced, but if the remaining numbers are as good as those already published, we may hope to see Mr. Glyde's work imitated in many of our other ancient towns.

AL BERUNI'S *India*, which was written about the year 1031 A.D., is in course of translation into English by Professor Sachan. The work gives a picture of Indian manners and customs at that time, and embraces theology, astrology, literature, astronomy and most scientific subjects.

A LETTER written by Edgar Allan Poe, dated Philadelphia, 19th July, 1838, has just been discovered ; it runs as follows :

" Could I obtain the most important clerkship in your gift—by land or sea—to relieve me of the miserable life of literary drudgery to which I now, with a breaking heart, submit, and for which neither my temper nor my abilities have fitted me, I would never again repine at any dispensation of God. I feel that I could then (having something beyond mere literature as a profession) quickly elevate myself to the station which is my due. It is needless to say how fervent, how unbounded would be my gratitude to the one who would rescue me from ruin, and put me in possession of happiness. I leave my fate in your hands. Most respectfully and gratefully,

" EDGAR A. POE."

ERRATUM.—In Mr. J. J. Ogle's article, entitled " The Librarian and his Office," page 15, *ante*, the expression *Chansons de Gestes* was, owing to a typographical error, printed *Chansons des Gestes*.



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SOME OLD TRACTS ON TITHES.

I.



DARE say I am not the only one whom the "tithe-war" lately carried on with such spirit in Wales has sent to his book-shelves for the "law on the subject," but perhaps everyone would not be able to bring down from them so interesting a volume as my bundle of tracts.

It is a small, dirty-looking quarto, with very battered back and browned pages, which I picked up at a stall some months ago, and which, after the usual cursory inspection due more or less to all last purchases, I relegated to the darkest corner of my *sanctum*, promising it a perusal some day, but making no definite arrangement. So for six months the spiders had it all to themselves, and seemed like to have it for sixty-times six, when suddenly the announcement "Tithe-War in Wales" on an evening placard has brought it from its obscurity and given it quite a new lease of existence. I would not like to say that I have read it through from cover to cover; it would require "a gigantic genius, fit to grapple with whole libraries," for such a task; but I have so flitted through its pages (as the *bee*, not the butterfly, flits, let us hope), that it seems to me for the short time expended I have brought away a fair amount of mental pabulum. This, if it please you, gentle reader, I would share with you, and my first proposal is that we should run through the titles of these funny old tracts together. Here they are:

1. "A LIBERALL MAINTENANCE IS MANIFESTLY DUE TO THE MINISTERS of the Gospell. BY IOSHUA MEENE, Vicar of *Wymondham* in *Norfolke*. LONDON, 1638," and "to be sold at Chancery lane end in *Holborne*." On the title-page of this, as well as of several of the others, appears the autograph of one 'Tho: Ieynson,' with his motto, 'Deus meus mihi omnia.'

2. "TITHES examined and proued to be due to the Clergie by a diuine right. Written by GEORGE CARLETON. AT LONDON: Printed by *Humfrey Lowmes*, for *Clement Knight*, dwelling in *Paules Church-yard* at the signe of the Holy Lambe. 1611."

3. "THE LARGER TREATISE CONCERNING TITHES, Long since written and promised by Sir *Hen: Spelman Knight*. &c. &c. Published by IER: MARCH, 1887.

STEPHENS B.D. According to the appointment and trust of the Author. LONDON Printed by M. F. for Philemon Stephens at the Gilded Lion in Pauls Church-yard. 1647."

4. "A DEFENCE AND VINDICATION of the Right of TITHES, Against sundry late scandalous Pamphlets: SHEWING, The lawfullnesse of them, as well in *London* as elsewhere.—Penned by a Friend to the Church of *England*, and a lover of Truth and Peace. LONDON, Printed by George Miller, dwelling in the *Black-Friers*, 1646."

5. "IURA CLERI: OR AN APOLOGY For the *Rights* of the long-Despised CLERGY, Proving Out of Antient, and Modern Records, That the Conferring of *Revenues, Honours, Titles, Priviledges, and Jurisdiction* upon *Ecclesiasticks* is Consistent with Scripture, Agreeable to the Purest Primitive Times, and Iustified by the Vsance, and Practise of all Nations. By PHILO- BASILEUS PHILO-CLERUS. OXFORD,—1661."

6. "*Decimarum & Oblationum Tabula*. A TITHING-TABLE: OR, Table of *Tithes* and *Oblations*, according to the Ecclesiastical Laws and Ordinances established in the Church of ENGLAND, now newly reduced into a Book. &c. &c. Compiled by W. C. Bach. of the Civil-Law. LONDON,—1683."

Now we have glanced through these, it becomes, I think, a matter of little importance that I forgot to tell you before that there is an almost obliterated label on the back of the volume declaring the contents thereof to be "*Tracts in defence of Tythes*," for these titles leave little ground for mistake; but, though this be so, you must not run away with the idea that I, too, am about to take up the same cause, or fall into the opposite error of suspecting me as an anti-tithe agitator. As a matter of fact, I am simply a lover of old books, curious to get some idea of the manner in which these seventeenth-century "clerks" went about their business. If you care to join me in the investigation, I promise you some amusement, if not a great deal of instruction. To this end I do not propose to go through each tract carefully, for such would be a long, not to say wearisome, task; but rather to take a typical example, and so treat it, contenting myself with noting in the rest anything particularly interesting or amusingly quaint. This is the more easy of accomplishment, as the argument throughout all the tracts is practically the same. It happens that the first, the "*meet maintenance*" of Joshua Meene, best suits our purpose, so with that let us begin. Joshua Meene, Vicar of Wymondham in Norfolk, seems to have been no mere theoriser from other people's statistics, but one who, as he himself would put it, had keenly felt the poisonous sting of Church-robbery; for, according to his "*Preface apologeticall*," directed "*To the judicious and indifferent Reader*," he was the subject of "*generall condolement & clamour, through the whole-Country, of all well-affected children of the Church (which knew his miserable Vicaridge) at the extreme disproportion betweene the great burden of the Cure & the poore*

pittance of the meanes to sustaine it with." Nor does he seem to have been altogether safe from personal violence, for he is grateful "last of all, for the promised assistance of my very worthy friend & wonted refuge, in many malevolent and sacrilegious projects, & practises against me in my Parish, namely the Right Worshipfull Master Thomas Talbot, Esquire, &c., the glory of the place where he liveth." Vicar Meene had therefore experience to plead for his thus taking hold of the public ear; but he had even more than that, namely, that impatient eagerness on the part of his friends which is really so embarrassing to a modest writer even in our own time; for, as he says, "the publishing of this Treatise proceedeth not forth without the private encouragements of some of my learned brethren of the Clergie." Thus qualified and encouraged, he begins in the good old-fashioned manner by setting forth a text, "1 Cor. 9 chap. part of the 9 verse. *Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corne,*" to take which, says he, merely in its literal sense is absurd, for the far more important meaning is spiritual, "of the ministers of the word, they may in no sort be muzzled, or have their mouthes tyed up with the cruell cords of sacrilege." "The sense for the Oxen is plaine as the words sound (saith Abulensis) but yet it is not the principall; for the sense which concerneth the Ministers is chiefe, and especially intended of the holy Ghost." "The doctrine from the premisses may be collected in this forme: The Ministers of the Gospell which labour in getting out and exhibiting the graine of God's word unto the people, must in no wise be debarred from the meanes of their meet maintenance in that respect."

The briefer, if not plainer, English for all this of course is that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," which no sane man has ever denied; and if we add to this the argument of authority, the "what has been shall be," we have in a dozen words what Vicar Meene has taken seventy-four mortal pages to discuss and confirm. We might, therefore, leave him here and pass on to Bishop Carleton's pamphlet, but that in that discussion so much of unconscious drollery and curious lore is displayed, that we who have taken up the old quarto more for "divertissement" than instruction may well pause a little longer. In elucidation of the first half of his contention, he makes use of an argument which occasionally, methinks, becomes a little one-sided in its application; for, says he, "there is no proportionable comparison between those good things brought to their Pastors, and those glad tidings brought by their ministers unto them, betweene the bread of earth & the bread of the heaven, between the meat which perisheth & the meat which indureth. What is the temporall tythe which Parishioners returne their Priests, if wee consider the eternall truth which the Priests teach their Parishioners? what seemes the sheaves of corne to stand in any termes of worth with their sentences of comfort? how vile appeare their payments to the vertue of their prayers? . . . Is the expence of corruptible Mammon equivalent to the purchase of *caestiall Sermons*?" (111) I don't know what you think, beloved,

about this, but when I bring to mind some of the "celestial sermons" I have listened to, some of the "sentences of comfort" I have heard of as supplied by these Parish-shepherds, I seem to hear the sound amid these children of light of a certain bargain known too well among the children of darkness—"Heads I win, tails you lose."

The following passage, in its quaint eloquence, is worthy of Burton :

"If the golden age were still in *esse*, with a free will offering of all delights and necessities. If bread and fish rained voluntarily downe from Heaven, as is reported to have fallen in the dayes of the Emperour Otho the third. Were the doctrine of the Jewish Talmud, verified for the present in this Iland, touching the free & ready preparednesse of all manner of Victuals. Could wee attaine to have the Angels our Caters with the Heremite Or in the desert of Thebaies: or with another fabulous bird of the same feather, Saint Alpias, to live a longer space here on earth without hunger & thirst. . . . If a Manna honey-dew could still bee gathered, during the terme of our mortall pilgrimage: or such a sweete showre did mellifluously drop upon our drowping spirits, as Antoninus affirmeth to have descended upon the Christian Host, marching out of Antioch against the cruell Turke Carbonach, whereby a cheerefull vigour of minde and body, confirmed them in all the occurrences of that dangerous expedition. Were wee Chameleon complexion'd to feed on the ayre; or mouthlesse like the Indian Astomi, to live by odour; Then should sacrilegious depredation and spoile bee borne with much patience, and not bring so much harme & prejudice. *Thou shalt not muzzle*, etc."

The following would seem to show that the Vicar was a good book-lover :

"Moreover, whereas (contrary to Anabaptists humours, who abide no Books but the Bible, and some of them not so much as that) a good Library is the most necessary Magazine & Storehouse, for to make meete provision of sacred food for mens soules. .

"Yea also to discover and discomfit the wilde Boares of the wood, the ravenous Wolues, and crafty Foxes; namely Tyrants, Machiavellians, Infidels, Heretiques, Hypocrites, Profanistes, Schismatiques, which continually watch occasion to surprize, worry, and devoure the Flocke. Were now as easie and cheape a way at our wishes, to get this same needfull company of meete Bookes; as we reade how once a Ship came floating into Alexandria of the owne accord full fraught with Armour to furnish their wants."

So much for the argument from necessity, now for the case from authority.

"As all sinned in the loins of Adam, *so all are tithed in the loins of Abraham.*" How changeable is the character of humour! What is more amusing than a Puritan sermon, or duller than a Joe Miller jest-book? Robert Burton was probably never more in sober earnest than when, at the beginning of his chapter entitled "A Digression of the Nature of Spirits, bad Angels, or Devils, & how they cause Melancholy," he gravely remarked, "How far the power of Spirits and

Devils doth extend, & whether they can cause this or any other Disease, is a *serious question and worthy to be considered;*" and yet in these days we chuckle very much over this so serious speculation. Now Joshua Meene, we may be sure, was very far indeed from attempting the humorous, and yet how irresistibly funny to our modern minds is the axiom which as a first stunning blow he aims at the heads of those "wilde Boares of the wood, ravenous Wolues, crafty Foxes," etc., who are unfortunate enough to hold a different opinion from his in this matter of tithes. "As all sinned in the loins of Adam, so all are tithed in the loins of Abraham."

Who can imagine the unbelief, the "impudency" flagrant enough to flaunt its existence in the face of such irresistible authority? Still it would appear from this and the tracts that follow, that as to-day, so in that earlier time, such abortive growth not only managed to exist, but did so pretty persistently. Some of these heretics were brave and outspoken, like the men of the Kentish Petition, of which more anon, but it was not to be expected in those days that all would be so; therefore, many cloaked their dissent under the garb of piety, declaring that tithing was a Levitical institution, and as all such had been abolished by the new dispensation of Jesus Christ ("as the Evangelicall Sunne had so marvellously surmounted the glimmering moonshine of the Law"), this also had gone with the rest. To refuse to subscribe to it became, therefore, with them a matter of conscience. To suppose that a love for the "filthy lucre" had anything to do with their action was as absurd as unjust. It was the "principle of the thing," by no means the "value of the tithe." Of course no fair-minded person could think otherwise; of course not. Vicar Meene, however, seems to have done so, for, whatever else Levitical may have been abolished by the coming of Christ, he is evidently of opinion that this tithing is altogether too worthy an institution to be so dealt with; "neyther though they looked toward Christ, did they breathe their last gaspe at his blessed birth, for then might the morall Lawes have also expired at the same period." Indeed, the argument rather should be, if the priests of the Levitical law were deemed worthy to share the advantages of this God's ordinance, how much worthier were those ministers rejoicing in the marvellous illumination of the Gospel. Melchisedec, a greater than, as he was a forerunner of, the sons of Levi, took tithes as his due from Abraham; should not then Christ, "a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec," do the same? Here is the argument in full. What does it remind you of?

"The Priesthood of Melchisedec hath beene more excellent than the Leviticall Priesthood. But Christ hath beene a Priest after the order of Melchisedech: therefore the Priesthood of Christ is more excellent than the Leviticall Priesthood. . . . What then was due and paid to Melchisedech is also due and payable to Christ, else he were not a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech, if he should faile in something to be as Melchisedec was: But

to grant that seemeth absurd, because he is after his order, as the Priests of the Law were after Aaron's. Since then tithes were due and paid to Melchisedec, doubtlesse they are due and ought to be paid unto Christ: And so consequently to his servants the Ministers of the Gospell, who are Christ representatively," Q. E. D. These three last letters (to safely reach which in boyish days who has not often heaved the unavailing sigh?) are not Mr. Meene's, but as the omission of them on his part is so evidently a "clerical error" I have ventured to supply them. After proof so logical, "miserable" indeed "are those wretches which dare disregard that divine precept 'Thou shalt not muzzle,' etc." The good Vicar then goes on to say some justly strong words against "the irreligious Impropriatours which debarre the labouring Ministers of the Gospell from the meanes of their meet maintenance."

"Tithes (we may collect)," says he, "continued in sacred esteeme and possession some foure thousand yeares afore our blessed Saviours Incarnation. After his happy birth passed also about six hundred moe, afore the prophane handes of impious sacriledge durst invade, & violate these Ecclesiasticall rights. Then, *horresco referens*, I tremble to relate it; there happened a disastrous season of hatching hatefull monsters. Behold Mahomet acted the false Prophet in Arabia, Boniface played the Antichrist in Rome, Phocas most cruelly murdered his Master Mauritius in Constantinople, and traytrously usurped the Empire: at which time likewise Carolus Martellus in the Western parts under colour of defence, incroached in this kinde upon the Church. And notwithstanding his faire promises (as credible Authours affirme) to restore the tithes &c. lent and entrusted unto him, during the Barbarians cruell incursions, he falsified his faith, & frustrated the Clergies hope, by a wicked and wrongfull alienation." Such was the first example of this species of church-robbery, which single one, alas! "quickly augmented into a viperous brood no less deformed than venomous," "ever insatiably coveting to muzzle the mouthe of the painfull oxe, and suffer some stow-bellyed Cretan beastes to devour the graine."

Some out of the long string of metaphors with which the Vicar garnishes this subject are so delightfully quaint that I cannot resist quoting them:

"What signe of equity can then be seen in so strange & sinister *sic vos non vobis*; for the Clergy Bees to do all the businesse in collecting the honey & composing the combs, & the Impropriators drones, *ignavium pecus*, to consume & devour up all the honey, the reward of the others worke? For the spirituall Shepheards to keepe and to feed the flockes, & neverthesse, the carnall Impropriatours to carry away the fleeces, to reape the profits? For these birds of the Altar to sing, & waite upon the Altar, & yet those banes of the Altar to goe away with the benefit of the Altar? For these oxen of the Priesthood do plow painfully, & yet the prophane Impropriatours to muzzle them shamefully? 'Thou shalt not muzzle, &c.'

"These pitillesse sorts of oppressours resemble Pharaoh Necoh, killing

tyrants indeed, to grant these Israelites no sufficient straw, & yet to exact the full tale of the brickets, as when they had it; to bereave these Church-lampes of their requisit oyle, & yet to remit nothing of their continuall burning: To clippe off the hopefull wings of these sacred birdes, & yet to inforce them unto a wonted flight of ministeriall offices; to cut asunder the usefull sinewes of these men of God, & yet to call upon them to runne the race that is set before them: to disarme these soldiours of Christ from their necessary provision & weapons, & yet *in pralia trudere inermes* to urge them into warfare, & thrust them upon the front of the battell. To deny fit tooles & meet materials, & yet to constraine these mysticall Architects for to toyle & build, as if they had abundance: to suppress the meanes of all decent performance, & yet to presse the practice of all manner of duties; which holdes no good quarter with the rule of my text, 'Thou shalt not muzzle, &c.' "

Through well-nigh the whole of the remainder of this tract the "impropriatour" "whose brow is brasse, whose neck is an iron sinew, & whose heart is as hard as flint" "rampeth like a strong Lion" or "creepeth like a crafty Foxe," till finally we discover him fast landed amid the Stygian swamps "of the pit that is bottomelesse."

We have not time to follow his dreadful course, or desire to witness his pitiable end; let us therefore pass to a more agreeable conclusion—Vicar Meene's. Though much happier than his enemy's, alas! it is not altogether fortunate. The worthy Vicar, elated doubtless at the triumphant manner in which he has put out his hand "to cut the combe of church robbery" during his previous 71 pages, forgets that care on page 72 which had before characterised him, and makes one or two assertions that one wishes he had forgotten, for his own sake. It is hard for me, who have so well agreed with him until now, to differ with him so near his end, yet this somewhat sticks in my intellectual throat:

"Yet dreame not that the unworthinesse of the Pastorall Incumbent will discharge the Laytie from these duties." Now, I may be peculiar, but somehow I have always felt that "unworthinesse" *should* do so. On this point I must therefore positively disagree with him, but for the two next unfortunate slips I have nothing but pity.

"A wrongfull possession," says he, "cannot be warranted by any prescription of time. What is not right at first becometh still more crooked by continuance." Truly it was a pity the good Vicar ever wrote this. To us, who are so in sympathy with him, his reference is obviously to the evil practices of Improprators; but what of those sons of Belial who, like the Pharisees of old, would be only too glad to catch him in his talk? Surely to their perverted understandings it would appear that in these few words the whole contention of 73 pages was surrendered.

"What better argument than this," would be their cry, "against all you have before deduced from the *antiquity* of tithes? What better authority than

your own words could we desire for our heretical opinions? We refuse to be guided by hands that were dust centuries before we had being, and we see no reason why we should be forced to wear dead men's shoes of antiquated pattern and painful misfit, and here are your words to encourage us—'What is not right at first, &c.''' Bear in mind that these are not my words—Heaven forbid!—but only such as may have been uttered by cavillers in Vicar Meene's day, and might even be *whispered* in this. I do wish I had been by the Vicar's elbow when he penned these unfortunate axioms, but if we are deeply sorry for this slip, which a little care on his part might have avoided, surely our eyes must "distil showers of teares" at the appalling accident which now befell him, and for which he was no more responsible than we for our birth.

We have advanced much since the days of "a meet maintenance;" we have won control over fierce forces which made the good Vicar and his flock shudder like frightened sheep; for all we know the Fates themselves may ere long spin their threads at our bidding; but one thing we neither have, nor seem likely to have, more control over than they—one at whose name the present writer shudders, as Vicar Meene may well have done (may it be granted that we shall not be under the necessity of cursing him as he must indubitably have done, Vicar as he was). I refer, gentlemen, to that rascally printer. You have doubtless heard how those touching lines in a certain young poet's first effusion were treated by this barbarous being. "Those gentle eyes bedimmed," he would have said; you know what he was made to say. This is a modern instance, and surely bad enough; but what shall we say of the earlier example of malignity of which "our author" was made the victim? Oh, sirs! "if ye have tears, prepare to shed them now." I have mentioned the touching and effective way in which every now and then he rounded a sentence or concluded a clause with that glorious text with which he started, "Thou shalt not muzzle, etc." What could be more effective for a peroration than this same text? The Vicar's good taste was not blind to this, and so he commenced his last paragraph with the intention of so ending it; but, sirs, however the author may propose, it is the printers to dispose. You know what a little rift within the lute can do, you know how a tiny leak can sink a noble vessel; oh! see how a trifling word may turn to nought a worthy work. Gallantly had this little tithe-bark ridden on the waves of controversy from "the preface apologeticall" till right in very sight of "finis"—the one disablement we have just mentioned she had certainly suffered from, but she seemed likely to weather that—was, in fact, just entering the harbour, when crash! strike the fangs of an insidious sunken rock, and the whole fair display of swelling canvas has faded away like the proverbial "fabric of a vision."

"I will not say in the words of a learned Civilian, All have robbed, & therefore all are bound to make restitution," says Vicar Meene, with the generosity of a victor, as he innocently approaches his luckless end; "but it

behoveth every person to put the hallowed things out of his house (Deut. 26), to usurpe nothing to the offence of his conscience, to the hinderance of Religion : in no wise to diminish but rather to augment the ministers mayntenance, remembering evermore this divine precept ;" and here steps in the printer at the last moment, like a bravo with his cowardly stab, "*Thou shalt (!) muzzle the mouth of the Oxe that treadeth out the Corn.*" Ah ! friends, we rail against the " Everlasting No," but surely Vicar Meene would have forgone his tithes for ever for a negative at this moment. To think that 74 fair pages should come to such an end ! Imagine the godless rejoicings of those disaffected ones in his miserable parish ; surely the leanest, sourest-faced Puritan amongst them, though never before had he "shown his teeth by way of smile," had such a laugh over this "as comes but once a life;" like the famous laugh of Herr Teufelsdröck's at Jean Paul's "Proposal for a *Cast-metal King*," one that "burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersalls"—tears streaming down his cheeks, foot clutched into the air—loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable ; a laugh, not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel." But Imagination refuses to paint the other scene—the Vicar in his study the day after the publication. Surely then and there was realized in the flesh the ideal Rage, to afford even a suggestion of which, words are worse than powerless. Meanwhile, therefore, let the dark curtain of silence hang as the symbol of the indescribable.

(To be continued.)

A LITERARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SOME value my first for the sake of my second ;
To some, though, its worth is by rarity reckon'd.

1.

The sober'd Bacchanal on morrow morn
Ne'er laughs my timely aid to bitter scorn.

2.

A mixture or a medley or a stew,
Or what the French might call "*un pot au feu*."

3.

Who has not heard th' exploits of this brave Dane,
Who grac'd the gallant court of King Charlemagne?

4.

"Forget-me-not." Sweet soother of the heart,
When lovers are by fortune forc'd to part.

L. G. CRESSWELL.



MARLOWE AND HIS WORKS.



THE Earl of Surrey, who, at the close of the reign of Henry VIII., translated the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, was, if modern research has arrived at a correct conclusion, the first to use the ten-syllabled unrhymed verse which we call blank verse. This translation is, intrinsically speaking, of very inferior merit; but its value, whether arising from the rendering of Virgil's immortal poem, or from the character of the verse itself, is overlooked in the interest which attaches to the novelty of the performance, and many of the Earl's bad lines escape censure, being hidden, as it were, in the swing of the rhythm.

Blank verse is in these days common enough in both senses of the word, but until the publication of the Earl of Surrey's translation above mentioned it had never been employed by any writer—rather a curious fact, when we come to consider that by means of its aid poetry is exalted, and loftiness of expression fully secured.

What the Earl of Surrey did for poetry, Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, the same who wrote the Induction for the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, did for the drama, thus gauging a popular taste, which, in later years, was prepared by the magnificent productions of Marlowe, and perfected by the still higher genius of Shakespeare. Marlowe, indeed, may be said to have created the English tragic drama, for he was the first who wrought out his plays with skill and finish to the end; he was also the first who used the blank verse persistently and consistently, suiting his subject to the rhythm and the rhythm to the subject. No poet of modern days has possessed his unfaltering command of the right note of music and his conception of the time at which to strike it, and this notwithstanding the fact that Marlowe had no instructor and no model, and was frequently compelled to work against time for his daily bread. There are many competent judges who do not hesitate to express their opinion that, all things considered, Marlowe was possessed of a genius but a little lower than that of Shakespeare, and had he lived for a few more years, the latter might seriously have had to look to his laurels. Be that as it may, however, it cannot be doubted that Marlowe prepared the way for Shakespeare, and furnished him with many expressions and ideas, besides putting in his hands the most effective method of clothing them. In this sense and to this extent he was his master, instinctively and naturally learned in the higher walks of poetic art.

Christopher Marlowe, the father of English tragedy, was born in 1564 at Canterbury, and having been partly educated in the King's School there, was sent to Benet College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1583, and M.A. in 1587. The possession of the latter degree seems to have been too great a burden,

and no sooner was he possessed of it than, like Greene, he decided to seek his fortune on the London streets, as a writer of plays. Fortune he never obtained—hardly one of the Elizabethan dramatists, with the exception of Shakespeare, who led a tolerably sober life, and Wycherley, who married a lady of quality, ever saved sufficient to ensure a decent burial; but he acquired a reputation which will outlast a dozen fortunes, and, considering the state of the times, perhaps this was the most it would have been possible to obtain. It seems certain that Marlowe led a life of dissipation every bit as extreme as that pursued by the hapless Greene, and that he died in 1593, at the age of twenty-nine, under circumstances that will hardly bear investigation. The register of St. Nicholas' Church at Deptford has the entry, "Christopher Marlowe, slain by Francis Archer, June 1, 1593." The truth is that Marlowe, during the course of one of his periodical fits of drunkenness and debauchery, was stabbed in the eye by this same Archer, who is reported to have been subsequently hanged at Tyburn for the murder. An extract from John Lane's *Tom Tel-Troth's Message*, 1600, refers to Marlowe's death as follows :

"Wrath is the cause that men in Smith-field meete,
Which may be called 'Smite-field' properly;
Wrath is the cause that maketh every streete
A shambles and a bloodie butcherie,
Whear roysting ruffians quarrel for their drabs,
And for slight causes one the other stabs !!"

Thus did one of the greatest of English poets meet his death, another witness of the state of the times, which condemned a literary life almost before it was begun.

There is to be found in a very scarce miscellany, entitled *Davidson's Poems, or a Poetical Rhapsodie, divided into Sixe Books* (4th impression, newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader; London, 1621, 12mo.), a piece entitled "The Lye," which is reported to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his execution, October 29th, 1618. This poem contains in the last verse a curious reference to stabs and stabbing, which in the opinion of many renders it probable that Marlowe and not Raleigh was the author of it.

The first and last verses read as follows :

"Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

* * * *

“ So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.”

It is very unlikely that the author of this poem will ever be pointed out so authoritatively as to disarm all criticism, but for our part we claim it for Marlowe, and for several reasons. In the first place, Raleigh never before wrote any piece of poetry, long or short, at all equal in merit to this; it is true that he may have had a sudden inspiration, but this is very unlikely. Secondly, if Raleigh wrote this piece in 1618, how comes it that the poem is found in the previous editions of Davidson's work, namely, in those of 1608 and 1611? This poem was written by someone just before his death, as is clear from internal evidence; consequently Raleigh's claims are entirely out of the question. And how explain the allusion in the last two lines of the last verse? That they have been explained away goes of course without saying, and though it is possible to assign a hidden meaning to the plainest assertion, yet the efforts in that direction are not, as a rule, attended with success, and in this particular instance appear to have lamentably failed.

The truth will perhaps never be known, but the manner of Marlowe's death somehow or other raises the image of this well-known verse, and hence the reference to it. It is too long to quote *in extenso*, but it has been reprinted from Davidson's work into many modern editions of the poets, where it will be found. The true poetic feeling, as well as extreme delicacy of touch, displayed in every line of this production, points to an author of exceptional natural ability, and not to one of inferior capacity blessed for the moment with an unusual flow of inspiration, as we are asked and expected to believe.

The first play produced by Marlowe was called *Tamburlaine the Great*, and was issued in 1590 in two parts; then followed *Doctor Faustus*, 1604, *The Jew of Malta*, *Edward II.*, the *Massacre at Paris*, and *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, the last of which was probably completed by Nash in 1594.

The play of *Tamburlaine* is in ten acts, and was the first poem ever written in English blank verse as distinguished from mere rhymeless decasyllabics. The stormy monotony of the text is relieved here and there, though not to any great extent, by lines of surpassing beauty and excellence; so much so, in fact, that Shakespeare himself might have touched the picture with his magic wand. As a whole, *Tamburlaine* is too monotonous to establish a reputation upon; the sentences, stilted and unnatural, move in one long and continuous roll, which in time—and a short time—becomes wearisome and cumbrous. Not so, however,

the excellent play of *Faustus*, which, notwithstanding the sneers of Byron, was eulogised by Goethe and translated by the son of Victor Hugo. This magnificent production, the embodiment of true poetry and far and away the best literary production that had appeared since the days of Chaucer, found its echo in the exalted harmony of Milton, to whom Marlowe was also an instructor.

The word-torturers and men with a theory who have so persistently persecuted Shakespeare, have seen in the play of *Faustus* ample material for the exercise of those analytical talents which have occasionally been identified with the possession of genius. Doubtful lines have accordingly been discovered and discoursed upon in a way that would probably have disgusted the dramatist, could he have survived Archer's dagger by three hundred years. According to Wagner, whose edition of *Faustus* was published by Longmans in their London series of the English Classics, the line italicised is bad on the face of it.

"So soon he profits in divinity
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd
That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name
Excelling all, whose sweet delight disputes
In Heavenly matters of Theology."

Professor Wood in his edition of the same play thinks that the line would read better if altered to "The fruitful garden of scholarship being adorned by him." Cunningham in his edition can make neither head nor tail of the allusion, and omits the line altogether, simple as it is when not improved upon by modern authors.

The word "scholarism" is often used by Marlowe, as for example, in his *Edward II.*, III, 19, and the meaning of the line is as abundantly clear as if he had said "Good morning, Mr. Professor." All he did say was simply that Faust graced the fruitful (involved, obscure) plot of scholarism—in other words, unravelled the tangled web which the schoolmen of the day had spun for themselves. Marlowe was striking at the absurdities of the system of education which raised endless distinctions without any substantial difference, and detected subtleties without end in the plainest statement of facts.

Though *Faustus* is without doubt the most important piece, so far as true poetry is concerned, which has been left by Marlowe, the finest in dramatic power is his *Edward II.* In this the scene of the King's deposition is frequently contrasted with the corresponding scene in Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, and very much to the disadvantage of the latter. In this solitary instance it seems to be universally conceded that Marlowe bears the palm from Shakespeare's fingers, if only for a moment, thereby accomplishing what no mortal has hitherto succeeded in doing.

Among the lighter pieces of the dramatist's genius was the translation of Ovid's *Art of Love*, which will be found at the close of Dyce's edition of Ovid's

Elegies. This production first appeared in 1598 in 16mo., and was burned at Stationers' Hall by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In it occurs the following well-known couplet :

"For Jove himself sits in the azure skies
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries."

or, as the bard of Avon puts it, doubtless with the above passage in his memory :

"At lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs."

This is a clear instance of "borrowing" or "conveying," as the practice is politely termed by some modern book-makers, whose only qualifications are speed and decision.

In addition to the translation of Ovid's *Art of Love*, Marlowe undoubtedly wrote part of *Henry VI.* Notably the second and third plays passing under that name among the works of Shakespeare, but first and imperfectly printed as *The Contention between the two famous houses of York and Lancaster.* London, 4to., 1594. He is also the author of the *Passionate Shepherd*, a poem which remains unrivalled in its way—a way of pure fancy and radiant melody. This song of Hero and Leander fills up the gap that exists between Spenser on the one hand and Milton on the other, and while the appreciation of true poetry exists will always be pointed to as a model worthy, if possible, of imitation.

The greatest among us, from Shakespeare downwards, is deeply indebted to Marlowe and his works, which point the way to the highest regions of poetry and art. The most astonishing fact in connection with the miserable career of the man himself is that such talent should be found in so base a condition that a refined mind could exist for a moment in conjunction with such a coarse exterior. The poet was like a toad which, though ugly and venomous, yet contains, according to Shakespeare, a precious jewel in its head. Perhaps the image was actually intended to point out Marlowe himself, or possibly one or other of his boon companions, Greene, Nash, Peele, or Watson, who had the knack of writing like angels, and the misfortune to live open and shameless lives of depravity.



THE EXTENSION OF THE FREE LIBRARIES ACT.



THE difficult problem as to the means to be adopted to bring the inhabitants of our outlying towns and villages under the influence of the "Free Libraries Act" has long engaged the attention of those who are interested in the further development of the statute respecting town libraries.

The question at issue is not the broad one of how we can best give to the aspiring but indigent artisan sound and healthy literature at a nominal cost, but in what way we can extend to him the advantages of the "Free Libraries Act," and so attain the same desirable end. It has been said, indeed, by an able exponent of this question, that the *only* way of establishing free libraries in small parishes is to extend the free library system to counties, though the writer very properly intimates that an Act to enable this to be done would differ considerably from that under which free libraries exist in towns. The propositions, however, which have been indicated as necessarily involved in such an Act, are of such a sweeping nature that I cannot but agree with those who say that the time has not come yet when county libraries could be established under such a scheme.

There can hardly be a doubt that the means that have been tried to raise the educational standing of our small communities in the shape of literary institutions have failed of their object. Mechanics' institutions, working-men's clubs, co-operative libraries, down to the circulating library of the country bookseller, are as nothing to the requirements demanded.

What is clearly wanted is a system, based on broad and sound principles, far-reaching in its influence, rich and generous. Such a system can hardly be claimed on behalf of the "free library" of to-day, crippled as it is financially under the present Act, and criticized by those who betray a lamentable ignorance of the movement to which it owes its existence. It can be no matter for surprise that the extension of the free library movement is but slow, when it is looked at askance by similar institutions having for their aim the precise object the "free library" claims.

I would instance the "School Board" as a kindred institution to which the public library might look for help towards attaining the object in view. So far, help has not been denied, and in the meantime it is the energetic development of this assistance, coupled with a halfpenny advance on the library rate, that I would suggest as one way of extending the Free Libraries Act to small places. That this is no visionary scheme (so far as the School Board arrangement is concerned) has already been amply proved by its adoption in some large public libraries, and by its undoubted success. By taking a radius of, say, ten miles round a large central library, many poor districts might be included under such

an Act. Small branch libraries might be established in all directions, and wherever there were the School Board buildings (and where are they not?) an arrangement, which is practicable, might be made with the School Board authorities, whereby housing for the books may be had rent free in exchange for their loan. In order to further keep down expense each branch library could have duplicate copies of the same books, so that one general catalogue would do for the whole. Further, as the libraries would probably be only opened to the public for three or four nights a week, a system of relays from the central library might be established for their management, the whole being supervised by the chief librarian.

Having personally conducted branch libraries, started with the co-operation of the School Board, I can, from direct personal experience, speak on this subject with some little authority. I can fully testify to the practical and efficient working of the system, and to the popularity of the free library movement in secluded and outlying districts, where, except for the existence of this arrangement, the beneficial influence of the Libraries Act would probably have never been felt.

The School Board, as a great educational power, exercises a tremendous influence over the very class to which it is desirable to extend the benefits of the Free Libraries Act; in any case, there can be no doubt that if that institution was an active and willing ally, the free library movement would make rapid strides, and education of a truly liberal nature would be widely disseminated, to the lasting welfare of the people at large.

It would be interesting to know what cause is to be assigned for the apathy and prejudice so many people hold against free libraries. One can only ascribe it to the ignorance of the masses upon this subject, which so closely affects their welfare—the same ignorance which makes itself painfully, and, at the same time, ludicrously manifest when a chief librarian is advertised for at £60 per annum, or when rank in the army is taken as a satisfactory qualification for the practical working of a public library.

The prevailing opinion one so often hears expressed, that the librarian's office is somewhat of a sinecure, is only another instance of the ignorance displayed which is mainly responsible for the little progress the free library movement has made.

Free lectures in connection with our libraries, it is reasonable to suppose, are doing a grand work in clearing away some of the prejudices I have spoken of. Let the idea be more earnestly grappled with—educate the masses into the A B C of the library movement, and by-and-by it will take the rank which is its just due among the foremost of the great educational powers of the country.

It is not necessary to recapitulate in detail the ways and means by which an arrangement might be made with the School Board authorities; the subject has been ably handled elsewhere, and proved quite practicable. The agents of the Board are to be found wherever there are children to be educated, and for all I

here advocate, our large town libraries are in sufficient proximity to their smaller neighbours to make such a scheme workable.

Moreover, would it not be reasonable on behalf of small parishes to apply for Government aid? seeing that education is made compulsory, it would be only going a short step further to supply the rising generation with literature which would be calculated to improve the mind.

With these suggestions in operation, public spirit would be aroused, and we should doubtless have our merchant princes relaxing their purse-strings to the benefit of literary institutions.

Further, could not our churches, chapels, mission-halls, etc., be utilized in much the same way as the School Board?—for six days out of seven they are being put to little use; why not extend the free library system in this direction? In some quarters of the Church the cry would perhaps be “Sacrilege!” But a little consideration would serve to show that so far from any sacrilege being involved by the action proposed, an opportunity would be given to the institutions in question to promote their immediate objects in many desirable and influential ways. Almost invariably, in connection with these institutions, some attempt has been made to form a library, and it is difficult to overestimate the possibilities of such an organization if it were amalgamated with the system and discipline of the free library.

I would only further add that the great thing is to thoroughly indoctrinate those for whom the “Libraries Act” specially exists with the conviction that it confers upon them real benefits; and with the revulsion of feeling generated by such an improved state of affairs the extension of the “Act” will be assured.

LOCKWOOD HUNTLEY.

ABERDEEN.

ANCIENT LIBRARIES.—Excavations at Herculaneum have brought to light libraries in a perfect state of preservation. Secretaries or cases arranged along the walls held the books or rolls, that is, *volumina* or tablet-books (*libri*), laid on their sides. The libraries were suitably partitioned into numbered cases, for Vespicius says that the “sixth” case of the Ulpian Library, founded by Trajan, contained an “ivory book” (*Habet bibliotheca Ulpia in armario sexto librum elephantinum*). The room discovered at Herculaneum resembled a sort of “den” or working-room, so small that the student or writer could by reaching out his hand touch either wall. According to Pliny the younger, these cases or sets of pigeon-holes were called *armaria*; Seneca terms them *locumenta*; Juvenal, *foluli*; and Martial, *nudi*. These receptacles were about the height of a man. The book-rolls were laid in these pigeon-hole cases very much in the same way as a modern dealer in wall-paper arranges his rolls, care being taken always that the knob (*umbiculus*) bearing the *pittacium*, or title-ticket or label, should be outward, and that the rolls should not be piled upon one another.



ILLUMINATED INITIALS.



ANY old manuscripts are so gorgeously illuminated that to call them mere writings or scrolls would be a misnomer, since they are, as a matter of fact, beautifully executed works of art. The time which must have been spent on some of these points clearly enough to a period when labour of the kind was not particularly remunerative, or when the dissemination of literature, especially of a religious nature, was looked upon as the next best thing to the actual performance of acts of piety and godliness. Every monastery of any pretensions had its *Scriptorium*, where specially trained monks worked on these gorgeous manuscripts, while itinerant artists famous for their initials and capitals, and in later times portraits as well, travelled from place to place completing and filling in the blank spaces left by their less skilful brethren.

Occasionally some devoted friar would dedicate his life to the work of transcribing the Holy Scriptures, and henceforward become dead even to the little world within the monastery walls. Numerous are the tales of those early days which tell how Friar Lawrence or Father Anthony struggled from his pallet of straw with enfeebled limbs and palsied hands to complete his life of toil, only to find the work accomplished by some unknown agency, and in a style which far surpassed the efforts of man. No wonder, then, that these manuscripts were executed with the utmost care and the greatest skill by the scribes who gave themselves up to the work. Time was unlimited, and inducement strong; two conditions which point the way to a high state of efficiency, no matter in what department they may exist.

The art of emblazoning did not attain its highest perfection until many years had passed away, and if representative specimens of manuscripts dating from, or assigned to, the seventh century up to the sixteenth century be carefully examined, the improvement which took place in the lapse of these nine hundred years will be found to be very gradual.

The initials of the seventh century were all of them Roman capitals, made up of rude interlacings in combination with the figures of animals. Occasionally they were entirely composed of animals, all of more or less fantastic shapes; birds with hooked beaks and prodigious talons; fishes with aquiline snouts, and hydra-headed dogs. Leafwork is rare, and when it does occur the lobes are deep and the drawing inaccurate; as for the principal details, these are filled in with heavy pen strokes, and enclose colours of pale yellow, green, or red.

The interlaced figure which was at this time prominent all over Europe, not only in manuscripts, but on sculptured works of art, as for example the Merovingian tombs, is perhaps the earliest evidence of the awakening of learning and

art at the subsidence of the convulsions which swallowed up the Roman Empire and resulted in a new order of things. These initials, indeed, took their rise before the artistic mind had yet learned to grasp the outlines of the human form, and for 200 years these semi-barbarous productions show little or no improvement. There seem to have been a number of well-known initials, which were regarded in the light of common property, and these were being continually reproduced without apparently any effort towards improvement.

The ninth century, however, ushered in a distinctly superior style. The workman's hand acquired a looser grip and more artistic ease, and henceforward the pages of a manuscript were emblazoned with the old initials of the previous centuries, combined with letters of interlacing styles, with limbs drawn out and twisted into the shapes of animals. Fretwork was now introduced, illustrating leaves and foliage, with volutes on which are perched peacocks and other birds of Eastern origin; gold is made use of for the first time, and frequently painted on purple and dark blue, showing a distinct and most marked advance in the appreciation of harmony and in experience of decoration.

A common form of design which was copied all over Europe and used sometimes for initials, but more frequently in internal church decoration, is the two-headed eagle, which appears to have come into general use in this way: About the year 1277, Richard, King of Germany, and brother of our Henry III., presented some embroidered vestments to Exeter Cathedral, and amongst them was "a cope of black baudekin, with eagles in gold figured upon it," the heraldic device of the Emperors of Germany being "an eagle displayed having two heads." This device was no doubt copied by English embroiderers and artists, though it is quite possible that the design of the two-headed eagle may, in later times, have been accidentally discovered. The Reformation was the immediate cause of the dispersion of the vestments belonging to abbeys and other religious houses, and a few of them were cut up and pieced together to make covers for the communion tables of parish churches. At this date, however, the production of manuscripts was almost entirely suspended, and the origin of the double-headed eagle must, so far as they are concerned, be assigned to the former of the causes mentioned above.

From the thirteenth century until the invention of printing, manuscripts grew more and more splendid, and the labours of Fust and Schoeffer were in the first instance directed rather towards the imitation of the written books now speedily to be supplanted than to originality. With this as with all new arts, the world must be gradually educated; and hence it is that every improvement is in the first instance made to outwardly resemble its source, and it is only after the lapse of many years that this resemblance can safely be abandoned.



DR. MADDEN'S SALE.*



THE sale of the library of the late Dr. Madden, the author, it will be remembered, of the *Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, was an event in Dublin literary circles, partly because it is a comparatively rare thing to find an important sale of books taking place in Ireland at all, but chiefly on account of the large number of books published in Ireland, and which are now out of print, contained in the catalogue. On looking through the list, which has been kindly marked for us by Mr. Madden, of Merrion Square, we find that but few books realized a higher price than 20s. *Gilbert's History of Dublin*, 3 vols., 1859, brought £3 17s. 6d.; and the same author's *Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland from 1641 to 1652*, in 3 vols., Dublin, 1879, £2 5s.; Carte's *Life and Letters of the Duke of Ormonde*, 3 vols., London, 1836, £1 3s.

In the year 1785, a large quantity of evidence was taken before a committee of the House of Lords appointed to take into consideration the resolution come to by the Commons, relative to the adjustment of the Commercial Intercourse between Great Britain and Ireland. A copy of the minutes of this evidence, which is valuable respecting the destruction of Irish Trade, was knocked down for £3 15s.

The *Atlantis of the Catholic University*, 9 parts, Dublin, 1857-70, realized £5; and the collection known as the Blessington and Mountjoy papers £35.

An Elzevir edition of Thomas à Kempis, *De Imitatione Christi*, Leyden, 1658, brought £4; George Faulkner's *Dublin Journal*, 1750-1818, 19 vols., £3 5s.; Swift's works, 1814, edited by Scott, 19 vols., 8vo., £5 10s.; Walker's *Hibernian Magazine*, 1771-1811 (wanting the year 1772), £41. This set was believed to be the most complete and perfect set (with one exception) in existence.

Real Life in London, 2 vols., 1822, keeps up its price in Dublin, it appears, for a copy sold for £5; while Cruikshank's *Omnibus* realized £1 18s.

Lots 1821-31 consisted of a number of plaster casts taken from the faces of divers persons who have been executed by the English authorities for treason and other offences in Ireland. The cast taken off the face of Robert Emmett four hours after decapitation in Thomas Street realized £50; and another from the face of Cornelius Grogan, executed as a Rebel in 1798, £9. The value of a plaster cast would appear to depend upon the degree of patriotism discovered by the victim, for while the cast of the features of James Hope, the celebrated old United Irishman and confidant of Robert Emmett, realized £5, that of Jemmy O'Brien, the "perjured informer of '98' notoriety," only brought the miserable sum of 40s.

* The Library of the late Dr. R. R. Madden, sold by Bennett and Son, 6, Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin.

NOTES ON THE QUARTO EDITION OF COVERDALE'S BIBLE.*



COVERDALE'S Bible is ever a subject of interest to English-speaking people; only lately has the mystery that enveloped its early history been dispelled.

We now know that it was printed at Antwerp, by Jacob von Meteren, October 4, 1535.

It was brought into England in sheets, as, by an Act of Parliament recently passed to protect bookbinders, the importation of bound books was prohibited.

Who they were by whom Coverdale was employed, and by whom the expenses were paid, is still unknown. All the evidence I have been able to obtain points to Bishop Bonner, who afterwards so materially assisted Grafton and Whitchurch in bringing out the "Great" Bible of 1539.

James Nycolson, of Southwark, purchased not only the entire edition in sheets, but also the blocks and type from which it was printed.

Nycolson had great difficulty in disposing of the copies, and although he introduced fresh title-pages and preliminary matter, it was two years before he succeeded in putting the book into circulation, for the people of England generally had no desire for a vernacular Bible.

All that has been written by Anderson and other bibliographers about "*Bible-thirsty England*," and the intense longing throughout the land in all classes of society for an English translation of the Bible, is pure myth. Holbein's celebrated woodcut representing the clergy and laity holding out their hands to King Henry VIII. for copies of the Scriptures must have been drawn from his own imagination.

We have documentary evidence in abundance that the most severe penal enactments were necessary to force the Bible into circulation.

The printers petitioned that no Bibles in the English language might be allowed to be brought into this country from abroad, otherwise they would be ruined, having invested a capital of £500 in the undertaking.

The clergy of the day, both of the old and new learning, ignored the English translation, and ever used the Vulgate in the pulpit. Master Hugh Latimer, for example, always gave out his text from the Vulgate, and then a free translation of his own, not that he was unacquainted with the various versions that existed in his day, for on one occasion he said: "I wonder that the English Bible is so translated."

George Constantine, Vicar of Llanhuadaine, says: "How plentifully and purely hath God sent His Word unto us here in England! again how unthankfully,

how rebelliously, how carnally, and unwillingly do we receive it! Who is there almost that will have a Bible, but he must be compelled thereto?"

This contemporary testimony proves the modern idea, that in the fifteenth century England was "a Bible-thirsty land," to be an erroneous one.

It could not have been that the price charged for Bibles and Testaments at the time placed them out of the reach of even the middle class, for the maximum price was fixed by authority at from 2s. to 10s.; and we learn from churchwardens' accounts in various parts of the country that only about half the authorized price was paid.

Some time after the Genevan or "Breeches" Bible was published, "searchers" were appointed in Scotland to go from house to house, and a heavy fine was imposed on the occupiers of all dwellings found to be without Bibles.

Coverdale's Bible was reprinted, without alteration, by Christopher Froschover, at Zurich, 1550, in quarto; a copy in its original state is preserved in the Public Library at Zurich, containing Froschover's autograph signature.

On the title-page is his device of a tree and five frogs, on one of which a child is riding. The letterpress reads:

"The whole Byble that is the Olde and Newe Testamente truly and purely translated into Englische by Mastr Thomas Mathewe. Esaie j Hearcken to ye heauens: and thou earth geaue eare, for the LORD speaketh. Imprinted at Zürych by Chrystopffer Froschower."

It is most strange that such a mistake should have been made as to attribute the translation to "Mastr Thomas Mathewe."

The Bible edited by John Rogers, for which Henry VIII. granted a license in 1537, is a different translation from Coverdale's, most of it being by Wm. Tyndale.

Froschover's original preliminary matter is very interesting, and it was a pity that Andrew Hester cancelled it.

It consists of thirty-six pages in double columns, in the same type and ornamental initial letter as the text. Verso of title is blank. On the next page is an address "To the gentle Reader."

"Gentle Reader, where as dyuers godly men hath thoughte it very needfull and necessary to set before euery Chapter in all the bokes of this moost holy Byble the summaries or contentes thereof, or what euery one of the sayde Chapter containeth briefly declared whiche I thinke also very cōmodious. Neuerthelesse (good Reader) I haue considered that euery man hath not at al tymes such leasure as to reade or to tourne the Byble from one Chapter to another, whan they shall haue dysre or occasion to seke for any speciall matter conteyned herein (this considered) I thought it mooste nedefull to pryn and set the Sommaries of ye Chapters of all the bokes containyd in this most sacred Byble together in their order, whereby thou mayste easely fynde oute not onely how the bokes stande in

order, and how many Chapters euery boke contayneth, But most specially thou shalt finde thereby most spedely how God by the mouth of his most holy Prophetes the promised redemption of the worlde, by oure onely hope and sauoure Jesus Christe by sufferinge in that most perfect fleshe which it pleased him to take on him in the wombe of that most pure virgin Marie where of the new Testament or Gospel is a manifeste and a cleare testimony howe God hath performed his promise made in the Olde Testament, and how the new is included in the olde, and the olde verified in the new. And also that al the people in this whole worlde which beleueth in these onely lawes, preceptes, and decrees, and follow the same, shall haue euerlasting ioy in heuen without ende, and all those whiche despise or off malice liueth contrary to the ordinaunces, lawes, and decrees hereof, shall haue euerlastinge payne in hell, to lyue with the deuels for euer without ende. . . . Thus fare you well." Then comes, "Here after followeth all the argumentes vpon the olde and newe Testament, euery boke by sonder hys Argumentes, and how muche, and many Chapters they cōtayneth."

To give an idea of this condensation of the Bible I append the first fifteen lines :

Here beginneth the Argumentes of the fyrst boke of Moses, called Genesis.
What this boke contayneth.

Chap. i. The creacion of the world in sixe dayes, and of man.

Chap. ij. The rest of the seuenth daye. The tree of knowlege of good and euell, is forbidden, &c. Of the creacion of Eua.

Chap. iij. The serpent disceaueth the woman: they trāsgresse and are driuen out of paradyse.

Chap. iiij. Abels offering pleaseth God doeth his brother Cain hate him, murthereth hym: and is cursed: Of the children of Cain.

Chap. v. Of the generacion, age and death of Adam, Seth, and his sonnes vnto Noe.

Just as Nycolson bought the entire edition of the 1535 Bible from Jacob van Meteren, so Hester did of this quarto reprint from Froschover, and he replaced the original preliminary matter with fresh, printed in small Old English letter. Even this did not enable Hester to dispose of the copies. Richard Jugge bought the remainder, and reissued it in 1553 with another new title and preliminary leaves.

I have in my collection a perfect and uncut copy of this Bible as issued by Hester; its size is $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $7\frac{1}{2}$, and it is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick.

The seam-lines of the water-mark go across the page.

The title is "The whole Byble, that is the holy scripture of the Olde and Newe testament faythfully translated into Englyshe by Myles Couerdale and newly ouersene and correcte. M.D.L. Pray for vs that the worde of God maye haue free passage and be glorified, II Tess. iij. Prynted for Andrewe Hester dwellynge in

Paules Churchyard at the sygne of the whyte horse and are there to be solde." Within a woodcut architectural border, and under it in large letters, "Set forth with the Kynges mooste gracious licence." Reverse of title blank. The next page has, "The bokes of the hole Byble, how they are named in Englyshe and Latyn, and how longe they are wrytten in the allegations."

The text is divided into six parts.

First part. Genesis to Deuteronomiō.

Second part. Josue to Hester.

The Apocripha.

The thyrd boke of Esdras to ij Machabeorum.

Third part. Job to Salomō ballettes.

The Prophetes, Esayas to Malachy.

The New Testament.

Math., Mar., Luc., Joh., Act., Rom., j Cor., ij Cor., Gal., Ephe., Phil., Col., j Tess., ij Tess., j Tim., ij Tim., Tit., Phile., j Pet., ij Pet., j Joh., ij Joh., iij Joh., Heb., Jac., Jud., Apo.

On the reverse of this leaf is a dedication of the most fulsome and servile kind, in which the juvenile King is urged to keep the Church under his feet, to allow no toleration or religious liberty, but to prevent by the sword any heresy being preached. In fact, Coverdale seems to have had no idea that persecution was wrong in itself. This address to King Edward very much resembles the address to Elizabeth, drawn up by the translators of the Genevan Bible in 1560, in which the virgin Queen is urged not to bear the sword in vain.

In the most violent and coarse language the Bishop of Rome is assailed, Balaam and Antichrist being the most respectful titles Coverdale gives.

The dedication begins as follows:

✠ "Unto the moost victorious Prince and our moost gracious souereigne lorde kynge Edward the sixth, kynge of Englund, Fraunce, and Irland, &c., Defoundor of the Fayth, and under God the chefe and supreme heade of the Church of England.

"¶ The right and just administracyon of the lawes that God gaue vnto Moses and vnto Josua: the testimonye of faythfulnes that God gaue of David: the plenteous abundaunce of wysdome that God gaue vnto Salomon: the lucky and prosperous age with the multiplicyon of sede, whiche God gaue vnto Abraham and Sara his wyfe, be giuen vnto you moost gracious Prynce."

Eight columns of this sort follow, and the "epistle to the Kynges highnesse" concludes:

"Considering now (moost gracyous prynce) the inestimable treasure, fruit and prosperitie euerlasting that God geueth with his worde, and trusting in his infinite goodnes that he wold bring my simple and rude labour herin to good effect, therefore was I boldened in God sixtene yeares agoo, not only to labour

faythfully in the same, but also in most humble wyse to dedicate this my pore trāslation to your graces moost noble father, as I do now submit this and all other my pore corrections, labours, and interprises, to the gracious spirite of trewe knowledge, vnderstanding, and judgmēt, which is in your highnesse, most humbly beseching the same that though this volume be small, and not wholly the texte appoynted for the churches, it maye yet be exercised in all other places so long as it is used within the compasse of the feare of God, and due obedience vnto your moost excellent maiestie, whome the same eternal god saue and pre-serue evermore. Amen.

“Your graces moost humble and faithful subiect,
“Myles Couerdale.”

After this epistle there is “A prologue to the reader,” of five pages.

It has been the fashion in certain quarters for some years to regard Coverdale merely as the “proof reader and corrector” of the first English Bible, and not as its translator; but I think no one can read this prologue without coming to the conclusion that either Myles Coverdale was the translator, or that he claimed more than his due. Had he been employed solely to see the book through the press, his claim to be the translator thus publicly put forward would have been disputed.

We know there was not much love lost between Tyndale and his assistants. Tyndale and Joye speak of each other in very plain, and no doubt well-deserved terms, and had Coverdale dared to take credit for work done by others, we should have heard of it very soon.

Excepting an ambiguous passage in a Dutch biography, which states that Van Meteren was the “begetter” of this “specyall translacyon,” and for this purpose “he employed a certain learned scholar, named Miles Coverdale;” and also the fact that a few words in the book imply a foreign parentage, no doubt has ever been thrown on the truthfulness and justice of Coverdale’s claims.

It is quite true that it has been denied that Coverdale translated the Bible from its original tongues, but this he does not pretend to have done.

The Vulgate was the principal basis of his translation, and fortunate it would have been had it been the only source from which his translation was made; but he owns to having consulted “five sundry interpreters,” and it is evident that, in many cases, he was led astray by Luther and by the Swiss Bible.

The prologue thus begins:

“Myles Couerdale, to the Christen reader: Consyderynge how excellent knowledge and learnynge an interpreter of scripture ought to haue in the tungs, and ponderynge also myne owne insufficiēcy therin, and how weake I am to perfourme the office of a translator, I was the more loth to medle with this worke. Nothwistandyng whan I consyded how great pytie that we shuld wante it so longe, and called to my remembraunce the aduersite of them which were not onely

of type knowlege, but wold also with all theyr hartes haue perfourmed that they began yf they hadde not had impedimentes, consyderynge (I saye) that by reasō of their aduersitie it could not haue so soone haue been broughte to an ende, as our moost prosperous nacyon wolde fayne haue had it, these and other reasonable causes consydered I was ye more bolde to take it in hāde, and to help me herin I haue had sōdry trāslacyons, not only in Latyn but also in other lāguages: whō (because of their syngular gyftes and specyall diligence in the Bible) I haue been glad to follow accordyng as I was requyred.

"But to say the trueth before God it was nother my labour nor desyre, to haue this worke put in my hande, neuertheless it greued me that other nacyons shuld be more plēteously be prouyded for with the scripture in theyr mother tunge, thē we in oures, therefore whā I was instantly requyred (though I could not do so well as I wolde) I thought it yet my dewtye to do my best, that the scripture might wholly come forth in englishe."

In the third column he says:

"For the which cause (accordynge as I was desyred anno 1534) I toke the more vpon me to set forth this specyall translacyon not as a checker not as a reprouer or despiser of other mens translacyons, but lowly and faythfully haue I followed myne interpreters *and that under correction.*"

It is evident, from the above, that Coverdale was employed and paid for his work; "at the coste and charges of others," are his own words.

Next to the prologue is the Kalendar. All writers, from Lewis down to Mr. Stevens, say that the Kalendar extends from the year 1550 to 1645. My copy begins 1551, and ends 1563.

The Kalendar and the Table of Epistles and Gospels, which occupy eight columns, are most remarkable. They ought to correspond with the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., but they do not. Like the revisers of Jugge's Tyndale of 1552, Coverdale seems to have anticipated the second book of Edward VI.

Three celebrations of the Holy Communion for Easter Day are provided, with Epistle and Gospel, *i.e.*, Easter Even, and first and second for Easter Day, but on Christmas Day only one celebration is recognised.

The Epistle appointed is "God in Times," Heb. j. a, and the Gospel "In the Beginning," S. John j. a., the Epistle and Gospel for the third mass in the Prayer-book of 1549.

In the Kalendar a great many of the Saints' Days are omitted. On April 25th Annun. of "M" is substituted for "Our Lady."

The Saints' Days that are omitted do not appear to have been left out for any particular reason, for in the months of April, May, and June, nearly all the Saints in the 1549 Church Kalendar are recorded, even the translation of S. Wulstane on June 9th, and one extra, Oswald, Archbishop; but on the other months only the black letter days of the 1552 Book of Common Prayer are inserted.

On the top of the page on which the book of Genesis begins is a woodcut of the creation of Eve; it is the only engraving in the book excepting initial letters, some of which are singularly inappropriate, *e.g.*, S. John and his emblem, the Eagle, in the first letter of Genesis. Many of the initials contain groups taken from the well-known dance of death.

Genesis begins on folio 1, sig A.

Malachy ends on verso of folio cccxcix., sig. DD.

The Apocrypha begins on folio 400, and is thus prefaced :

“ APOCRIPHA.

“ The bokes and treatises which amonge the fathers of olde are not rekened to be of like authoritie with the other bokes of the Byble, neyther are they founde in the Canon of the Hebrue.

“ The translatoure vnto the reader : These bokes (good reader) which be called Apocrypha, are not judged among the doctours to be of lyke reputacion with the other scripture, as thou mayst perceaue by S. Jeronyme in *Epistola ad Paulinū*. And the chiefe cause therof is this : there be many places in them, that seme to be repugnaunt vnto the open and manyfest trueth in the other bokes of the Byble. Neuertheless I haue not gathered them together to the intent that I wolde haue them despysed or little set by, or that I shoulde think them false, for I am not able to proue it.

“ Yee I doubte not verely if they were equally conferred with the other open Scripture (time place and circumstance in all thinges consydered) they shoulde neyther seme contrary not be vntuly and peruersly aledged.

“ Trueth it is a mans face can not be sene so well in a water, as in a fayre glass, neyther cā it be shewed so clearly in a water that is stered or moued, as in styl water.

“ These and many other darke places of scripture haue bene sore stired and myxte with blynd and coueteous opinions of mē which haue cast such a myst afore the eyes of the symple, that as longe as they be not conferred with the other places of scripture they shall not seme otherwyse to be understande then as coueteousnes expoundeth them. But whosoever thou be that readeth scripture, let the holy ghoost be thy reader, and let one text expound another vnto the. As for such dreames visyons and dark sentēces as be hyd from thy understandinge, commytte them vnto God, and make no articles of them. But let the playne text be thy gyde and the sperete of God (which is the author therof) shall lede the in all trueth.

“ As for the prayer of Salomon (which thou findest not herin) the prayer of Azarias and swete songe that he and his two fellowes songe in the fyre, the fyrst (namely the prayer of Solomon) readest thou in the eight chapter of the thirde boke of the kinges, so that it appeareth not to be apocryphum : The other prayer and songe (namely of the thre children) haue I not founde amonge any of the

interpreters, but onely in the olde latyn texte, whiche reporteth it to be of Theodotious translacion. Neuertheles both because of those that be weeke and scrupulous, and for their sakes also that loue such swete songes of thankesgeuinge I haue not left them out, to the intent that the one shoulde haue no cause to complayne, and that the other also mighte haue the more occasyon to giue thanks vnto God in aduersyte, as the thre chyldren dyd in the fyre. Grace be with the. Amen."

There is no separate title to the New Testament. It begins on folio 1, sig. AA, and ends on verso of folio 121, sig. QQ1.

At the end of the book are ten columns of "Epistles and Gospels after the use of Salisbury," for Sundays and "diuerse saynctes dayes in the yeare." These correspond with the Reformation Prayer-Book of 1549.

On recto of the last leaf is the imprint, "To the honoure and prayse of God, was thys Byble prynted and fynished in the yeere of oure Sauoure Jesu Christ MDL., the xvj daye of the moneth of August."

J. R. DORE.

HUDDERSFIELD.

PRESERVATION OF BINDINGS.—The following note relating to the efficacy of vaseline as a restorer and preserver of bindings, appeared recently in *Notes and Queries*, under the signature of F. Chance: "Bookbindings become deteriorated in many ways. I have looked about for something which might preserve or renew the suppleness of my leather bindings, and in general keep them and my other bindings in the best possible condition. At last it occurred to me, about twelve months ago, to make use of vaseline, which has the advantage of being a mineral substance, and is, therefore, very much less liable to decompose than anything belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdom. I have used it with every kind of binding—whole bindings (calf and morocco), half bindings, with cloth or marbled paper sides, and cloth bindings. I have found it to succeed admirably, and I can at once single out by their appearance, and especially by the brightness of the gilding, the books which I have subjected to the process. It answers better, however, with leather and with cloth than with the marbled sides or edges of books, though even these I have not found to be in any way damaged by the treatment. It might be thought that an unpleasant greasiness would be produced, but this is not so—at least not for more than a few hours. The bindings seem to drink up the vaseline, as if they knew it would do them good. Neither does the smell of vaseline persist for long. . . . At the same time it is well to be cautious, and anyone who is disposed to make trial of the plan here recommended would in the first instance do well to confine his attentions to elderly or valetudinary binding."



LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON's new novel, *The Old House at Sandwich*, recently published by Sampson Low and Co., is put forward by that firm as an experiment to test the stability of the ordinary thirty-one-and-sixpenny novel in three volumes octavo. The publishers prefer two volumes octavo at twelve shillings, or rather they think that the public will prefer them. Professor Skeat, however, is of a contrary belief, for his new edition of William Longland's *Piers Ploughman* is published by the University Press at exactly the three-volume price.

Between a novel and a classic there is, of course, a wide difference, and it is only right that the more trivial of the two should be regarded as of the least value; but what about the conclusion to be drawn from these contemplations? Novels, which are of no importance, are cheap, while works of sterling quality, which must be purchased and read by every student of English literature, are published at an almost prohibitive price. Even a cynic might be excused for saying that an opposite conclusion is the more to be desired.



THAT somewhat scarce book, Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, is in parts positively amusing, especially when it refers to the "enormous prices" demanded and obtained for certain coveted volumes, in or about the year 1814. Six pounds eighteen shillings was then looked upon as an enormous sum to pay for any book, and the author himself remembered a very fine copy of Shakespeare's first folio to have been sold for five guineas. He says he could have purchased a superb one for nine guineas, but that two years before, he was present when thirty-six guineas were demanded for a copy. Either Beloe was mistaken, or, in his favoured days, Shakespeare had become a drug in the market, for just a hundred years ago £10 was paid at Wright's sale for a good copy of the first folio, to which he refers. Poor Beloe, once the under-librarian of the British Museum, was dismissed from his post because of the behaviour of a friend, whom he had admitted to view the books under his care. "He" (the friend) "proved to be dishonest; he purloined valuable property which was in my custody, and it was thought that the good government of the institution required my dismissal." Beloe died, like Lowndes, in poverty.



POETRY, except it be written by a Laureate and one or two other favoured persons, is generally condemned out of hand by the critics, no matter how excellent it really may be. This of course would be highly improper, if the average critic could be credited with knowing a poem when he saw one; but as no stretch of imagination can possibly invest him with this discrimination, which, after all, is perhaps not necessary, it is only fair to say that most modern poetry, from *Locksley Hall: Sixty Years Afterwards*, upwards, is so bad that the critic is generally on the safe side in sneering at it. Eric Mackay's new poem, "A Choral Ode to Liberty," written in commemoration of the Bartholdi Statue, will give the reviewers no trouble, for not having been written by a poet of extraordinary ability, they can say what they like without the trouble of reading it. It is submitted, however, that this "Choral Ode" is far and away the best poem that has appeared for a long time, and if everyone had his due, Mr. Mackay should receive the congratulations of the press with regard to it.



THE first newspaper ever published in England, and which, after all, was a mere broadside, made its appearance at the time of the Spanish Armada, and is usually regarded as the earliest attempt ever made to disseminate news to the public by means of paper and print. This idea is, however, quite erroneous, for several years before Caxton established his press at Westminster the *Nuremberg Gazette* was in existence and flourishing. The art of printing was introduced into that town in the year 1470, and the first use made of it was to issue and distribute the *Gazette* referred to. The oldest newspaper in the world, and one, moreover, which still makes its weekly appearance with mathematical certainty, is the *Pekin Gazette*, first printed on silk with movable wooden type more than a thousand years ago. At least this is the Chinese version of the story; and if it be true, Guttenberg was not the inventor of printing at all. The *Pekin* story, though almost as hoary as the *Pekin Gazette*, requires a corroboration which it will probably never receive.

THE *Publishers' Circular* reports the publication of 3,984 books in Great Britain in 1886, as against 4,307 in 1885, and 4,832 in 1884. In the department of fiction, the figures for 1884 were 408, and for 1886, 755. As opposed to this increase, there has been a remarkable falling off in poetry—179 in 1884, and 60 in 1886.



MR. FRANCIS FRY, of Bristol, whose death was reported some time ago, was noted amongst bibliographers for his large collection of editions of the Bible, numbering about 1,200, and on account of a number of reprints which he issued. His most noted reproduction was Tyndale's New Testament, which appeared in 1862. He also issued "A Description of the Great Bible, 1539, and the six editions of Cranmer's Bible, 1540 and 1541; also of the editions, in large folio, of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures, printed in the years 1611, 1613, 1617, 1634, and 1640." In 1867 he brought out "The Bible by Coverdale, MDXXXV. Remarks on the Titles; the year of publication; the preliminary; the water-marks, etc., with facsimiles." His last work, published in 1878, was a history of the various editions of Tyndale's Testaments, with numerous facsimile illustrations. It would be interesting to inquire what is to become of the large stock of Bibles now vegetating in Bristol. Sooner or later, of course, they will make their appearance at Sotheby's or Puttick's; if sooner than later, there will be a rare chance for Mr. J. R. Dore and the Rev. Nicholas Pocock.



THE most magnificent manuscript in the world is said to be the missal that accompanied the Papal bull proclaiming Henry VIII. of England "Defender of the Faith." It is executed with wondrous art in letters of gold upon purple vellum, and was received from the Pope as a present. The German Government paid the Duke of Hamilton £10,000 for it, and snapped it up while the authorities at the British Museum were trying to get it for a lower price. It was questioned at the time whether the German Government had more sense than we had, or more money than sense, thus to pay £10,000 for a manuscript; but, however that may be, there is very little doubt that the Trustees of the British Museum would be glad to have the offer repeated. This, however, is hardly likely to occur, for a book once entombed in national archives is buried for ever, and so the missal is lost to us for good and all. The most extraordinary thing is that no one except the purchaser seems "one penny the worse."



To write one's name on the title-page of a book was formerly considered an act of vandalism almost as bad as carving it on the nose of some recumbent effigy in Westminster Abbey. We have, however, recently changed all this, for Mr. Andrew Lang, having picked up a copy of *Anacreon* bearing the autograph of John Wilkes, says he is glad of it, positively glad "that Wilkes, like Racine, wrote his name on his books." Why this sudden conversion of Mr. Lang? Wilkes was a notoriety who would not have hesitated to scribble his plebeian abominations all over *Domesday Book* itself, had he got the chance; his signature has no value, pecuniary or otherwise, and his examples of caligraphy are uniformly bad. It is possible that Mr. Lang's copy of *Anacreon* would have been much more valuable if Wilkes had let it alone.

REVIEWS.

Books and Bookmen. By ANDREW LANG. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1887. 8vo.

This book, which has a verse-dedication to the Viscountess Wolseley, contains a number of bibliographical essays which have for the most part already appeared in an American edition, and were originally contributed to the pages of numerous magazines, including the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly* Reviews. The first essay, on "Elzevirs," contains much useful and interesting information to collectors of those small but highly-prized works. There is also an essay on "Old French Title-Pages," and a story entitled "A Bookman's Purgatory," which is based on the hypothesis that all enthusiastic collectors are necessarily eaten up with covetousness and idolatry. However this may be, the story is developed on that assumption, and proves to be highly amusing. The whole book is a contrast to the general run of works on bibliography, and may be taken up with pleasure and profit by readers who cannot be classed altogether as "bookmen."

Modern Methods of Illustrating Books. London: Elliot Stock. 1887. 8vo.

This treatise forms one of the series known as the "Book-Lover's Library," and discourses upon the various processes usually adopted in modern illustrating. The author has avoided reference to technical details, except such as are necessary to make description intelligible, and the result is a *vade mecum* which is almost indispensable to those who would acquire an accurate conception of the modern methods of illustrating books. The twelve chapters contain *inter alia* accounts of older processes, such as wood-engraving, and the value of the book is considerably enhanced by an index. The second appendix gives a short list of works of reference.

Astrology in the Apocalypse. An Essay on Biblical Allusions to Chaldaean Science. By W. GERSHOM COLLINGWOOD, M.A. Orpington: George Allen. 1886. 8vo.

This little volume will doubtless be thought rather abstruse by the majority of persons into whose hands it may fall, but from the nature of the subject this could hardly fail to be the case. Much that bears upon the details of ancient astrology is irrevocably lost, and Professor Collingwood has therefore plenty of scope for conjecture. Perhaps the best chapter in the book is that which relates to the "Gamut of the Spheres," which reproduces a tablet taken from the palace of the Kings of Assyria, headed "Twelve Ancient Observations from Babylon." This book will doubtless prove welcome to students of mystical writings, for, unlike most publications of the kind, it is written in an easy style, which proves more seductive as the description continues. The Glossarial Index contains references to a large number of curious ideas, which at one time were almost universally prevalent.

WE have received the following catalogues: Charles L. Woodward, 78, Nassau Street, New York; William Brough, 1, Ethel Street, Birmingham; William E. Goulden, Station Road, Canterbury; Albert Cohn, Berlin; James Fawn and Son, 18, Queen's Road, Bristol; H. Gray, 47, Leicester Square, London; Robson and Kerslake, 23, Coventry Street, Haymarket, W.; F. A. Brockhaus, Leipsic, Germany; Cassell's Illustrated Catalogue, Ludgate Hill, London; William Downing, 74, New Street, Birmingham; Karl W. Hiersemann, 1, Turner-Strasse, Leipsic (Goethe Literature); L. Pillet, Fils, 33, Quai Voltaire, Paris; Thomas Simmons, 164, Parade, Leamington; James Coleman, White Hart Lane, Tottenham, N.; B. Stretten, 7, London Lane, Hackney; Charles Lowe, Broad Street, Birmingham; John Noble, 10, Castle Street, Inverness; Lowder, Milk and Co., 1424, F. Street, Washington, U.S.A.

ALSO the following periodicals: The Shorthand Monthly, 11, Paternoster Buildings, London; The Book-Buyer, 743, Broadway, New York; The Critic, 18, Astor Place, New York; L'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin, Paris; The Printing Times and Lithographer, 74, Great Queen Street, London; Science, 47, Lafayette Place, New York; The Century, Paternoster Square, London; Shakespeareana, 1104, Walnut Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; Northamptonshire Notes and Queries, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.; Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen, Leipsic; Walford's Antiquarian, York Street, Covent Garden; Magazine of American History, 30, Lafayette Place, New York; Book Chat, 5, Union Square, New York; Il Bibliofilo, Bologna; The American Bookseller, 10, Spruce Street, New York.

BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.

A READING-ROOM has just been opened at the Clarendon Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, ostensibly for the use of members of any of the Oxford Colleges. Other persons than those referred to may, however, use it on obtaining permission to do so.

MR. GOSSE has undertaken to edit for the Grolier Club, of New York, an edition of the works of Sir George Etheredge, now for the first time collected since the beginning of the eighteenth century.

THE first meeting of the Selden Society was held during the last week of January. The support already accorded the society is believed to be amply sufficient to suggest a highly successful career in the future.

COLONEL W. WARD writes to the *Athenæum* as follows: "It may interest some of your readers to hear of the existence of a copy of Burns's *Poems*, 1787, in which some 39 blank names were filled in by the author when on a visit to John Lee at Skateraw, near Dunbar, East Lothian, on May 21st, 1787, which visit is mentioned in Burns's own 'Memoranda of Tours.' The book is an heirloom in my family, its history being authentic and complete, and I would venture to believe is in its own way unique."

THE first day of February last completed the fiftieth year which has elapsed since the foundation of the famous publishing house of Tauchnitz. Dr. D. Asher wrote a sonnet to commemorate the event.

MR. EDWIN WAUGH, the well-known Lancashire poet, was entertained at dinner by a large and enthusiastic circle of friends, at Manchester, on the 28th of January last. The occasion of this demonstration was the poet's birthday, he having attained the age of seventy years. Mr. Waugh's health has lately been very bad.

THE cheap edition of Professor Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* was almost sold out to the trade before it was published. The edition consisted of 10,000 copies, of which no less than 8,000 were so bespoken. This is the book which was "declined with thanks" by a number of discriminating London publishers.

THE EARL OF LYTTON will preside at the annual banquet of the Royal Library Fund, which has been fixed to take place at Willis's Rooms on the 4th of May next.

MR. WALTER SCOTT is about to publish a new monthly magazine under the title *The Monthly Chronicle of North Country Lore and Legend*. It will consist mainly of the more interesting communications to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, a paper well known as paying serious attention to folk-lore.


THE centenary of the birth of the Rev. R. H. Barham, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, is to be celebrated at Canterbury by the erection of a museum and public library.

IN connection with Mr. Le Gallienne's article, "Some Old Tracts on Tithes," the first portion of which appears in this present number of *Book-Lore*, it may be mentioned that Mr. H. W. Clarke is about to compile a history of tithes, based, it is assumed, on Selden's work. Mr. Clarke is said to be endeavouring to trace the origin and history of tithes from the time of Abraham downwards.

THE January number of *Shakespeareana*, the American monthly devoted, as the name implies, to Shakespeare and his genius, opens a new volume—the fourth. Good as this magazine has always been, certain alterations in size and type will now make it much more acceptable to the general body of readers who may take an interest in the subjects it makes peculiarly its own. There is in the January number a first-rate article by Mr. W. D. Moffatt, entitled "The Story of the Boydeell Shakespeare," which will repay careful analysis.

MR. W. D. MACRAY has recently edited and issued from the Clarendon Press the text of the *Cambridge Trilogy*, the two first parts of which were discovered some little time ago in the Bodleian Library. This *Trilogy*, if it is genuine, forms probably the most important literary find that has taken place for years, since numerous allusions to Shakespeare raise it quite out of the level of an ordinary discovery.

"*Argot and Slang*: a new French and English Dictionary of the Cant Words, Quaint Expressions, Slang Terms, and Flash Phrases used in the High and Low Life of Old and New Paris." Such is the title of a volume which Professor A. Barrère, of the R. M. Academy, Woolwich, is about to issue by subscription. The author believes that his book, which treats of the cant of thieves, the jargon of the workshop, the studio, the stage, the boulevards, and *demi-monde*, will prove not only an object of curiosity and interest to the lover of philological studies, but also one of utility to the English reader of modern French fiction. The work gives an English slang equivalent of the English rendering, a very novel and original attempt. It does not offer merely a dry compilation, as is generally the case with dictionaries, but it contains many specimens in prose and verse of the French and English flash tongues of different periods, historical and philological matters, quotations, anecdotes, and varied information on the several peculiarities of the class of people it deals with. The frontispiece, "Du Boulevard Extérieur," is due to the pencil of Godefroy Durand.



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Chamber Founders and the London Polyglot—8. Joseph Moxon—9. The Later Founders of the Seventeenth Century—10. The Foundry of Thomas and John James—11. William Caslon—12. Alexander Wilson—13. John Baskerville—14. Thomas Cottrell—15. Joseph and Edmund Fry—16. Joseph Jackson and Caslon III—17. William Martin—18. Vincent Figgins—19. The Minor Foundries of the Eighteenth Century—20. William Miller—21. The Minor Founders, 1800-1830.

In this HISTORY OF THE OLD ENGLISH LETTER FOUNDRIES Mr. Reed has brought together a vast amount of valuable information on the subject he treats of, collating for the first time in chronological order all that has hitherto been known on the subject, bringing forward many curious and interesting facts, and adding to our knowledge much that up to the publication of the work was unknown, or only accessible to the specialist.

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APR 11 1887

[April, 1887.]

BOOK-LORE:

A Monthly Magazine of Bibliography.

(With which is incorporated THE BIBLIOGRAPHER.)

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SOME OLD TRACTS ON TITHES.

II.



HAVE dwelt so long on this pamphlet because it presents the typical arguments for tithing in the most interesting as well as the quaintest writing of the six, and I have been the more willing to do so as its author was a man, so far as I can find, quite unknown to fame. When I discover such a one my heart always warms to him, and I long to give him as much of the aftershine of public applause as lies within my power to offer. You know how kind-hearted Dr. Holmes speaks of the pleasure of thus giving a momentary respite from oblivion to the forgotten dead. May I adapt his words to the present case?

"O! Joshua Meene, Vicar of Wymondham, in Norfolk, and then writing as I now write, now in the dust where I shall lie, thy name is at least once more spoken by living men; is it a pleasure to thee? Thou shalt share with me my little draught of immortality,—its week, its month, its year—whatever it may be, —and then we will go together into the solemn archives of Oblivion's Uncatalogued Library!"

Now the same attractions in nowise belong to the next pamphlet, for its author was a famous man, quite famous enough to feel that men would expect to hear something from him on a subject so important as tithes, and, consequently (shall I say?), its style is uninteresting.

As Bishop of Llandaff, one of the Synod of Dort and a writer on various subjects, he was deemed worthy to fill four columns of old Anthony à Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, where, if you look, you will learn that he was considered "a good orator, and poet, a person of solid judgment, various reading, a bitter enemy of the Papists, and a devout Calvinist."

Among his many other works which illustrate a versatility facile enough to make him at home alike with church-government on the one hand or judicial astrology on the other, must be mentioned a book well known, by name at least, to lovers of curious lore.

"*Astrologimania*, or the madness of Astrologers, or an examination of Sir Christopher Heydon's Book, entit. A Defence of Judiciary Astrology. London:

1624, 4to." "One of these books," notes Anthony à Wood, "with scurrilous, trite and empty notes in MS. in it by Will. Lilly, is in the Ashmolean Library." Poor Will. Lilly, how men throw mud at thee! If this were the book under our consideration, I promise you we would by no means hurry over it; but seeing that it is the same "learned author's" tract on tithes that is before us, I propose that we pass on, having noticed that the title-page speaks volumes—"due to the Clergie by a divine right."

Now all that has been said about the fame of George Carleton applies with greater force to the author of "The Larger Treatise concerning Tithes," "Henricus Spelmannus, Eques Auratus," as he is styled on his finely-engraved portrait in front of the 1723 folio edition of his works. In this portrait he looks what he was, a very considerable personage indeed. For learning, as we know, his name was and still is proverbial along with such names as Selden and Camden, and his piety seems to have been no less signal, for one is always coming across mention of him as "th's religious knight." With all this, however, he has not made use of the great man's privilege—to be dull; and anyone interested might do very much worse than take Mr. Sala's advice in one of his "Echoes" a few weeks ago, and turn over the pages of this "Larger Treatise concerning Tithes." As his arguments, however, are of necessity much the same as those we smiled at in "a meet maintenance," there is no purpose in going through them; but there are one or two curious matters we may well glance at. Running our eyes down the "Contents" pages, this chapter-heading must seem to our minds irresistibly quaint. What a different atmosphere of thought does it transport us to!—"Tithes must not be contemned, *because they were used by the Church of Rome.*" I suppose the worthy knight felt himself quite a miracle of toleration after he had written this chapter.

This is what he writes in explanation "Why a tenth rather than any other part is to be paid":

"I have not read why in this matter of Tithing the tenth in number should be rather allotted unto God, then any other: and therefore wanting a guide to direct me, I will walk this way the more respectfully; but according to mine own apprehension I observe two reasons thereof, one Mysticall, the other Politicall. Touching the first, as Plato and the Pythagoreans attributed great mysteries and observations unto numbers: so doe likewise all the greatest Doctors of the Church, and the very books of God themselves, and therefore it is not to be thought that in this point of rendering Tithes, but the number of 10 is also respectively chosen. . . . It is said to signifie the first and the last, the beginning and the end; it is *finis simpliciur numerorum, initium compositorum*; the end of simple numbers, and the beginning of compound: the first articular number, and the last number of single denomination. The number wherewith the progresse of numeration running as it were circularly, always endeth and beginneth again. As saith Bartholomeus, it worthily representeth Christ who is *Alpha* and

Omega, the beginning and the end. In these and such other respects it is also said to be like a circle, of all forms and bodies the most spacious and of greatest capacity, comprehending all other, and it self comprehended of none: so the number of 10 comprehendeth all numbers, and is it self comprehended in none of them, neither is there any number beyond it, but that riseth out of it. . . . In this manner the number of 10 representeth unto us (as such things may) the nature of God, the perfectest, the greatest, comprehending all, and comprehended of none, the beginning and the end, yet infinite and without beginning or end. So that this number (10) this tribute money in question hath (in the respects before alledged) the apparent image of God, and therefore let us see whether it hath his inscription or not; for sure if it hath his image or inscription, it is due unto him by his own words, his own argument. The Hebrews, and from them the Grecians, expresse it by the letters that begin his greatest and essentiall name, Jehovah; that is, *jod* and *iota*. The Romanes and wee of the Western parts of the world, one while by the letter X, and another while by the figures 10. All know that the letter X signifieth ten, and the learned also know, that it likewise signifieth the name of Christ, for commonly in ancient times, and to this day in many books it is so written. . . . Besides it represents not only the name, but the Crosse of Christ. . . . To come to the Arithmetically figures that expresse it, which are the figure of 1, and the cypher 0, 1 signifieth the same that *Alpha* doth in Greek, that is, one. The cypher 0, presenteth to us, *Omega*, for *Omega* is no more but great O, and so that 10 in figures expresseth *Alpha* and *Omega*. As *Alpha* is the first letter in the Greek Alphabet, and *Omega* the last: so in the Alphabet of Arithmetique, the figure of 1 is the first, and the cypher 0 is the last; therefore in like respect the figures of this number of 10 signifieth the first and the last, the beginning and the end. But as the cypher 0, in this respect signifieth the end, so we must mark that it is a circle and hath no end. Being therefore joynted to the figure of 1, which signifieth the beginning, it sheweth unto us, that the beginning is without end, and the end itself without beginning or end, both infinite and without any limit. The first character in the figure of 10, viz. 1, begetteth all numbers (for it is *Semen numerorum*) and is begotten of none: so that it is *unus* and *omnis*, one and all, so do the very figures signifie. Therefore to conclude, it hath both the image of God, in signification of his nature, and the inscription of his name in the frame of the characters and figures; In all languages and with all Nations after one manner or other, as though nature her self had taught them that this part belongeth to God, which by no wit, or learning can be applied to, or found in any number between 2, and millions of thousands.

‘ This X of old exprest Christs holy name,
And eke the Sacred Tenth which he doth claime,
Give then to Christ, what’s Christs, without delay.
Give Cæsar, Cæsar’s due, and both their pay.’ ”

The following corollary from this curious disquisition is quaint :

"The same Father (Saint Augustine) yet further saith, that the number of 10 signifieth the Law of God, and for that the number of 11 exceedeth it, the number of 11 signifieth sin." I think we must now rest satisfied with this taste of Sir Henry's quality.

Mr. Sala's recommendation referred to above was, if I remember rightly, worded something after this fashion: "If you want to know what the Kentish farmers of the days of Charles I. thought of tithes, look at Sir Henry Spelman's '*Larger Treatise on Tithes*.'" This information is not contained in Sir Henry's work itself, but in a tract attached thereto, written by a "Reverend and Learned Divine living in London," in answer to a "Gentleman of Quality," who, having heard that Parliament was considering the abolition of tithes, was fearful of allowing his son to enter into holy orders, for which he had previously designed him. First comes a letter of several pages, two or three lines toward the conclusion of which are worth quoting. Having spoken many "comfortable words" to the "Gentleman of Quality," the "Reverend and Learned Divine" assures him in conclusion that "any innovation in this matter neither hath nor is like to have such a ratification of authority, either divine, or humane, by constitution or prescription, as tithing hath had; no, though it should be supposed to last to the end of the world. For Tithes were paid 1933 yeares, almost 2000 yeares before Christ, and since Christ for the most part of sixteene hundred fourty sixe yeares; and we cannot hope the remaining age of the world will hold out half so long."

Then follow some "Animadversions upon the Petition of the Committee of Kent," wherein anyone who chooses can take Mr. Sala's advice. Still addressing the "Gentleman of Quality," the writer begins: "Against this, that which moved you to thinke the Parliament would take away Tithes, was, that you have read in one of the newes bookes, that the Knights and Gentlemen of Kent presented a petition to the Honourable House of Commons, against the payments of Tithes unto Ministers, and that they received thanks from the Speaker in the name of the House for that service, and that it is held fit to be a leading case for all other Countiees of the kingdome. *You must beware how you believe the newes bookes*, for they are many times ignorantly and inconsiderately erroneous, or fallaciously false, out of an ill affection to some, and apparent partiality to others. For the Petition it selfe, It commeth not as from the Knights and Gentlemen of that County in common (who I am credibly informed are not very well pleased with it) but from the Committee of Kent who (if they be like the Committees in many places) are not all of them men of sound, and orthodox Iudgement, neither for matter of Tithes, nor for divers other Tenets of Religion."

Then come the several clauses of the Petition itself, the chief of which, long though they be, I think we ought to read, or at least I to quote. The "humble Petitioners, etc.," say first:

"That they bewaile the sad condition of the Country, in respect of the uncertaine floting, and miserable condition of the Ministry, occasioned by the very nature, manner and adjuncts of the way of Tithes; which the experience of thus many ages doth plainly evince to be miserably attended with these ensuing mischieves.

"1. That for the nature of this subsistence it is a very mystery, and secret, not easily without much art and industry attained unto; namely for the Minister to know his dues demandable, or the parishioners their dues payable; whence ariseth that multitude of scandalous and vexatious suites and brables betwixt Ministers and people, which doth fill all the Courts at Westminster, and other the Justice-sittings in the Country likewise with causes in this kinde.

"2. For the manner of it, respecting either the collecting or payment of Tithes, it is a mutuall scourge in the hand of Ministers and people each to other, if either or both (as too often it happens) prove covetous or crosse.

"3. For its adjuncts (that is of the maintenance by Tithes) the mischiefs of them will appeare innumerable, if the pregnancy of onely one be but considered; namely, in the unreasonable proportion of livings, or values of churches to which they are belonging, whence arise these inseparable evils. 1. That most unworthy persons, who by favour or friendship, or any sinister wayes can get into the greatest livings, being once invested with a legall right of freehold for their lives, securely fleece the flocke, and feed themselves without feare or care, more than to keep themselves without the compasse of a sequestration, whilst others both painfull and conscionable both serve and starve.

"2. For obtainment of these livings, we see such sordid compliances with such persons as have the fattest benefices (as they count and call them) in their dispose; such artifices in contriving, making and colouring over Simoniacall and sinfull bargaines, compacts, and matches, such chopping of churches, and restlesse change of places, till they get into the easiest and warmest: and other such like practises not to be named, nor yet to be presented or removed, otherwise then by plucking up the very roote which naturally brancheth out it-selfe into these foresaid mischiefs, so obstructive and destructive to all reformation."

Is there not a strange similarity between the talk of these men of Kent of two centuries and a half ago, and those of Wales to-day? We have yet to learn what answer will be given to these latter; the following was that given to the former:

"Mr. Speaker by order of the House of Commons did give the Petitioners (the Committee of Kent) thanks for their former services, and took notice of their good affections to the Publique; and did acquaint them, That the great businesses of the kingdome are now instant and pressing upon them, and that they will take the Petition into consideration in due time, and that in the meantime they take care that Tithes may be paid according to Law."

All there is space and perhaps necessity to look at in the two next tracts are

one or two quaintnesses ; then we may pay a little regard to the Tithing-Table and so conclude.

"A Friend to the Church of England" dedicates his tract to the "Right Honourable Thomas Adams, Lord Major of the City of London," and in course of the usual preliminary unction he thus addresses him :

"My Lord, Fame hath reported you to be a judge of the old Portraiture, To have an Eagle's eye, by an exact and diligent search into the Cause before you ; a Ladies hand in the transaction of causes with much tendernes and compassion ; and a Lion's heart, to break the jaws of the wicked, and to pluck the prey out of their teeth."

In the same introduction occurs the following pathetic lament :

"London, whose twelve Companies, like the twelve Tribes of Israel, were wont to go up by multitudes to the House of God, not in the sound of a Trumpet and Alarm of Warre, but with the joifull voices of Peace and Praise, like those that kept holyday. London, whose Lord Major's sword was almost as formidable within that City, as the Scepter without. But is London so now ? I will say no more, but weep out the rest for that City where I was born and bred, and where I have spent most of my daies ; whose prosperity and welfare I have ever sought, and shall daily pray for, in the sense of Jerome concerning Nineveh, that what sin had thrown down from the firmenesse of rocks, grace might re-establish in the softnesse of tears."

This in the preface seems to promise great things in the succeeding pages, and truly there are several passages I would like to write out for you did not space forbid.

"Philo-Basileus Philo-Clerus" dedicates his work to "The Sacred Majesty of Charles ii." as amongst the "*numerous Train of Mercies* that attended" that "most Dread Sovereign's *Thrice happy Restauration, Reviving* the Hearts of a *drooping Clergy* might deservedly be reputed none of the meanest." He seems to have been a learned, or at least widely read man, for his pages are almost as bristling with references as Burton's "Anatomy," and although his subject leads him chiefly among old Latin histories, the works of the Fathers, and old Record-rolls, we often find him so far off from the beaten track of the ordinary Tithe-historian as Marsilius Ficinus' preface to the "Pymander" of Hermes Trismegistus.

His "Jura Cleri" merits much more attention than the little I am compelled to give it, or the prohibitive aspect of its 96 closely printed pages makes it likely to receive. I must have a proper "read" at it one of these days ; meanwhile flitting through its pages (compulsorily in the butterfly' fashion,) I notice the following interesting allusion to the times in which "Ph. Ph." lived and moved and had his being.

Some people had said, he is arguing, that because the Christians of the early Church were obliged to endure the privations of poverty, those of that later day

should equally be without "scrip, bread, money in purse," or place whereon to lay their heads. "Now," proceeds he, "if such a wild rate of reasoning be allowed, a man may as well conclude, that all the succeeding Kings of England are bound to lay aside their State and Imperial Robes, because time was, when his present Majestie, in his own kingdom, to escape the malice of his implacable enemies, contented himself with a homely cottage, bestred a Miller's Horse, and had none but Dame Joane to wait upon him. I know the Courtiers would smile at such Logick, though I must needs say, 'tis little better than our learned Sophisters use against the Clergy." Over against the words "homely cottage" is an asterisk referring us to the margin, where we find in large italics "*Nay a Loyal Oake,*" reading which we are taken as on a strong wind to boyish days again, our heads full of wild ideas of devotion, "divine-right," and non-resistance; forgotten quite the yellowed old page beside us as the years that since then have come and gone. In our reverie, we have mechanically turned over some of these same yellow pages, and find on awaking that we are opposite the last.

The following quaint note sends our fancy off in another direction :

"READER,

"The importunate Hast of the Stationer to dispatch these Papers against the Session of Parl. occasioned many things to be huddled up, which happily second thoughts might either have enlarged, or altered, and sundry errata's [*sic*] have escaped the Presse which yet a charitable Eye may wink at, or a favourable Pen easily correct."

This reminds me of another Printer's notice I intended mentioning when we were considering old Spelman. It occurs at the commencement of the folio edition of his works before referred to :

"This Book contains 179 sheets.

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For the additional sheets being 39; at 1d. per sheet	-	0	3 3
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For the Large Paper double that sum being	-	2	8 6."

"Last scene of all:" let us now give that hasty look at the Tithing-Table, which, methinks, is all it deserves; for of all these six tracts it is by far the driest. So complex and uninteresting is its style that we need hardly be told that it was written by "a Bachelor of the Civil Law," for surely no other could write so.

Doubtless there is plenty to learn from it, if we were to work at it long enough; and for those who go in for "information," perhaps the following (met

at the very end instead of the beginning of the tract) as to the different kinds of tithes may be serviceable.

They are divided, we learn, into three: first, prædial, those which arise immediately from the earth itself, as of grain, fruits and herbs; second, mixed, those proceeding from things nourished by the earth, as calves, lambs, pigs, colts, chickens, milk, cheese, eggs, etc.; and personal, those arising from the profits of personal industry, in the pursuit of a trade, profession or occupation. These three divisions, with all their innumerable subsections, right legally labelled in Latin as became "W. C. Bach. of the Civil-Law," are discussed from every point of view, as to modes of payment, etc., in the form of question and answer. One or two of the questions, as showing the complexities which were apt to arise in this matter of tithing before the days of composition, when tithes were paid in kind, are perhaps worth quoting:

"*Decima de Frugibus*, Of Harvest Fruits, Sown, Mown, Reaped, Gathered, Bound or Loose, in Heap, Stock or Sheaf.—If a stranger shall prescribe Tithes in another Parish, and there shall happen afterwards barren and waste grounds to be tilled, whether the stranger that prescribeth, or the Church where the grounds do lye, shall reap the Tithes?—If one shall have right of Tithe in a Wood, and that wood become afterwards Arable ground, whether his Right continueth in the Corn?

"*Decima de Sylvis Caeduis*, Of Woods fel'd, and preserved to grow again, etc., etc.—When Woods be felled and sold, who shall answer the Tithe? the buyer or the seller?

"*Decima de Lana*, Of Wooll.—Whether the Sheep of Sons or Daughters be Tithable (or not) with their Fathers Flocks wherein they do go?

"*Decima de Lacte*, of milk; *de Caseo*, of cheese.

"If Cattel feed in one Parish and couch in another, how the profits be tithed? Where Cheese is tithable, and the number of Cattel so small that none can be made; how the tithe shall be answered for their small proportion?" and so on.

Such were some of the questions that troubled the minds of the seventeenth century tithe-payer. I hardly think it is necessary for us in these days to read their answers. Other problems seem more pressing for solution. At present, when many are disbelieving that "all men sinned in Adam," the clergy must not be surprised to find some also who doubt whether all men *tithed* in Abraham; and the question with them does not so much seem to be whether or not tithes should be refused because of their Levitical institution, but rather it is this, "*Why should we be compelled to pay tithes to a Church which our consciences force us to dissent from?*"—a sensible question enough it would seem to a plain person like the writer, who, however, is merely a quiet book-lover and nothing of a politician—for which, he would like to be permitted to say, "the Lord be thankit."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

BEWICK'S "BIRDS."



FTER reading eulogies on the famous Bewick's *Quadrupeds*, the mind naturally turns to the equally famous twin-work on *British Land and Water Birds*, which served to cement in the public esteem the wonderful genius of the brothers Thos. and John Bewick in the line of art which they had revived and made so peculiarly their own. Though many important improvements have doubtless been effected in the art of wood-engraving since their time, still there cannot be any doubt that, for the lover of natural history, as well as for the bibliophile, Bewick's works will always retain their special fascination.

It is somewhat improbable that the public speedily realized the presence of a genius not less skilful than the great painter-engraver, William Hogarth, until a considerable period had elapsed; for although Bewick's productions were numerous, yet they were originally confined to local publications, which would, for the most part, only circulate in the immediate district in which they were published—namely, Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was not, indeed, until Bewick came to try his hand on those inimitable works on natural history, which have given him an undying fame, that his ability came to be universally recognised.

The first volume of the first edition of the *Birds* appeared in the year 1797, just seven years after the publication of the *Quadrupeds*, and under the following title: "*History of British Birds*. The figures engraved on wood by T. Bewick. Vol. I. containing the History and Description of Land Birds. Newcastle: printed by Sol. Hodgson, for Beilby and Bewick: sold by them, and C. G. and J. Robinson, London. [Price 10s. 6d. in Boards.] 1797." Of this edition 1,000 copies were printed on demy 8vo. at 10s. 6d.; 850 on thin royal at 13s.; the same number on thick at 15s.; and 24 copies were struck off on imperial 8vo. at £1 1s. A perfect copy on imperial would probably realize twenty times the published price; and so eager is the search for original editions of works illustrated by Bewick, that it cannot be said that such a demand would be looked upon as excessive or exorbitant.

The second volume of the first edition did not make its appearance until seven years later, and the only reason that can be assigned for this somewhat lengthy hiatus is that the partnership between Beilby, Bewick, and Hodgson was dissolved by Beilby's death, probably leading to complications more or less intricate. When these were settled, the further question as to whom the publication was to be transferred to for printing would necessarily arise, and this seems to have been a more difficult one than could have been imagined. It was eventually decided, however, to entrust the printing to Edward Walker, of Newcastle (who had already printed several other works in conjunction with Bewick);

and in 1804 the second volume appeared, bearing his name on the title-page, thus: "*The History and Description of Water Birds*. Newcastle: printed by Edward Walker, for T. Bewick. Sold by him and Longman and Rees, London. (Price 15s. in boards.) 1804." The unbounded popularity of the work, taken as a whole, is proved by the fact that the second edition was published in 1805, only a year after the first had been completed. This second edition did not differ from the first, so far as regards the number published, except that none were this time printed on demy.

The third edition came out in 1809, and was printed on demy, only on very fine paper. For this reason the cuts are generally considered superior to those embellishing prior editions.

The fourth edition appeared in 1816, and the fifth in 1821. This latter contains a supplement which was incorporated in the book itself when the sixth edition appeared; the last edition, be it said, superintended by Bewick himself, and for this reason especially interesting.

A seventh edition appeared in 1832, and the eighth and last in 1847. This brief account of the various editions through which perhaps the greatest of Bewick's works has passed is extracted in part from that *vade mecum* of every admirer of Bewick, the Rev. Thos. Hugo's *Bewick Collector*, an invaluable book, which is itself becoming exceedingly scarce and valuable.

It is somewhat difficult to estimate the pecuniary worth of an early edition of the *British Birds*; but as a general proposition the value of a large paper copy of the first edition may be safely put down as nearly twenty times that of the published price. It is, moreover, certain that an original copy of any work illustrated by the great reviver of wood-engraving is a safe investment, since the prices have been rising rapidly of late years, and show every tendency to increase, notwithstanding the high figure which they have now reached. Fashion of course rules almost everything, and the Bibliophile is no more without the sphere of her influence than his less sober acquaintances; but if the signs of the times have been correctly gauged, it may safely be asserted that fashion will not change in this respect for many a long day to come. Thos. Bewick, the once working printer, has made for himself a name that will be remembered as long as any love of natural history or art exists in this country.

H. SAXE-WYNDHAM.



CHILDREN'S BOOKS.



MID all that has been lately said of books, it seems that those for children have not been much discussed, though some of them afford much delightful entertainment to old as well as young. In the famous lists of a hundred choice books, there are certainly a few volumes which belong as much to children as to their elders—such as the *Arabian Nights*, the *Pilgrim's Progress* (which Dr. Johnson thought peculiarly adapted to the infant mind), and *Robinson Crusoe*. But these were not written especially for them, only coming within their reach—as one might say—by good luck. Indeed, in the days when they had no books of their own, the little people had to take what they could get, or go without.

"I would put a child into a library (where no unfit books are)," said Dr. Johnson, over a hundred years ago, "and let him read at his choice." And the mighty book-worm would not have given much for the youngster who showed no inclination to avail himself of the freedom of a library. But what would he have said to the books with which children are now regaled, and on discovering that the greatest geniuses of our day would be proud to have contributed to them!

Mrs. Barbauld, whose writings for children were destined to become so popular for a season, was at that time a young woman, and had just begun her literary career—to which the rough old scholar alluded in disparaging terms.

"She tells the children," said he, "'This is a cat, and that is a dog, with four legs and a tail; see there! You are much better than a cat or a dog, for you can speak;'" which (though Mrs. Barbauld's talents were not to be despised) was no bad parody of the way in which young folk were used to be addressed by some of the earlier purveyors to their literary entertainment, who apparently found the occupation of prosing at their youthful audience, from the unassailable vantage-ground of their own age and experience, a most congenial one.

Those "barefaced tales"—as Washington Irving calls them—"which carry their moral on the surface, staring one in the face," have now almost died out. Yet had they a quaint, old-fashioned charm of their own; and the children even of comparatively modern times had so few books, that those they had were all the dearer to them. They were, too, the heralds of a brighter day for children.

It was long before the need of any books for children had been recognised at all, and little did the young folks of bygone ages guess of what they had to do without—though there was probably never a time when they could claim no share in the world's literary treasures. Nay, in the world's infancy, when there was yet no literature, and the works of man's imagination—more on a level then with that of childhood—were kept alive by oral tradition; when the bards of Greece,

the Oriental and Scandinavian singers and story-tellers, recited their tales and sagas, the children, we may be sure, were among their most eager listeners. Before any of the *Arabian Nights* had been written down, when—camped at night in the desert beneath the purple sky all luminous with stars, the cluster of tents appearing like a black speck in the distance—the Bedouin Arabs sat encircling the story-teller of the tribe, we can imagine how the bright, dark eyes of the young ones present would be riveted on the speaker's face while he unfolded his tales of wonder and enchantment. How they would beat their little breasts, in imitation of their elders, at the recital of some grief; or give utterance with them to those strange, prolonged cries of delight which sound—as we have heard it described—like the voice of a wild bird.

And when centuries had gone by, and books, printed and illustrated, had begun to be circulated, what objects of interest and curiosity must they have been to the children! How they must have sympathized in the pride of their elders at each new accession to the library, handling it—if permitted to handle it—with reverent touch, listening to some passage from it much as they might listen to the vibrations in a sea-shell, hinting to them of the mysteries of a mighty, unexplored world. How often must their imagination have fastened on some scene or incident supposed by their elders to be quite beyond them! Shakespeare, long before his stories had been re-told for children by Charles Lamb and his sister, must have seemed to them a treasury of wonder and delight. More fascinating than any fairy-tale must have been whatever indications they could gather of the stories of King Lear and his daughters; of Miranda on her island; of the finding of the outcast babe, Perdita, on the sea-shore by the kindly old shepherd.

But still the day of children's books delayed its coming. Now and then, and here and there, at long, long intervals within the last few centuries, some gentle soul—such as Fénelon with his well-meant *Telemachus*—would be seized with a desire to minister to the edification and amusement of the young. Old stories, like that of *Puss in Boots*, of *Dick Whittington*, and of the *Babes in the Wood*, and time-honoured nursery rhymes and jingles, would appear and reappear. Then there came out volumes of fairy tales collected from various sources; and stories, domestic and otherwise, intended to take the place of novels with the little folks—until at last the full day of childhood's literature broke—Grimm's *Goblins* and Andersen's *Fairy-Tales* became the property and heritage of the young, and their day of depression and neglect was past for ever.

Next to these, perhaps, no book has ever so taken the child-world by storm as *Alice in Wonderland*—except, it may be, its successor, *Alice through the Looking-glass*. They seemed to spring up straight out of wonderland itself, and to beckon us thither in the wake of Alice. Her little figure with its erect bearing, its flowing hair, and wide bright eyes, appears so strangely familiar to us that we scarcely know whether it is because she has been dreaming of us, or because we have been dreaming of her, that we have met thus happily together in wonderland,

A book of a very different kind is *Water Babies*, pervaded as it is by the lofty purpose which characterizes all its writer's works, though yet as full of wonders as a fairy-tale, and fresh with the charm its very name suggests. But the gems of that work are the exquisite little poems scattered throughout it, showing that the lover of the brave "North-easter" could sing of the soft South-west as well, in a voice as dulcet as that of the wind itself when, laden with the breath of citron-blossoms, it comes sighing over the summer seas. And wonderful is it to think that the author of *A Saint's Tragedy*, and of the horrible story of *Hypatia*, could have written that plaintive little childish song, whose numbers almost seem to lisp with the echo of innocent baby-voices :

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

There is, indeed, no lack of books setting forth science in an attractive light to young people, some of them revealing its more amusing, playful side—shadowing forth the immutable laws of the Universe under the disguise of fanciful allegory—and others its graver aspect. The secrets of Nature are truly, as Charles Kingsley says, more wonderful by far than any fairy-tale. But some children shrink appalled from the revealings of science, and would rather be left to their own wild wanderings and fancies. Their brains literally reel beneath a thought of the Infinite, and we have known a sensitive child break into a passion of terrified weeping on being told that the world goes ever round and round, and we with it. The musical old rhyme—

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are—

was once a fit expression of childhood's vague imaginings on gazing up into the heavens. In a late grotesque parody of these lines, the supposed little speaker disdains to wonder at the star, defining instead the exact position and substance of it in the latest and most recondite terms of science. Little fishes nowadays are, indeed, expected to talk like whales, as Goldsmith said Dr. Johnson would make them talk, were he to write about them in a fable.

The study of animals and their ways is usually more attractive to children than that of inanimate nature. When Goldsmith was engaged in his work on natural history, Dr. Johnson said he would make it as interesting as a Persian tale ; and we have now many books on the subject as interesting as, and more trustworthy than, dear old Goldsmith's. But, whether belonging to the realms of truth or fable, a story about animals is sure to be received with favour by a youthful audience.

In *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, that most innocent of all Lord Lytton's works, and the one which, as he himself was pleased to think, has always found especial favour with the young, there is an amusing story, "The Wooing of Master Fox," in which the author attempts (what Goldsmith once observed was usually wanting in a fable about animals) the delineation of their individual characters.

"It was," says Cowper, "one of the whimsical speculations of Rousseau, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception."

"But e'en the child, who knows no better,
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull."

Thus, in the free and easy spirit which sat so well upon him, sings Olney's poet, a far more naturally honest man himself than Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose views, moreover, with regard to books for the young must have been rather circumscribed, considering that the library of his *Emilius* was to consist of *Robinson Crusoe*.

It is pleasant to remember that the good, large-hearted Norman McLeod, who on occasion wrote as seriously for children as for their elders, by no means disapproved of fairy-tales, but rather encouraged their relation to the little ones. His own *Cocky Lockie's Adventures in Sea-Cod Land* is an entertaining story of that order, though it resolves itself—like so many other of the more recent stories of fairydom, whose writers do not possess the courage of their fancies—into a dream.

In some of Mrs. Ewing's books for children there is a delightful blending of fact and fancy. The real and the ideal seem to meet in them as they do in a child's imagination; and what do little people enjoy more than to feel themselves under the spell of a master-magician in the art of story-telling, whom they yet recognise as being of a kindred spirit with their own. They like to be taken into confidence by their elders, and can admire and sympathize even where they do not understand. And in what pleasant contrast is the frank, respectful style to which they are now accustomed, to the tone of almost painful seriousness adopted towards them by some of the earlier writers, who seemed to be continually restrained by the fear of encouraging a disposition to levity in their youthful readers. Even in Miss Edgeworth's delightful, genial tales, there occasionally breaks out that habit of repression or ridicule of children's fancies which was characteristic of the age she wrote in.

There are few great writers of the present day who have not contributed, in some form or other, to the literature of childhood. And yet it would be difficult, even now, to draw up a list of a hundred first-class children's books—unless, indeed, the number were swelled by those which they share in common with their elders—and we pity the children, with all they may possess instead, who have not access to the great works of genius; who have never "tumbled about," as Holmes expresses it, in a library, with freedom to pick out their own dainties in their own way from the great feast of books.

We would include *Sintram and his Companions* amongst the children's hundred, and also *Undine*, which gave Coleridge—what all Scott's novels had failed to afford him—a new idea. Houff's *Tales*, combining as they do such a delightful

flavour of the *Arabian Nights* with the more homely one of Scandinavian folk-lore, would also come within the number; as would also some of Schiller's plays. But if we get on German ground there will be no stopping, for the writers of the *Vaterland*—from Goethe downwards, with his songs of magical charm, like strains of sweet, strange music to the heart of childhood—have a power like that of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" to draw the children after them.

Children open their hearts to poetry as naturally as do daisies to the sun. For most great poets—not including Milton—have something of the child in their own nature, which engenders a peculiar sympathy between them and the little ones. Longfellow, indeed, with his sweet, soothing imagery, his beautiful tales, and, above all, his loving heart, might almost be considered as the children's laureate. But a few others have opened up a new mine of poetry, revealing such a subtle intelligence of the unthought-out thoughts, the fleeting, undefined impressions, the *mysterious recollections* of childhood—such a marvellous comprehension of all its varying and complete moods—that it almost seems as if one of the children themselves had been given the power of speech to tell us of the things which haunt his imagination. But, as poor Shelley said, "Babies are so close," they will let us into none of their secrets. Their fancies shrink from the most friendly investigation as much almost as they do from ridicule, so we must only wonder how such writers could have got their gift of insight.

It is strange now to think of the time when children had no books of their own—no magazines coming out in their periodical freshness. But those were the days for story-telling! How much was made of every little scrap of story then! how many times would it have to be repeated! how far would it be made to go! How an old-fashioned fairy-tale told round the Christmas fire by some "Gammer Grethel" of those days would set the children's fancies wandering off into the enchanted haunts of wonderland!

The elders of our day are not so often assailed by the old familiar entreaty, "Tell us a story!" The little bodies can read stories for themselves, or make them up out of the illustrations in the beautifully got-up books and magazines which accumulate so rapidly in the nursery that the danger now is lest children should suffer from a surfeit of good things in the way of reading. For, after all, it is better for them, as well as for their elders, to feed delightfully and with profit on a few choice works, than to devour volume after volume, good and bad, and, like Pharaoh's lean kine, to remain as meagre after the repast as ever.

Let us close with the suggestion that the child who has learned to discriminate between the base metal and the true in literature, will be able in after life to choose his books from among those "substantial" ones, "both pure and good," round which, as Wordsworth says:

With tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

PAULINE W ROOSE.

"THE ANT AND THE NIGHTINGALE."



VERY curious, as well as rare, black-letter book is thus entitled, "*The Ant and the Nightingale, or Father Hubbard's Tales*. Printed by T. C., for Thos. Bushell, etc. Are to be solde by Jeffrey Charlton, at his Shop, at the North Doore of Paules. 1604." The volume, which consists of a series of tales intermixed or blended with poetry, is in small 4to., and purports to lay bare the plaintive wailings of an ant, which has had the misfortune to get within striking distance of a nightingale's beak.

Despotic sultans were surely never so enamoured of stories, good, bad, and indifferent, as was this nightingale of the West; for, according to the author, he sat still through a melancholy tale of what happened to the ant when he was a ploughman, and secondly a tale of what happened when he (the ant) was a soldier.

Point or wit seems to be entirely absent from both narratives; but notwithstanding this, the nightingale, or more properly the author, takes a strange delight in gloating, not on the moon, as is most proper, but on mournful diatribes that weary the reader.

As a specimen of the author's style, we quote the following introduction:

"Shall I tell you what, reader? but first I should call you gentle, courteous, and wise, but tis no matter, theyre but foolish words of course, and better left out than Printed, for if you be so, you need not be called so, and if you be not so, then were lawe against me for calling you out of your names; by John of Powles Church Yard I sweare, and that oath will be taken at any haberdashers, I never wisht this booke better fortune than to fall into the hands of a true Spelling Printer, and an honest Stitching Bookseller; and if honestie could be sold by the bushell, like oysters, I had rather have one bushell of honestie than three of monie.

"Why I call these Father Hubbard's Tales is not to have them called in againe, as the tales of Mother Hubbard; the worlde would shewe little judgment in that yfaith, and I should say shew *plena stultorum omnia*; for I entreat here neither of rugged beares nor apes; no, nor the lamentable downefal of old wives platters, I deale with no such metall. What is mirth in me is harmless as the Quarter Jacks in Powles* that are up with their elbowes foure times an houre, and yet misuse no creature living. The verie bitterest in me, is but a physial frost, that nips the wicked blood a little and so makes the whole bodie the more wholesomer, and none can justly except at me, but some riotous Vaunting Kit,†

* By "Quarter Jacks in Powles" is probably meant figures which struck the quarter hours outside St. Paul's, as they now do at Sir John Bennett's in Cheapside.

† An obvious allusion to Christopher Marlowe, by his friends called "Kit" Marlowe.

or some gentleman swallowing *Mal Kin** then to condemn these tales following, because Father Hubbard tell them in the small syze of an Ant, is even as much as if these two wordes God and Divil were printed both in one line; to skip it over, and say that line were naught because the Divil were in it; *Sat Sapienti*, and I hope there be many wise men in all this twelve companies."†

Having thoroughly digested this introduction, if it be possible, the reader would perhaps be in a position to understand the exordium, which, however, we refrain from giving, as it would take up space without any useful purpose being served.

We may, however, quote the concluding lines of the volume :

" By this the day began to spring,
 " And seize upon her watchful eies,
 " When more tree queristers did sing,
 " And every bird did wake and rise ;
 " Which was no sooner seene and heard,
 " But all their pretty chat was marred,
 " And then she saide
 " We are betraide.

" The day is up, and all the birds,
 " And they abroad will blab our words ;
 " With that she bade the Ants farewell,
 " And all they likewise, Philomel.
 " Away they flew
 " Crying Tereu
 " And all the industrious Ants, in throngs,
 " Fell to their worke, and held their toongs."

As we have said before, this book is a rare one; it is ascribed to "Father Hubbard," whoever that may have been, and a good copy is probably worth from £10 to £15.

* "Maikin."—The diminutive of Mary.

"The kitchen Malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck."—*Coriolanus*.

† The Twelve Companies here mean the Chartered City Companies, which were originally only twelve in number.



LETTER-FOUNDERS FROM CAXTON TO DAY.*



ON page 73 of the fourth volume of *Book-Lore* will be found a short reference to the six different kinds of type used by the most famous of the English typographers. As was there pointed out, the distinction between them is chiefly one of measurement, although the character of the type itself varies from Old English to Gothic, as was also the case with many of the contemporary printers. The character of the type is therefore not always a sure test, and it is for this reason that resort must be had to the space occupied by a given number of lines. Each printer would necessarily space his pages according to the exigencies of the work or his own idea of convenience, this being one of the advantages attached to the discovery of movable types.

The history of the invention of printing, though glanced at by Mr. Reed in an introductory chapter, does not come within the bounds of our present subject. The general opinion of late writers is, that the art was first *perfected* at Mentz by the famous trio, Fust, Gutenberg, and Schœffer, but that nevertheless the *earliest use* of movable types must be recognised in the rude specimens attributed to Laurence Coster, of Haarlem, who died in 1440. In 1451, it is pretty conclusive that metal type was used, and that the method of manufacture was precisely the same as it is now, viz., by casting, since the subject is mentioned very plainly in the MS. diary of Jean le Robert, Abbé de S. Aubert de Cambrai, still preserved in the Municipal archives at Lille. The entry to which reference is made is translated as follows: "Item. Sent to Arras a Doctrinal for the instruction of dom. Gerard, which was purchased at Valenciennes, and was printed (*jettez en molle*), and cost xxij gros. The same Doctrinal he returned to me on Christmas-day, 1451, saying that 'it was worthless and full of errors;' he had bought one on paper for xx patards."

We must turn, however, from the uncertainties of typographical development to the later times when the art had arrived at something like a more defined position, very ably and exhaustively treated by Mr. Reed in his third chapter, entitled "The Printer Letter-Founders from Caxton to Day."

In taking what must necessarily be a very brief survey of that early period of English typography, when printers are assumed to have been their own letter-founders, we shall not attempt to describe their productions—that may well be left to a more suitable occasion—but shall do no more than gather together, under Mr. Reed's superintendence, any facts which may throw light on the first days of English letter-founding.

* *A History of the Old English Letter Foundries*, with Notes Historical and Bibliographical on the Rise and Progress of English Typography. By Talbot Baines Reed. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. 4to., 1887.

Respecting many of the early printers, our information, especially with regard to their mechanical operations, is extremely meagre; and when it is admitted "that the bibliographer should make such an accurate and methodical study of the *types* used and *habits of printing* observable at different presses, as to enable him to observe and be guided by those characteristics in settling the date of a book which bears no date," it becomes obvious that the difficulties of the position are as wide as the importance of the subject is great.

As already stated in the article to which reference has been made, Caxton used six different kinds of type, all of which are cut either in Gothic or Old English character. This great printer made his first essay in the line which has perpetuated his name, in the office of Colard Mansion, at Bruges, in or about the year 1474; and in 1477, if not earlier, he settled himself as a printer at Westminster, where he remained an industrious and prolific worker until his death in 1491.

In Germany, Italy, France, and the Low Countries generally, letter-founding is supposed to have preceded printing; in our country it followed it, for Caxton had already run through one fount of type before he reached this country, and it appears to be quite certain that his Type No. 2, with which he established his press at Westminster, was brought over by him from Bruges, where it had been cast for him, and already made use of by his master, Colard Mansion. The English original of Type No. 3 is also open to question; but of numbers 4, 5, and 6 there is no doubt. We shall now briefly follow Mr. Blades's chronological summary of Caxton's six types, with a view of pointing out such particulars respecting them as may have special bearing upon the object of this article.

Type No. 1.—Never used in England, but appears in the works of the Bruges press between 1472-7. This type, probably modelled on the handwriting of Colard Mansion, was copied by Caxton in his *Recuyell* (the first book printed in English) and also in the *Chess Book*. The body of the type corresponds to the present great primer. Measurement, 22 lines = $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Type No. 2.—This was the fount employed in 1477 for the *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers* (the first undated book printed in England), and prior to its being brought over here by Caxton had, in all probability, been used at Bruges by Mansion to print *Les Quatre Derrenieres Choses*. Twenty works are known to have been printed in this type, which is on a body equal to two-line long primer or "paragon." Some of the types appear to have been trimmed up with a graver from time to time, as they became worn, and with this renovated fount was printed the second edition of the *Game and Play of the Chesse*. Measurement of this type, 20 lines = $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

Type No. 3.—This handsome fount was used from about 1479 to 1483, chiefly for head-lines; though one or two small church books, as well as Caxton's *Advertisement*, were printed entirely from it. The following is a facsimile of this *Advertisement*:

It it plesē ony man spiriuel or temporel to hve ony
 pyes of two and thre comemoraciōs of salisburi use
 enpryntid after the forme of this preset lettre whiche
 ben wel and truly correct, late hym come to westmo;
 nester in to the almonesrpe at the reed pale and he shal
 haue them good chepe . . .

Supplico stet regula

Measurement, 20 lines = $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

Type No. 4.—This letter was in use by Caxton from 1480 to 1484, and was probably both cut and cast in this country. With this type were printed the *Confessio Amantis* and the *Knight of the Tower*, as well as the *Golden Legend*, from which this facsimile is taken :

he was knowen for Iesu Crist / And
 as to the thirde Vocally / for as moche
 as by the boys he was callyd Ihus /
 But as to the reson of the name / he
 was not knowen / For Ihesus is asmo
 che to sape as sayour / And this vn
 derstoode not they / After the resurrec
 tion / this name treble was clarefyed
 and declared / The fyrst to the certayn
 te / The second to the publicacion / The
 thirde to the reson of the name / The first
 name is sone of god / And that / thys
 names ben appropred to hym / seynt hil
 larye in his booke that he made of the
 trynityt saith thus / Vere filium dei vni
 genitū / In diuerse maners / this name
 sone of god is knowen / as it is wit
 nessid of god / God the fader witnes
 sith it / that he is his sone / The apostles
 prech it /

Measurement, 20 lines = $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 inches.

Type No. 5.—Eleven books were printed in this type between 1487-91, the majority of which are Latin works of devotion. The body is rather larger than two-line brevier, and the initials are Lombardic capitals. Measurement, 20 lines = $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Type No. 6.—This, the last type, is made up chiefly from trimmed letters of Type No. 2, supplemented by a few new letters, and some from other founts. It was used by Caxton between 1489 and the time of his death, and during that period eighteen works, including the *Treatise of Love*, were printed by it. In size it is nearly as large as great primer, and 22 lines measure $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

On the death of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde succeeded to most, if not all, of his master's matrices, and, in addition, cut a large number of new letters for himself, in a clear and regular manner; indeed, his black-letter was so excellent that it either became a model for all future letter-cutters, and came to be imitated, not only in England, but apparently abroad; or else De Worde cast types for other printers, as, for example, for H. Goes, of York, who certainly used De Worde's types during his lifetime.

The first is the two lin'd *Great Primmer* black,

by me Winkyn de Worde

The next is the *Great Primmer* black,

This Work was finished by me, Winkyn de Worde.

De Worde introduced a larger variety in body than Caxton, and in some of his works, as in the *Whitintoni Lucubrations*, in 1527, he used a very small black-letter, apparently because he had no roman or italic small enough, Although characterized as a better printer than scholar, De Worde was the first to introduce letters of some of the learned languages into his books. He used Greek in 1519, in his *Whitintonus de Concinitate Grammatices*; and later, in 1524, in *Wakefield's Oratorio*, he employed italics as well as Arabic and Hebrew characters. De Worde, moreover, used the first music types known in typography in his edition of the *Polychronicon*, dated 1495, and died in 1534, after printing upwards of 400 books.

His contemporary, Pynson, who also acknowledged Caxton as his "Worshipful Master," appears to have been in regular correspondence with the typographers of Rouen and Basle, and it is probable that he may have imported some of his founts, including the roman, which he had the honour of first introducing into England in 1518, from abroad. His first types, which appeared in the *Dives and Pauper*, printed by him in 1493, were extremely rude; but in this particular he seems to have made rapid progress, and some of his later works are distinguished as fine specimens of typography. The following is a facsimile

of the colophon of the first work printed in this country in roman type. This book, known as the *Oratio in Pace Nuperrima*, is by Richard Pace, "one of the lights of learning in his time."

IMPRESSA Londini. Anno Verbi in
carnati. M. D. xviii. Nonis Decembris per
Richardum Pynson regium impressorem cū
priuilegio a rege indulto/ne quis hanc oratio-
nem intra biennium in regno Angliæ impri-
mat: aut alibi impressam/et importatam in
eodem regno Angliæ vendat.

William Faques was another contemporary of De Worde's, having printed in London between the years 1504-11. He learned the art in Rouen, and probably came over to this country furnished with types, if not with matrices, from France.

With Faques and Pynson early English typography seems to have reached for a time its high-water mark. A slow deterioration set in, probably owing to the withdrawal of the foreign trade in type. Beyond Copland the elder, at one time a servant to De Worde, Wyer and Redman, Will Rastel, and Berthelet, no one seems even worthy of mention until the time of John Day. We, however, give a specimen of a curious semi-gothic fount used by Berthelet, in 1531, for printing Sir Thomas Elyot's *Boke Named the Governour*, premising that though good when compared with other workmanship of the time, it can hardly be placed in the same category with the earlier productions of Caxton, Pynson, and De Worde:

The thirde booke fol. 23.
with holy scripture that god is the souer-
ayne of Sapience / lyke as he is the soue-
raygne begynnyng of all generation.
Also it was wonderfully well expressed of
whom Sapience was engendred by a poete
named Affraius / whose verses were sette
ouer the porche of the Temple / where the
Senate of Rome mooste commonly assem-
bled. whiche verses were in this maner.
Ihus me genuit / mater peperit memora
Sophiam me Graui docuit / nos Sapientiam.
whiche in englysshe maye be in this wyse
translated.
Mozze spghit my mother / my father experience
Greece calle me Sophi / but ye name me Sapience.

John Day, who occupies such an important place in the history of early English letter-founding, was born in 1522, and on the accession of Queen Elizabeth became a most important printer. He was chosen Warden of the Stationers' Company in 1564, and three subsequent years, and Master in 1580. One of the earliest of his most famous founts was that used for *A Testimonie of Antiquitie*, a work edited by Archbishop Parker, and printed partly in Saxon characters. These characters are very clear and bold, as will be seen by the facsimile from the Archbishop's edition of the *Ælfredi Res Gestæ*, 1574:

De Genealogia Matris eius.

MAter quoque eiuſdem Orburgh nominabatur; religioſa nimium pœmina; nobiliſ ingenio; nobiliſ ꝛ geneſe; quæ erat filia Orlac famoſi pinceſſæ ſþelpulſi negiſ; qui Orlac Gohur erat natione. Ortur enim erat de Godiſ ꝛ Iutiſ; de ſemine ſcilicet Stur ꝛ Vultſur; duorū fratrū ꝛ etiā comitū; qui accepta potestate Vuctæ inſulæ ab auūculo ſuo Cerdic negi; ꝛ Cynric filio ſuo cōrobrino eorū; paucor Britoner eiuſdem inſulæ accolar; quor in ea inueniſe

The text of the *Ælfredi*, though in Saxon characters, is in the Latin language, and the book is perhaps one of the rarest and most important volumes which issued from Day's press.

Day was among the first English printers who cut the roman and italic to range as one and the same fount. Hitherto the two letters had been but seldom intermixed, and when they were, they frequently exhibited a disparity in size and an irregularity in line which was disfiguring. An illustration of this may be seen in Vautrollier's Latin Testaments, where both roman and italic are exquisitely cut founts, but not being of uniform gauge, mix badly in the same line.

Day, on the contrary, cut uniform founts, which assimilated well. The following examples, taken in facsimile from the *Ælfredi Res Gestæ*, of 1574, will illustrate the advance made by Day in this particular:



Elfredus Rex optat salutem Wulf-
figeo episcopo dignissimo beneuolè
et amāter. Et te scire volo quod mihi
sæpenumero in mentem venit, qua-
les sapiētes diu abhinc extiterunt in
Anglica gente, tam de spiritali gra-
du, quàm de temporalī, quāq; foelicia tūm tempora fu-

eius Insulæ negotijs implicabuntur. Iam vero cum Dayus Typographus primus (& omnium certè quod sciam solus) has formas æri inciderit: faciliè quæ Saxonice literis perscripta sunt, iisdem typis diuulgabuntur. Quorum sanè lectio & veteris tibi linguæ, ac quondam domesticæ memoriam renouabit, & haud paruam suppeditabit abstrusæ cognitionis suppellectilem. Facile autem erit vo-

In Strype's *Life of Parker* (London, folio, 1711, p. 541) is preserved an interesting account of Day's business, in which it is related that he had more than £3,000 worth of books on his hands in 1572, owing to the envious interference of the rest of his fraternity, who hindered, when they could, the sale of his books. His friends took for him the lease of a little shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, but his brethren, the booksellers, envied him, and by their interest got the mayor and aldermen to forbid him setting it up. Thus was Day hounded about from pillar to post, until Archbishop Parker took up his cause, when, as he doubtless fairly expected, the persecution was made to cease.

Day died in 1584, aged sixty-two, and was buried at Bradley Parva. He published about 250 works. "He seems, indeed," says Dibdin, "(if we except Grafton), the Plantin of Old English typographers; while his character and reputation scarcely suffer diminution from a comparison with those of his illustrious contemporary just mentioned."

J. HERBERT SLATER.

MR. ANDREW LANG, in the *Independent*, thus advises young book-hunters: "I would try, were I you, to collect first editions of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Poe, and Hawthorne. As to Poe, you probably will never have a chance. Outside of the British Museum, where they have the *Tamerlane* of 1827, I have only seen one early example of Poe's poems. It is '*Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*, by Edgar A. Poe. Baltimore: Hatch and Dunning. 1829. 8vo., pp. 71.' The book 'came to Mr. Locker (Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson) through Mr. R. H. Stoddard, the American poet.' So says Mr. Locker-Lampson's catalogue. He also has the New York editions of 1831. These books are extraordinarily rare; you are more likely to find them in some collection of twopenny rubbish than to buy them in the regular market. Bryant's *Poems* (Cambridge, 1821) must also be very rare; and Emerson's of 1847, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's of 1836, and Longfellow's *Voices of the Night*, 1839, and Mr. Lowell's *A Year's Life*—none of these can be common, and all are desirable, as are Mr. Whittier's *Legends of New England* (1831) and *Poems* (1838). Perhaps you may never be lucky enough to come across them cheap; no doubt they are greatly sought for by amateurs. Indeed, all American books of a certain age or of a special interest are exorbitantly dear. Men like Mr. James Lenox used to keep the market up. One cannot get the Jesuit *Relations*—shabby little missionary reports from Canada, in dirty vellum."



THE PRESENT VALUE OF DICKENS'S WORKS.



IS well known, the value of first editions of the works of popular authors has been rising in the market for a considerable length of time, and bids fair to increase as time goes on. The reason of this is not far to seek, for fashion, that stern arbiter whose decrees are slavishly enforced by the very slaves themselves, has declared in favour not so much of the author as of the artists who illustrated his works; and hence it is that in the minds of many, Dickens is quite a secondary personage when compared with "Phiz;" and Surtees derives his reputation mainly from the labours of Leech.

During the past two or three months, quite a large number of first editions of Dickens's various works have been disposed of by public auction. The following selection will give a general idea of the current values:

- Oliver Twist*, 3 vols., 8vo., 1838—£1 18s.; £3; £2; £8.
- Sketches by Boz*, 8vo., 1836—£2 10s.; £2; £1 6s.
- Christmas Books* (5)—£6 10s.; £6; £3; £10.
- Bleak House*, 8vo., 1853—£1 1s.; £1 6s.
- Pickwick*, 8vo., 1837—£1 18s.; £3 8s.; £4 15s.
- Edwin Drood*, 8vo., 1870—£2; £1 17s. 6d.
- Dombey and Son*, 8vo., 1848—£1 12s.; £2 8s.
- Little Dorrit*, 8vo., 1857—£1; £1 7s.; £1 4s.
- Martin Chuzzlewit*, 8vo., 1844—£2 16s.; £3 5s.
- Nicholas Nickleby*, 8vo., 1839—£1 10s.; £2 10s.
- Sketches, Young Ladies*, 1837
- " *Young Gentlemen*, 1838 } £5 15s.; £4 10s.; £5.
- " *Young Couples*, 1840 }
- Master Humphrey's Clock*, 3 vols., 8vo., 1840-1—£1 3s.; £1 1s.
- David Copperfield*, 2 vols., 8vo., 1850—£1 1s.; £2 7s. 6d.
- Sunday under Three Heads*, 8vo., 1836—£2 16s.; £4; £4 10s.

This last book or rather pamphlet, *Sunday under Three Heads*, is frequently found quoted in booksellers' catalogues at prices varying from £7 to £10, whereas, as a matter of fact, even a first-rate copy is not worth £5. A set of the *Christmas Books*, if in the best possible condition—i.e., in the original binding, clean and uncut—will sell apparently for £10 to the booksellers; what a customer would have to pay twenty-four hours after, is, of course, a very different matter. While the rage for illustrated works of this class continues, the amateur cannot do wrong in purchasing every example he comes across; but as the actual value depends to a great extent upon condition, it is obvious that each book should be collated and examined with the greatest care before it is bought. It is better to have nothing to do with any "cut-down" copy, as it is useless for "making-up" purposes; imperfect though uncut copies are, on the contrary, always worth something, as leaves and plates can be taken out and used for perfecting some mutilated specimen in need of them.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHELLEY.



IF any abstraction can enflesh itself, can take root and germinate into a human being, one might call Shelley the poetic efflorescence, the brilliant incarnation, of the French Revolution. Born in 1792, he grew up like a flower on the volcano's edge—straight, beautiful, of singular intellectual uprightness, of strange and fantastic habits—a wonder-blossom among thorns; yet, in the eyes of the family, a horror and disgrace to the pedigree. It was indeed a cruel freak of mad Queen Mab to thrust such a bantling—such a spirit of air and fire—surreptitiously into the Shelley nest, and give him out as the “son” of Timothy Shelley. Who could mistake such a Leda-egg for one of the gallinaceous spheres of the family brood—who, indeed, but poor, wrong-headed, well-meaning, blundering Sir Timothy, with his eyes bent on the honour of the baronetcy, and not on the escapades or the genius of the future creator of *Epipsychidion*, *Adonais*, and *Prometheus*? And Shelley, in his parent's eyes, continued to be a horror and a disgrace to the end of his career, till the homicidal Italian waters closed over his head for ever, and he was gathered, not to his fathers, but to the nymphs. How beautifully would antique poetry, reminiscent of Hylas, have elegized over this event, have mourned the drawing-down of the immortal youth to the loving and worshipping spirits of the deep, as it mourned its tusk-riven Adonis! But for Shelley, as long as he lived, life was a torture. With most people it is “nerves;” with Shelley, a wretched physical constitution, an impaired frame, doubtless had to do with it; but it was the labour of the spirit that drove and spent him: the intellectual misery of the time, the bigotry that surrounded and the intolerance that suffocated him. He died before Catholic or Jewish emancipation, before the Reform Bill, and while a modern Heliogabalus in cocked-hat and sky-blue waistcoat sat on the throne of England as the “first gentleman in Europe.” In Shelley all the discords of the Napoleonic time, the horrid first quarter of the nineteenth century, gathered, or rather concentrated, as all the tumult of the circulation echoes and reverberates in the shell applied to the ear. An organism of exquisite sensibilities, his nature vibrated like a string to every passing phenomenon, whether it were a storm or a butterfly. Brooded upon by all the *incubi* of the time, it is no wonder that his genius at first evolved only scarecrows, Hoffmannesque romances, passionate controversial pamphlets on “the necessity of Atheism,” or the maundering talk of vegetarianism. It was his period of *Leiden*, of Wertherism, of intellectual sickliness; and that he eventually wrote it off was one of the triumphs of his strong personality and his later genius. How singular that *St. Irvyne*, *Zastrozzi*, and *Queen Mab* should be the viaduct across which one wanders towards the ærial heights of *The Sensitive Plant* and the *Ode to the Skylark*, climbing ever heavenward into the heaven-of-heavens of the *Prometheus* and *The Cenci*! That Shelley grew

so fast, *larva* out of *larva*—that he moulted so swiftly, and became so quick and strong of flight in so short a time—that he threw off coil after coil of summer-skin, and emerged with his beautiful shining rings season after season in so rapid succession, growing from poem to poem with the flash of a swift wheel as you looked at him—this was one of the wonders of the hour. It was his favourite dogma that men were the victims of the Platonic reminiscence: that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings would flow the wisdom of the philosophers, if only the babe-philosophers would speak. In his own case it seemed so indeed; for how else could the young eaglet mount sunward with all the knowledge of his time, latent knowledges and hidden inspirations, “sparking out” from the twilight of memory at every step?

Shelley is the most remarkable instance on record of the *homme-femme*, the dual nature, powerful in its masculinity, and yet delicate with all the delicacy of the most intimately feminine organization. His profound attractiveness to women of an imaginative temper dotted his career with those milestones of beautiful creatures to whom he addressed impassioned odes and sonnets, and in whom he found echoes and shadows of his higher self. On the other hand, the singular subtlety and pertinaciousness of his reasoning powers opened to him avenues of friendship with richly gifted men like William Godwin, Southey, Byron, and Hogg; and the two natures, like the two valves of the mussel, enclosed an exquisite pearl, a poetic gift such as the world has rarely seen. But rich and far-stretching as was the circle of his imaginative endowments, mingled as he was of the sprite and the archangel in his gifts of soul, there appears one speck black as night on this pearl, all the more distinct because the surface to which it clings is so lustrous. It must be the calmer judgment of our day that Shelley's moral nature was perverted. In his revolt from use and custom he trampled on the laws of society, and wronged his two wives in their tenderest nature. His treatment of Harriet Westbrook appears inexcusable; the wound which he inflicted on her, despite all attempted cleansings and carbolizings, can never be cured or atoned for. On the other hand, Mary Godwin, in eloping with the husband of another woman, dropped into the class of *Hetæræ*; and in urging her, a girl of seventeen, to elope with him, Shelley committed the second unpardonable sin of his brief career.

It was not, indeed, that he was fickle or forgetful; but, as Godwin said, he was an extraordinary assemblage of lovely qualities mingled with defects, and one of these defects, scarlet in its malignancy, was his peculiar view of marriage. This view is perilous to all domesticity, fatal to all true love. And it was virtually this: As soon as a man had outgrown his wife, had developed powers and capabilities which she could not share, had ascended to intellectual regions to which she had no key—then, on the ground of lacking sympathy, they might come to part, they might journey on divergent roads, they might—“separate.” When he met Mary Godwin, this transformation, so far as Harriet was con-

cerned, had already taken place. He had outgrown her; their sympathies were sundered; they quarrelled; and ultimately poor Harriet—like her husband, later—ended her miseries in the water. This is the mystery of Shelley's whole career: the inexplicable suicide of his first wife; the inexplicable elopement with the second while the first was still alive. Shelley, in other matters, was the Bayard of punctilio: he had a wondrous uprightness of character; he was purity itself in his life and in his thought; he championed, as Voltaire did, all the threatened liberties, all the oppressed of the time; yet, owing to conduct of his, Harriet Westbrook drowned herself. The only charitable explanation of the enigma is that Shelley was all his life, in a certain sense and in certain directions, mad. At Eton, indeed, he was known as "mad Shelley;" and this opinion based itself upon something more than his passion for occult science, for chemical experiments, and for wild and extravagant talk. Even then his great azure eyes would kindle to a tiger-like flame, and he would be found keeping a pack of schoolboys at bay with all the fury of a madman. Hysteria, as Mr. Hall Caine remarks, was a part of his constitution; and in his fits of gloom and despondency he would take sudden resolves—at times far-reaching in their consequences—and carry them out with an inflexibility and determination that was really a form of monomania. In one of these attacks he imagined that Harriet had been unfaithful to him. Though "attack" we may call it, it lasted all his life, and he believed until he died that the mother of his first two children was an adulteress. We may charitably dismiss this charge as a *phantasma noctis*, as unworthy of a noble character. Like the great Swedish poet Tegnér, whom in so many points he resembled, Shelley had one of those unevenly poised natures which a trifle could make vibrate and could throw out of equilibrium, as the surface of the telescopic lens may be changed by a finger-rub. Eminently a man of moods, his brain swarmed with strange ideas ever coming unexpectedly and dramatically up; he was subject to hallucinations of an alarming nature; and it would not have been wonderful—so vivid and prolonged were these hallucinations—had he declared he had seen the Binomial Theorem as a concrete apparition.

JAMES A. HARRISON.

THE first book in English, with Masaniello for a hero, was published in 1652. The following is a transcript of the title-page:

An exact | Historie | of the late | Revolutions | in | Naples | and of their Monstrous Successes, not to be | Parall'd by any Ancient or Modern | History. | Published by the | Lord Alexander Giraffi | in Italian, | and (for the rarenesse of the subject) | rendred to English. | By J. H. Esqr. | London | Printed for R. Lowndes, 1650. | The | Second Part | of | Massaniello | his Body taken out of the Town-Ditch, and | Solemnly Burried, with Epitaphs upon him, | a Continuation of the Tumult; | the D of Guise made Generalissimo; | taken Prisoner by young | Don John of Austria. | The End of the Commotions. | By J. H. Esqr. | Truth never look'd so like a lie | As in this modern Historie. | London | Printed by A. M. for Able Roper at the Sign of the Sun, | and T. Dring at the George near St. Dunstons Church in | Fleetstreet, MDCLII.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE King of the Biblioklepts has been very fortunate at the Middlesex Sessions, where he had been committed to take his trial for pursuing his ordinary occupation, without bestowing upon it that care and attention which is a necessary element in businesses of the kind. Albert Terry had gone to a bookseller's shop in Regent Street, and casually abstracted a number of valuable books, under the very nose of the attendant, who was displaying them for sale. Flesh and blood could not, of course, stand this, and the culprit was extradited red-handed to the police. Book-thieves are frequently men of wealth, and therefore it is not surprising that Albert Terry was, comparatively speaking, well off, and had no excuse whatever for the unfortunate mistake in question. On being promptly found guilty by the jury, he admitted having suffered half a dozen short terms of imprisonment, two terms of eighteen months each, one term of five years' penal servitude, and another of seven years, all for stealing books; and evidently being incurable, was sent back again, this time for six years. Love of books counts for something in the eyes of the Recorder of the Middlesex Sessions, or Terry would have got a very long term of penal servitude indeed. Hence he has every reason to congratulate himself on the literary tastes of the learned Judge who had the misfortune to try him.



THERE have been one or two literary "finds" of late which are worth recording. From among the imperfectly catalogued rubbish of the Town Library of Treves, one of the first books issued from the press of Peter Schöffer has been unearthed. This volume, which is very rare, is printed in the so-called "Durandus type," and is dated 1539. It describes the war between the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation" and the Turks, which took place in 1532. Another discovery is reported from the New Cut, the place where Mr. G. A. Sala declares he has purchased, for an old song, many of his rarest books. However that may be, the locality in question has a reputation for cheapness, essentially maintained in this instance, for a book though tattered, with the autograph of Drayton, is not dear at 1d.



ONE of the least known libraries in England, and one of the best, is that founded by Humphrey Cheetham, in the reign of James I., at Manchester. It is still there, in the same old building; and it might have been thought that its very quaintness would have attracted a certain number of visitors. But, alas, most of the books are in Latin, and the modern Mancunian has more affection for yarns and shirtings than for old oak and wainscoted chambers, however old or historically famous. This library, it will be remembered, is the headquarters of the Cheetham Society, a body until lately presided over by James Crossley, whose collection of books was popularly supposed to be the envy of the trustees of the British Museum. At his death, however, the usual sale took place, and the collection proved to consist, for the most part, of odd volumes in a horrible state of decay and dilapidation. The books in the Cheetham Library are, however, the reverse, and it is somewhat surprising that the average attendance of visitors should not exceed half a dozen a day.



IN no previous sale that can be pointed out would be found such a remarkable assemblage of early romances of chivalry and ancient French literature as that displayed at the recent Seillière dispersion. The sales of the Duke of Roxburghe and Colonel Stanley, which took place some sixty or seventy years ago, abounded in works of this class, but the specimens put up for competition were neither so numerous nor so good as those recently disposed of. Another point in which this library surpassed, perhaps, any that have preceded it, was the exquisite taste of the bindings with which the books were covered. The names dear to all lovers of the beautiful art, when at its perfection in ancient times, were found interspersed throughout the catalogue: Jean Grolier, Diane de Poitiers Canevarius, Girardot de Préfond, Count Hoym, Colbert, Talleyrand-Périgord, Firmin-Didot, De Thou, Cardinal de Bourbon, and others too numerous to mention. The sale occupied five days, and 1,147 lots were disposed of.

WHAT was the cause of Ovid's banishment? Who wrote the Letters of Junius? and Who was the man in the iron mask? are three questions which will, in all probability, never be answered. There are also others which so far have defied every attempt at solution; such, for example, as Who cut off the head of Charles I.? and Who wrote the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*? Another distressing query has lately been broached—What has become of the bones of Tom Paine? This much-abused man died in America, and his body was brought over by Cobbett for interment in England. This, it appears, it never received, and since 1849 the bones of the defunct Atheist have as entirely disappeared from the world as if he had never been born into it. Perhaps, like those of Philip of Macedon, they have become so effectually mixed with the refuse of the common herd, that a modern Diogenes could not identify them. At any rate, in the year 1849, all that remained of the author of the *Age of Reason* was lying in a box in the cellar of the house of one John Chennell, a corn-merchant, of Guildford, in Surrey. It is curious that no one can tell what has become of this box, and more curious still that a mere forty years should swallow up every grain of procurable evidence, but such appears to be the case.



THE proceedings of the Salvation Army are seriously interfering not only with people who drive high-mettled steeds, but, as might have been more reasonably expected, with book-worms and those who delight in literary pursuits. The report of the Committee of the Northampton Free Library contains a paragraph as follows: "The reading-room has been more largely used than ever, and the complaints are still the same, but louder, viz.: the absence of ventilation and the proximity of the Salvation Army." The question naturally arises, how loud will these complaints have to be before they succeed in drowning the stentorian voices of Mr. Booth's "soldiers"? If the Library Committee can answer this question, they will deserve well of long-suffering book-men all over the country.



THE expression "growing literature of the Queen's Jubilee," and the constant recurrence of that obnoxious substantive "Jubilee," are beginning to make people angry. At the present moment the country is full of rubbish, and before the year is out it will be running over. Old numbers of the *Sun* newspaper, containing an account of the coronation, printed in letters of gilt, sell for about ten shillings. Ancient prints of the Queen at her first "drawing-room" have gone up in price about 500 per cent.; and, to crown all, a gentleman is about to contribute to "the growing literature of the Queen's 'Jubilee' year," the *Jubilee Date Book*, containing the reigning years of the Kings and Queens of England, from William the Conqueror downwards. The silly persons who speculate in this chronological absurdity will probably never stop to consider whether it would not be to their advantage to purchase a second-hand copy of some respectable *History of England*—and read it.

REVIEWS.

Popular Tales and Fictions: their Migrations and Transformations. By W. A. CLOUSTON. Two vols., 8vo. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1887.

The aim of this work is reflected in the title. In the words of Isaac D'Israeli, "Tales have wings, whether they come from the East or from the North, and they soon become denizens wherever they alight. Thus it has happened that the tale which charmed the wandering Arab in his tent, or cheered the Northern peasant by his winter's fireside, alike held on its journey to England and Scotland." As a contribution to the history of European popular tales we can cordially recommend Mr. Clouston's very able and exhaustive treatise—not merely for pleasant reading, which many of the stories undoubtedly are, but as a scientific exposition of a very curious fact—namely, that there is hardly one of the modern popular tales which cannot be traced, in some shape or form, to an Eastern origin. The independent invention and development of these stories by persons living in countries and in times far apart is hardly possible, and there can be no doubt that they came with the various tribes which migrated westwards and northwards at some very remote period. Mr. Clouston traces the connection between various stories found in the literature of every nation in

Europe with similar stories still existing in the East. In most instances the tale is practically the same, though it makes its appearance in a dress suitable to the locality in which it is found.

The author has arranged his work in chapters headed with a subject—such, for example, as “Dragons and Monstrous Birds,” “Invisible Caps and Cloaks,” “Magical Transformations,” and so on; and under each subject the various stories are analytically considered, and contrasted with other versions extant in different parts of the globe. The volumes form a very good compendium, which will be especially useful to students of folk-lore in the widest sense of that comprehensive term.

The Wandering Jew: a Poem. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited by BERTRAM DOBELL. London: Reeves and Turner, 196, Strand. 8vo. 1887.

Shelley's “Wandering Jew” appeared in its complete form for the first time in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1831, although about two years previously the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* published a long article which gave copious extracts from the poem. The text of the present edition, which is issued under the auspices of the Shelley Society, follows the version printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, with the reservation that all passages printed in italics appeared in the *Literary Journal* only—that is to say, any differences which appear from a comparison of the texts are identified in the way named. The reader, therefore, is in possession of the two versions.

The Shelley Society is exceedingly energetic in issuing its publications, and the guinea subscription, which entitles a member to one copy of each, was last year, at any rate, more than returned in the shape of eight very excellent reprints and new editions.

Book Prices Current. A Monthly Record of the Prices at which Books have been Sold at Auction. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 8vo. January, 1887.

This periodical, which is advertised to make its appearance every month, is an entire departure from the time-beaten tracks followed by bibliographers. The ordinary method of ascertaining the value of a book has been either to search the booksellers' catalogues and take the average price, or to painfully wade through the record of sales by auction as Lowndes did, with what result we know. *Book Prices Current* is an alphabetically arranged record of all the more important sales by auction which have taken place during the previous month. Each lot is marked with its proper number, and the price and purchaser's name affixed; while a continuous number, prefixed for purposes of indexing, runs through the entire work. It is estimated that nearly ten thousand books will thus be catalogued during the year, and all the bibliophile has got to do is to turn to the index and ascertain for himself the average value of any particular specimen he may desire a better acquaintance with. The work is issued to annual subscribers only at a price of £1 5s. 6d.

WE have received the following catalogues: Edward Baker, 17, John Bright Street, Birmingham; Robson and Kerslake, 23, Coventry Street, Haymarket, W.; C. Herbert, 319, Goswell Road, E.C.; Walter Scott, 7, Bristo Place, Edinburgh; Karl W. Hiersemann, 1, Turner-Strasse, Leipsic; Francis Edwards, 83, High Street, Marylebone, W.; L. Pillet, Fils, 33, Quai Voltaire, Paris; W. B. Bond, 57, Blackett Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Thomas Simmons, 164, Parade, Leamington; Charles Lowe, Broad Street Corner, Birmingham; F. A. Brockhaus, Leipsic.

Also the following periodicals: Neuer Anzeiger für Bibliographie, Berlin and Stuttgart; L'Art, 29, Cité d'Antin, Paris; The Critic, 18, Astor Place, New York; The Book-Buyer, 743, Broadway, New York; Shakespeariana, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; The Victorian Freemason, Melbourne, Australia; The Century Illustrated, Paternoster Square, E.C.

BIBLIOPHILE'S KALENDAR.

THE morning hymn sung by the boys in the Gordon Home, near Portsmouth, was recently written by Lord Tennyson.

IT is considerably more than two years ago since Ashton-under-Lyne adopted the Free Libraries Acts, and so far nothing whatever has been done. It is stated, however, that the library building is to be proceeded with at once, and that it will, in all probability, be open to the public before the end of the year.

THE death is announced of Dr. Caulfield, the eminent antiquarian, who was also well known as the librarian of Queen's College, Cork. Dr. Caulfield was the editor of *The Council Book of Youghal*, *The Council Book of Cork*, and the author of *Sigilla Ecclesie Hibernica Illustrata*, besides many other works.

M. DE LESSEPS is engaged in writing his autobiography, which will shortly be published under the title of *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans*.

THE Dialect Society will shortly issue several new works, among which are a *Glossary of West Somerset Words*, by Mr. Elworthy, and the third and last part of Mr. R. Holland's *Cheshire Glossary*, which will contain chapters on grammar, pronunciation, place-names, customs and proverbs. The Society has offers of a large number of other works, and has the same under consideration.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S Bill to amend the Public Libraries Act, which was issued on the 26th of February, is proposed with the object of encouraging the formation of lending libraries in villages where the ratable value is so small that the highest rate authorized by the principal Act is inadequate to meet the expense of building an edifice or renting a room for the purposes of a free library. The highest rate authorized by the principal Act is one penny in the pound. By Sir John Lubbock's amending Act the word "union" is in the metropolis to be substituted for "parish," as many of the London parishes are exceedingly limited in extent.

MESSRS. RIDGWAY will publish, early this month, a work entitled *The Brunswick Accession*, by Mr. P. M. Thornton. The volume treats of the origin and history of the Royal Family up to the time of their settlement on the English throne; and, considering that the author has had access to the unprinted portion of the Hanover papers, the narrative should be unusually comprehensive and clear.

MR. WALTER SCOTT announces that he will, during the course of the ensuing spring, publish a volume of selected stories by the late Philip Marston. The book will bear the title, *For a Song's Sake*, and have an introduction by Mr. William Sharp.

IT has been resolved to raise £2,800, or such sum as may be produced by a halfpenny rate, for the purpose of putting the Public Libraries Act into execution in Lambeth.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS thus speaks of the Oxford of his undergraduate days, in a little pamphlet entitled *The Aims of Art*, which has recently been published at the office of the *Commonweal*: "Oxford in those days still kept a great deal of its earlier loveliness; and the memory of its gray streets, as they then were, has been an abiding influence and pleasure in my life, and would be greater still if I could only forget what they are now—a matter of far more importance than the so-called learning of the place could have been to me in any case, but which, as it was, no one tried to teach me, and I did not try to learn. There is another pleasure for the world gone down the wind; here, again, the beauty and romance have been uselessly, causelessly, most foolishly thrown away."

THE first instalment of the letters which Thackeray wrote to Mrs. Brookfield appears in this month's number of *Scribner's Magazine*, together with several facsimile sketches of the author. These letters will subsequently be published in book-form by Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE Treasury has, to use a legal phrase, taxed no less a sum than £10,000 off the grants made to the various departments of the British Museum. This is the second reduction within a comparatively short time.

ANOTHER portion of the Bishop of Gloucester's *Commentaries on the Epistles* will be published in May. This volume, devoted entirely to the First Epistle to the Corinthians, has been in progress for more than three years.

AN effort is being made to establish a free library in Kensington, and an earnest appeal to the ratepayers has been issued by the Rev. E. Carr Glyn. It is not expected that the ratepayers will respond heartily to the fresh tax which would be entailed by the accomplishment of this proposal.



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St. James's Gazette.

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.